Oct. 28, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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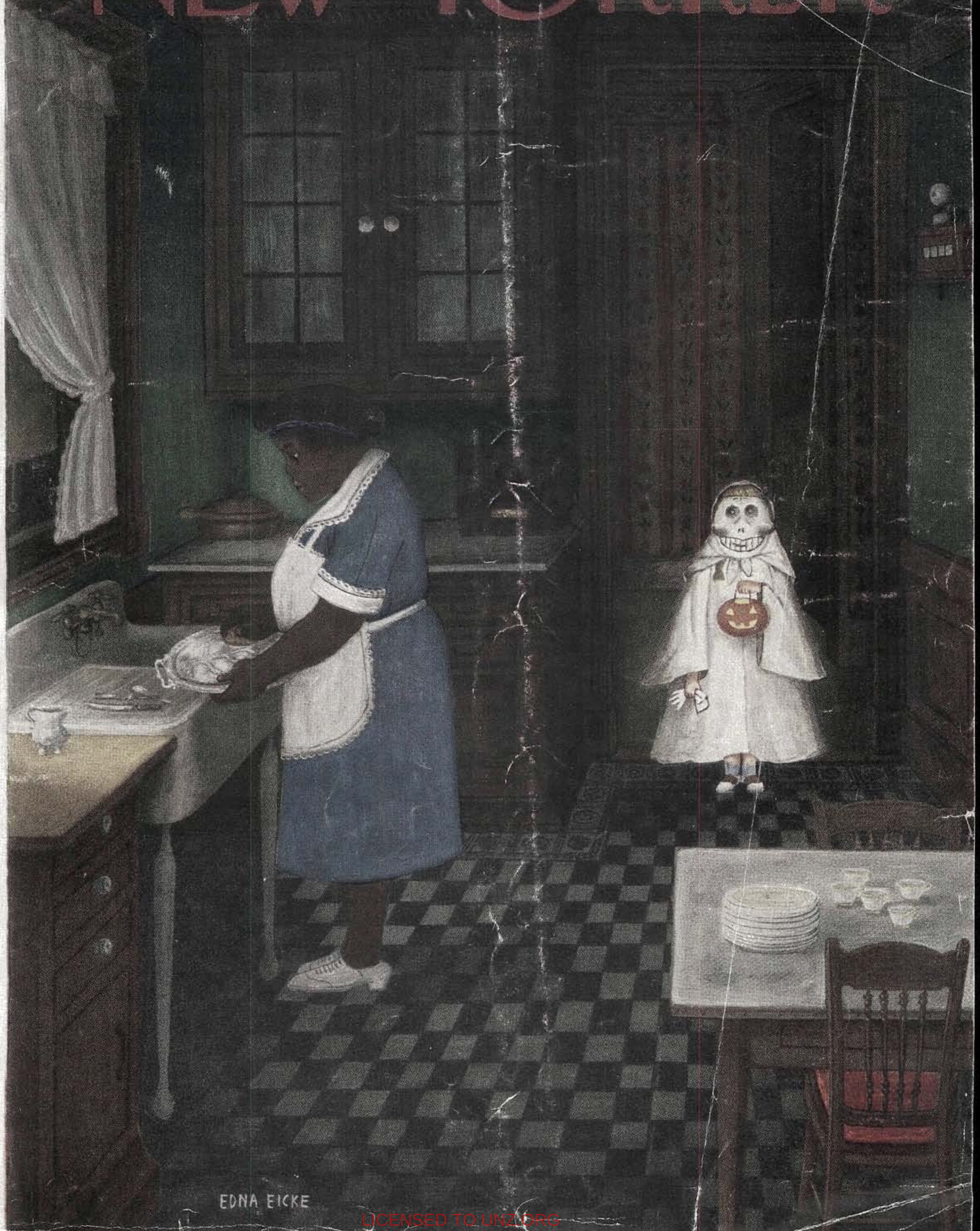

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy about Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Moves on Monday, Nov. 6, to the Music Box, 45th St., W., CI 6-4636; to confuse things completely, tickets for performances at the Music Box are now on sale at the Golden, 45th St., W., CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—An English hit that makes you wonder if acting is all London wants. The acting is fine. Flora Robson, Anthony Ireland, Richard Gale, and others. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burning Bright—The stage aspect of John Steinbeck's new play-novelette. A very solemn work that is inclined to be somewhat maudlin, and embarrassing as well. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Kent Smith, Howard Da Silva, and Martin Brooks. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Daphne Laureola—Dame Edith Evans is splendid as a ladylike alcoholic, and Cecil Parker and the rest of the cast support her nobly, but this English comedy does not, when all is said and done, amount to much. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 4.)

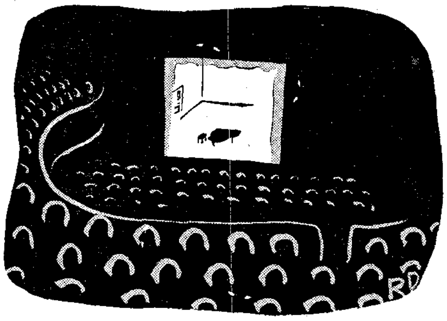
The Gioconda Smile—Aldous Huxley's adaptation of his justly celebrated short story conceivably has its points as simple melodrama, but it will almost certainly distress admirers of the original. Basil Rathbone, Valerie Taylor, and George Relph are enthusiastic in leading roles. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Legend of Sarah—As much as anything else, this comedy, by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau, seems to demonstrate that the transition from serious drama to light comedy is not an easy one. The plot has something to do with the restoration of a community not unlike Williamsburg, and the cast is headed by Marsha Hunt, Tom Helmore, and Ethel Griffies. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into a play that is one of the funniest to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Eddie Mayehoff, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE COCKTAIL PARTY:** T. S. Eliot's play dealing with an unorthodox psychiatrist and some bothersome patients. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** The end of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Thomas Mitchell is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE HAPPY TIME:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. With Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays. at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. Starting Monday, Oct. 30, John Forsythe will replace Mr. Fonda. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Curious Savage—Lillian Gish in a comedy by John Patrick. Produced by the Theatre Guild and Lewis & Young, and directed by Peter Glenville. Also in the cast are Isobel Elsom, Marta Linden, and Brandon Peters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	121
THE CURRENT CINEMA	56
FOOTBALL	79
LETTER FROM VIENNA	104
MUSICAL EVENTS	118
OF ALL THINGS	55
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
MARKETS AND MENUS	72
THE RACE TRACK	85
TELEVISION	82
THE THEATRE	52
THE WAYWARD PRESS	88

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MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; George Abbott is the director; and the subsidiary cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Patricia Neway, Gloria Lane, and Lydia Summers. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 4.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and Lina Romay is in the cast. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pardon Our French—This new Olsen and Johnson enterprise is very much like the three that preceded it and will presumably attract the same public. In addition to the two masterminds, the cast includes Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and six remarkably energetic midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Moves on Monday, Oct. 30, to the Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 29.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Day After Tomorrow—A British comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, with Beatrice Pearson,

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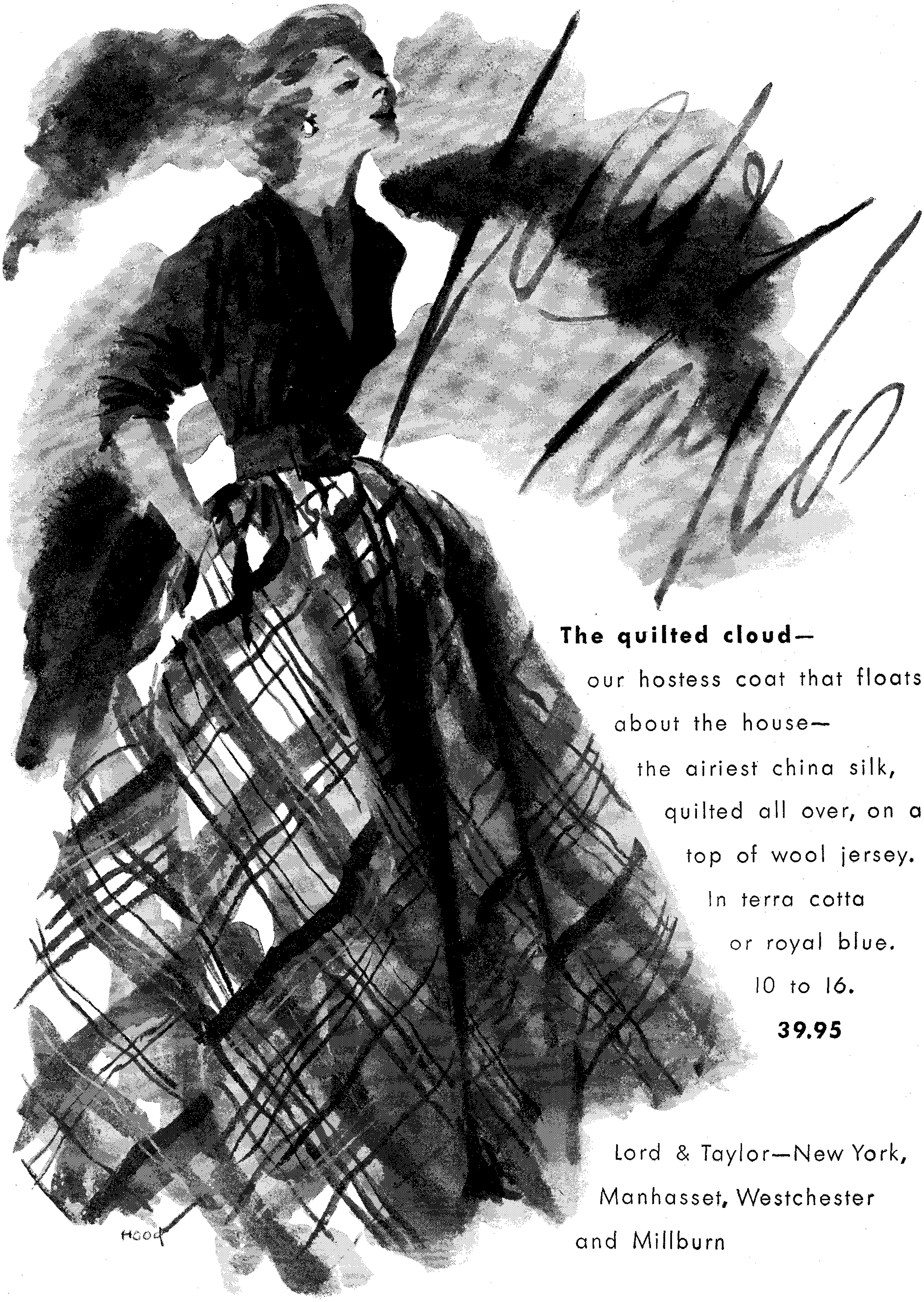

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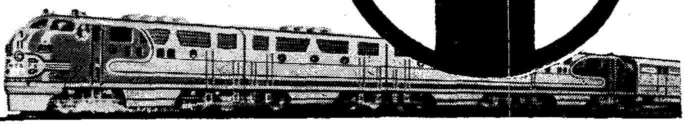

R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Melville Cooper, Ralph Michael, and Bramwell Fletcher. Directed by Mr. Lonsdale, and produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert. Opens Thursday, Oct. 26. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HILDA CRANE—Jessica Tandy in a play by Samson Raphaelson. The cast, directed by Hume Cronyn, also includes Beulah Bondi, Frank Sundstrom, John Alexander, and Evelyn Varden. Produced by Arthur Schwartz. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 1. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

MARQUIS DE CUEVAS' GRAND BALLET—Opening performances of the engagement—Monday evening, Oct. 30: "Divertissement," "Black Swan," "Night Shadow," and "Persephone" (New York première). . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 31: "Divertissement," "Black Swan," "Night Shadow," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, Nov. 1: "Constantia," "Night Shadow," and "Divertissement." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 1: "Designs with Strings," "The Nutcracker Suite," "Del Amor y de la Muerte" (New York première), and "Constantia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Del Amor y de la Muerte," "Pas de Quatre," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "Concerto Barocco," "Don Quixote," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "Constantia," "Del Amor y de la Muerte," and "Divertissement." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "Designs with Strings," "Black Swan," "Night Shadow," and "Constantia." (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 25.)

LES BALLETS DE PARIS—With Renée Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, and Colette Marchand. Through Sunday, Oct. 29: "Les Forains," "L'Œuf à la Coque," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, Oct. 31: "Les Chaises Musicales," "L'Œuf à la Coque," and "La Croqueuse de Diamants." (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 18.)

MISCELLANY

ARMS AND THE MAN—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes provide the sound effects at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court and during dinner in the Madison Room. No dancing in either room.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Joe Bushkin, playing real sharpshooter piano at the head of his new band, turns out some of the best dance music in town, a nice mixture of sweet (a fiddle-and-cello choir) and hot (Peanuts Hucko, Sid Weiss, Charlie Smith, et al). Tony Scott's band takes over every Sunday. In between times, Lea Mathews sings bop, and Cliff Jackson is, as always, at the keyboard. Dancing.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's lengthy reminiscences of early New York café life as it surely never was. The most entertaining mementos are the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy and Harry

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—What out-of-towners think New Yorkers do every night of the week. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show at dinner and supper, looking like all other ice shows but demonstrating how much can be done with a cake of ice, a dozen pairs of skates, and six pairs of beautiful legs. Jean Arlen has the best pair of each. Bernie Cummins' big band, happily, is softer-voiced than most. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there is Mimi Benzell, a fetching but sometimes coy graduate of the Met's finishing school, plus Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. They all perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Page Morton, who sings in several tongues (seriatim, that is), is at the piano between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, at dinner and supper, has rather a novelty: Elsa Lanchester, singing her special variety of song to the accompaniment of Ray Henderson. Alan and Blanche Lund, two handsome young Canadians, cut a few ballroom capers, and Mark Monte's Continentals and Dick La Salle's orchestra play pretty dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court from the cocktail hour to midnight. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music in the Oval Room, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo is again exercising his squatter's rights at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, one of the best-dressed wine cellars in town, Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, those old family retainers, do the dance music. Through Monday, Oct. 30, Margaret Phelan will sing at dinner and supper. The next night, Rolly Rolls, a humorist whose major prop is a piano, will take over. Closed Sundays.

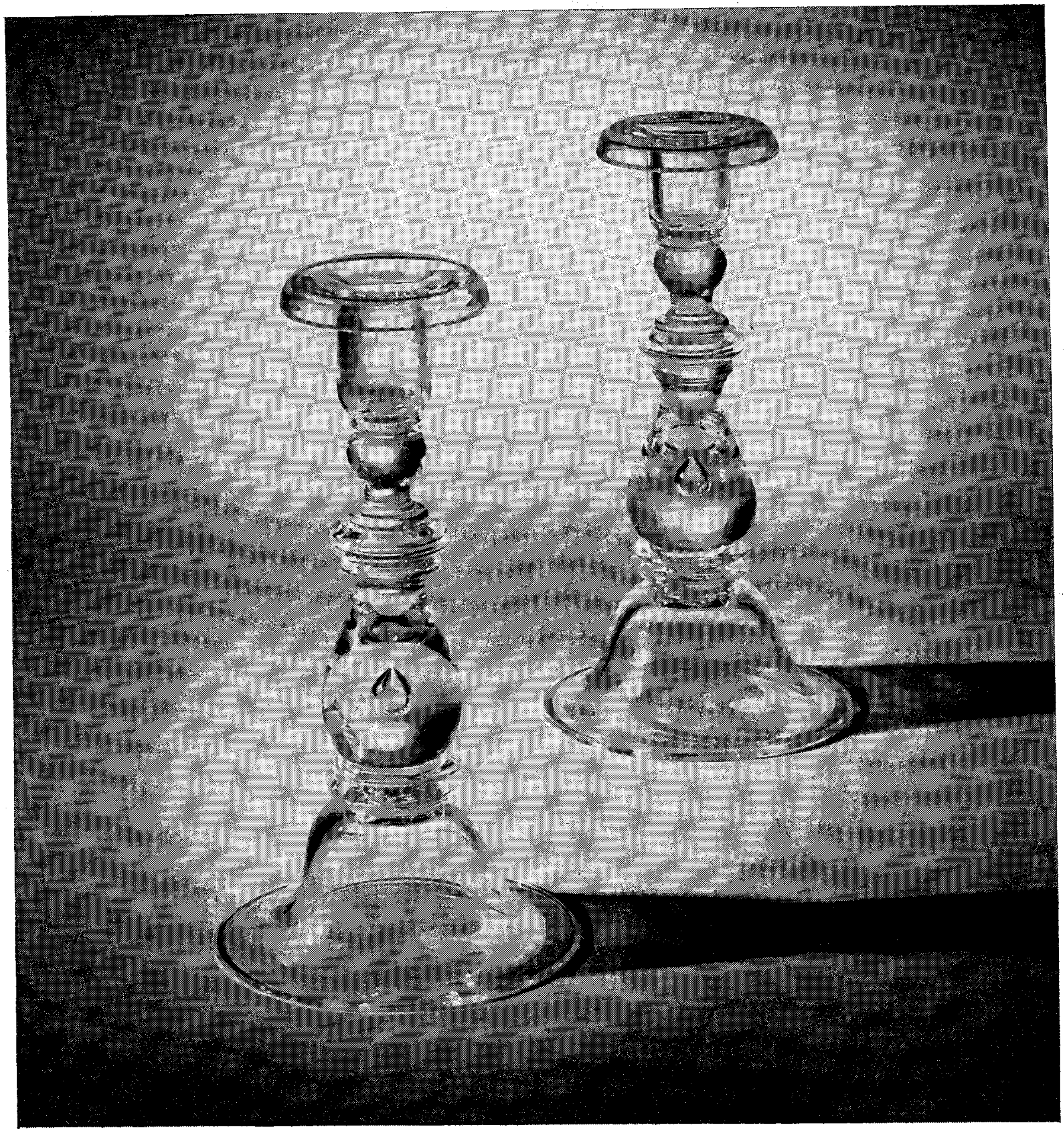
Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, which serves as a town house for a fairly regal element of our population, has the dinner and supper dance music of a Lester Lanin group and Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Don Abney's piano, in the Café bar, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Jimmy Dorsey turns out a good warm brand of music for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—This perfume counter, a favorite among the juveniles, conveniently stays open later than most of the other midtown shops. Suzy Mulligan sings, and Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, whose basic little black dress is the very least of her talents, is paying her annual visit to America. It's hard to say whether she's first an actress or first a ballad-



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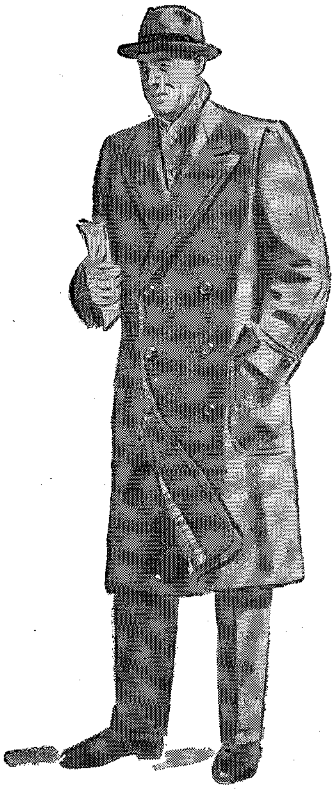

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

singer, but there's a rich flavor to the blend. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band work on the dance music.

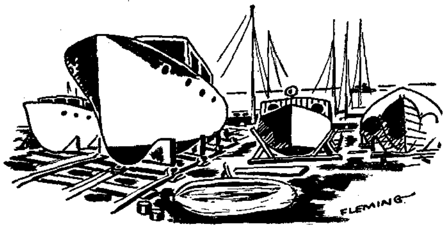
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, Roger Price, famed author, lecturer, and explorer, presents his extraordinary findings on the human mind and map. Kitty Kallen sings. Emil Coleman's orchestra is the main music-maker. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself. . . . ¶ In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six until two. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is again open, but only for cocktails from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. The main room is really too large for anything less intimate than a steeplechase, but the tables by the big windows are worth scrambling for. Ford Harrison and his cohorts make cocktail music. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

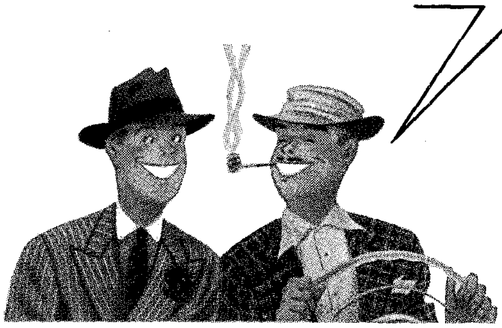
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): That famous ceramic tree glitters brightly, but no more brightly than the piano arabesques of Cy Walter, who's there at dinner and again at supper, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Helen of Troy's coming-out party, is still applying his deft touch to the dance music here. He starts at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Tea dancing Saturdays, between five and seven-thirty, to the music of Mr. Davis. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio from dinnertime on. Ernie Warren's trio, which gets pleasantly warm at times, checks in later in the evening. Sundays, Nancy Reed's piano is the only competition for the small talk. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, an arch little French singer who uses the top of a piano as both a running track and a swimming pool. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play valiant double piano when Mlle. D. leaves room for them, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Jim Hawthorne sings now and then. On Tuesday, Oct. 31, Louise Howard and Erik Rhodes, humorists both, will replace Mlle. Dolphen and M. Hawthorne. Antique movies on Sundays; Monday is amateur night. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this playful reminder of a New Orleans balcony, thereby providing a chipper obbligato to cocktails, dinner, and supper. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, above the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet around ten to begin her night-blooming bal-



"New road?" "No, sir...new



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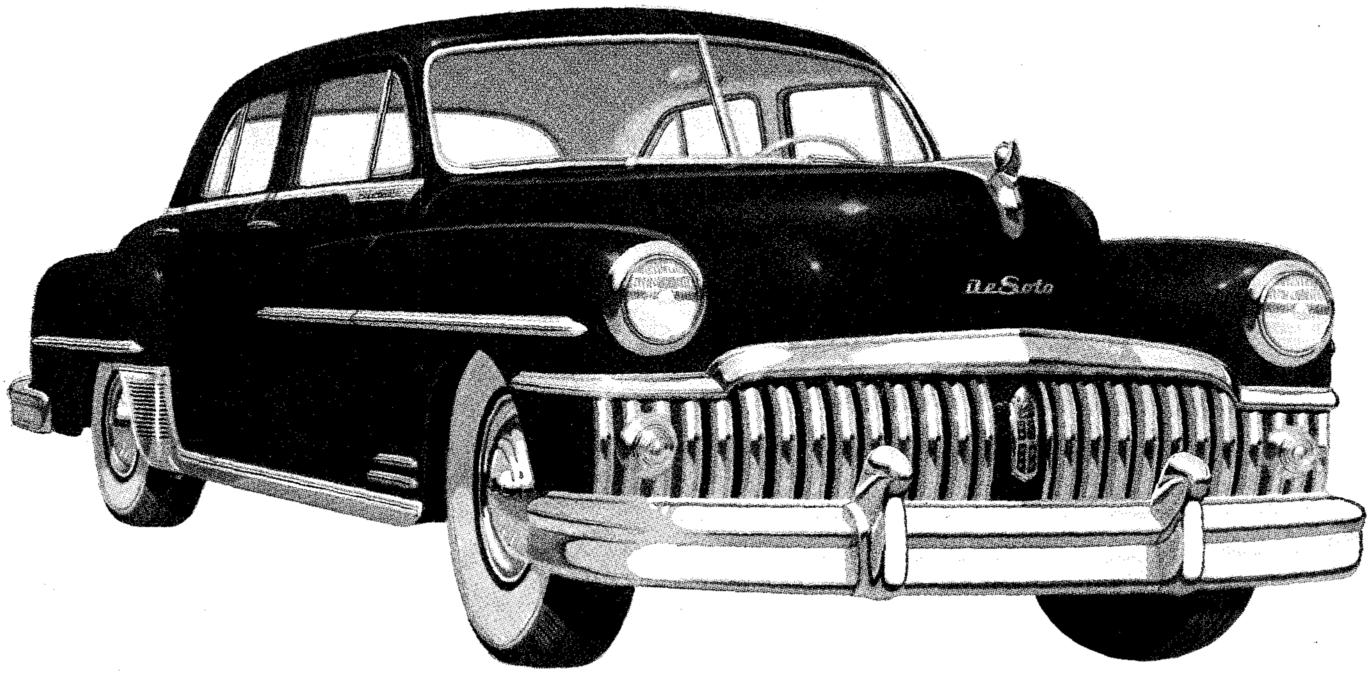

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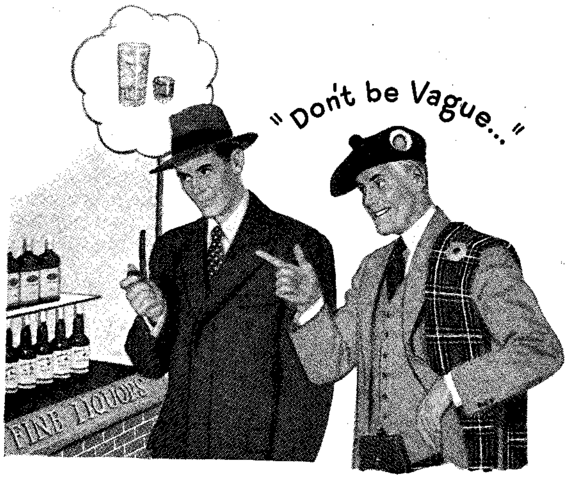
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lads. Herbert Kingsley is at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis starts playing jaunty piano at eight, and helps out later when Portia Nelson does her compelling songs and Burke McHugh and Strat Walling indulge in some unmitigated nonsense. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, flanked by three of his lifelong co-workers—Mae Barnes, a brass-lunged shouter whose voice could probably stop Niagara Falls; Norene Tate, singing and playing piano; and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—begins around ten-thirty. A surprise (and prize) package named Alice Ghostley contributes an amusing face and the amusing songs of G. Wood, her pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **RALEIGH ROOM,** Hotel Warwick, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): Mundell Lowe's guitar is now an important factor in Cy Coleman's trio, whose experiments in the modern idiom make listening in here largely a pleasure. The venerable William Adler plays his stroller violin from time to time. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano-and-cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's band for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a well-known horseplayer, reviewing his life and hard times. The rest of the evening, except for the chirruping of Patti Page and Betty Harris, is like what you're apt to get on television. Dancing. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Reopens Friday, Oct. 27, with another parody melodrama and the same sawdust Gay Nineties uproar. Jerry Bergen, one of the best of the period-piece Dutch comics, and Paul Killiam, commentator on aged movies, will be up to their endearing old tricks. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Wally Cox, a newfangled young Nature Boy let loose in the streets of New York, and the Weavers, a group of ingenious singers who manage the neat trick of being funny as well as folksy. Three breezy trolls named the Mad Moiselles are also very much underfoot. Barbara Cook is a small but delectable canary. Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke provide the customary luxurious musical background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Ralph Strain's persuasive cocktail and dinnertime piano and, except Saturdays, the after-theatre piano arabesques of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, one of Julius Monk's cleverest inventions, has a field day with his songs of the subconscious, and George Hall, a one-man repertory theatre, flashes a quick set of wits. The Deuces Wild contribute their youthful humor, and Shirl Conway, a svelte and stately doll, does the local carolling. (On Wednesday, Nov. 1, the last two acts will be replaced by Jo Hurt and the Four Lads. She and they all sing.) The light fantastic chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio is the setting. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Songs by Mildred Joanne Smith, an authoritative and commanding young lady, whether she has just Harlem or the whole world on her mind. Charlotte Rae is a generally humorous humorist, and Ed McCurdy is a fledgling Canadian folk singer. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams and Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison is back home, blowing his top in his usual carefree fashion. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph

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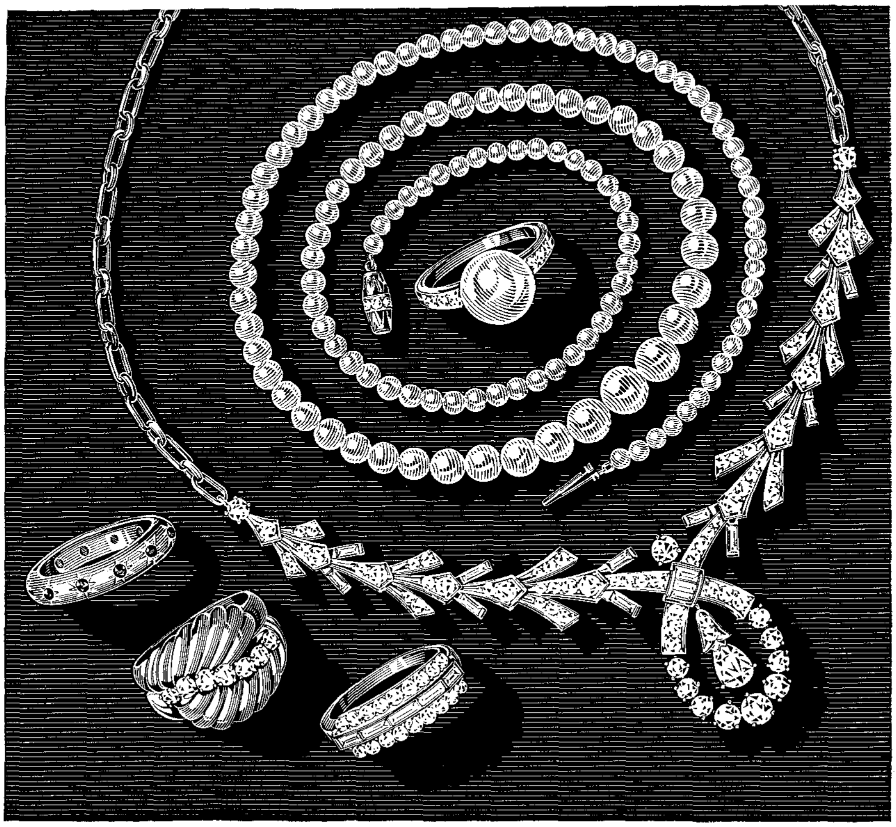

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Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is working here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Thursday, Nov. 2, Charlie Parker's band in full cry. Next night, Art Tatum will take over the piano. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Oct. 27, such cacophonists as Wild Bill Davison, Rex Stewart, Ernie Caceres, George Wettling, and James P. Johnson will match wits. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory for the youngsters. Oct. 27, the *agents provocateurs* will include Oran Page, Big Sid Catlett, Benny Morton; and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—A large collection, including some extremely unusual examples, at a newly opened gallery that plans to specialize in this field. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 9.)

AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS—Fifteenth annual exhibition, devoted exclusively to small pieces, a number of which are quite charming. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Oct. 28.)

ART STUDENTS LEAGUE—A big, lively, and cheerfully chaotic exhibition of works by League students, alumni, and instructors, celebrating the school's seventy-fifth anniversary. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

DARREL AUSTIN—A ten-year retrospective (1940-50) that clearly shows the development of his highly individualistic style and ideas. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 28.)

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN—A memorial showing of oils and water colors by an artist who died last year. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Nov. 9.)

JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN—A comprehensive display of the etchings, dry points, lithographs, paintings, and drawings, arranged according to subject matter, of this French artist, who died in 1931. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.; through Nov. 30.)

GROUP SHOW—At the Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.: This gallery's first exhibition, a pleasant group showing by Milton Avery, Frank Gebhart, Esther and Jenne Magafan, and others, along with a roomful of works by the late Emil Ganso; through Oct. 28.

DAHLOV IPCAR—Farm scenes, direct in approach and simple in style, by this Maine artist. (Wellons, 43 E. 50th St.; through Oct. 27.)

MARCEL JANCO—Oils and water colors painted during the last eight years, in Israel, by an artist who was one of the founders of Dadaism. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

JAMES LECHAY—Loosely drawn but occasionally powerful semi-Expressionist studies of dockside and harbor scenes. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 28.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—Abstract sculptures, in which various combinations of such materials as copper, slate, sheet lead, iron, and brass are welded together. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

MODERN BRITISH—A solid but not overly exhila-

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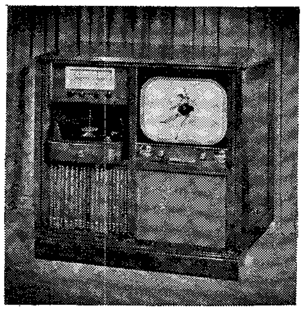

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rating assortment of paintings from English collections. Among the artists are Augustus John, Graham Sutherland, Francis Bacon, and Lucian Freud. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 28.)

MODERN ITALIAN—A nicely selected group of chiefly gouaches and drawings by Afro, Mirko, Vespignani, and other new Italian artists. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Her first showing here since 1946, comprising paintings of New Mexico trees, flowers, patios, and the like. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 25.)

JOHN PIPER—Oils and gouaches by an English artist who has a strong feeling for the underlying structure of the buildings and the Welsh rocks he paints. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

JOHN ROOD—Sculptures, both representational and non-objective, in a variety of materials. Among the more unusual works are several pieces in partially polychromed wood and a standing figure done in wrought iron and stained glass. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Nov. 4.)

HANNAH SMALL—New sculptures, showing a good combination of warmth and assurance, in this artist's first solo show in seven years. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 28.)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC POSTERS—Color lithographs, one of the few complete sets of posters from the original printings. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 31.)

JOHN TUNNARD—A small retrospective, 1938 to the present, of paintings by one of England's more important abstractionists, as yet little known here. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—A display of a dozen or so appealing views of Montmartre (1930-50), none of them ever shown before in this country. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the CARRÉ, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Group show, French; through Nov. 18. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Jacob Lawrence; through Nov. 11. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Group show, American and French; through Nov. 11. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Hans Hofmann; through Nov. 13. . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Reginald Marsh; through Nov. 11. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.; Enrico Donati; through Nov. 11. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: Alex Redein. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Nov. 11. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Wolfgang Behl; through Nov. 11.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions at the moment; just the permanent collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five models of important Jewish historical scenes, from the time of Abraham to the proclamation of Israel's independence. The models were built by an Englishman, Denny C. Stokes. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through Jan. 31.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Chess sets and boards given to the Museum in 1948 by Gustavus A. Pfeiffer; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Four thousand years of silk weaving, in a show called "The World of Silk;" through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective of the late Chaim Soutine; starting Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and plans of buildings designed by the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, among them the N.Y.U.-Bellevue Medical Center, at 1st Ave. and 34th St., and Lever House, at Park Ave. and 53rd St.; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Nov. 12.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Spiral Group, represented by Michael Loew, Seong Moy, Augustus Goertz, and others, in an exhibition of oils. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A display of American art, part of the Museum's permanent collection, that includes oils, water colors, sculpture, and drawings. . . . ¶ Water-color renderings of furniture, textiles, wood carvings, glassware, and such, being shown in connection with the publication of "The Index of American Design," in which these paintings are reproduced. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; both through Nov. 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 26: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 27: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 28: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 28: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 29: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 29: "Faust." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 31: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 1: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "The Tales of Hoffmann." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 27, at 2:30; Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:45; and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2:45 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin); Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 3, at 2:30 (both with Aldo Ciccolini, piano). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting: Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30 (with Yfrah Neaman, violin).

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting: Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30 (no soloist); and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:30 (with Betty Beecham, piano).

Bach Festival—The first in a series of four all-Bach programs, this one by the Bach Aria Group, William H. Scheide, director. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Little Singers from Paris—L'Abbé Maillet directing a children's chorus. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:40.)

Boys' Town Choir—Father Francis P. Schmitt directing. For the benefit of Father Flanagan's Boys' Home, Boys Town, Nebraska. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Constance Keene—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Guilet String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Wanda Landowska—Harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Ervin Laszlo—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Yara Bernette—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Thomas Brockman—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Hungarian String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th

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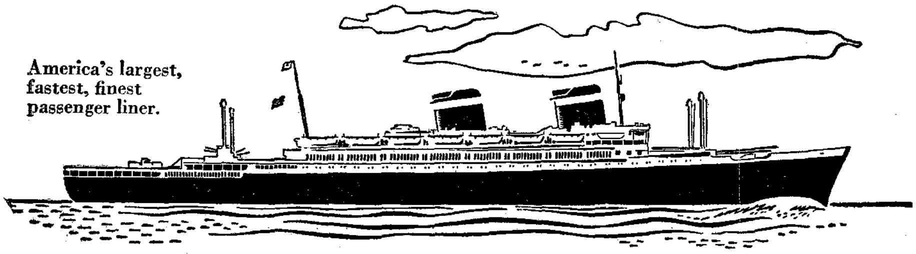

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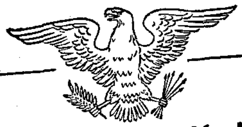

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 3.)

Juan Manen—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—Regina Resnik, soprano; Leslie Chabay, tenor; Evelyn Sachs, contralto; and Frank Sheridan, piano. For the benefit of the Women's Division of the Cancer Research and Hospital Foundation. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 7-1213.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Rocky Graziano vs. Tony Janiro, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—On SATURDAY, OCT. 28: Boston University vs. Syracuse, at Boston, at 1:30. ... ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 2. ... ¶ Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field, at 2. ... ¶ Fordham vs. San Francisco, at the Polo Grounds, at 2. ... ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. ... ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 2. ... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2. ... ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. ... ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. ... ¶ Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 2. ... SATURDAY, NOV. 4: Brooklyn College vs. C.C.N.Y., at Ebbets Field, at 8:30. ... ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. ... ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. ... ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Cleveland, at 2. ... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. ... ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. ... ¶ Rutgers vs. Brown, at New Brunswick, at 2. ... ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Yanks vs. Chicago Bears. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 28.) ... ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 31, through Tuesday, Nov. 7. Performances daily at 2 and 7:45. Morning sessions Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 9:30; Friday, Nov. 3, at 10:30; and Saturday, Nov. 4, at 9.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 28.) ... ¶ Essex Fox Hounds. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Nov. 4.)

Racing—At EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays, at 1:15 until Monday, Oct. 30, after which post time for the first race will be at 1; through Wednesday, Nov. 15. The Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 28, and the Empire City Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays, at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10.) ... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, Nov. 1. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 28. ... PIMLICO, Baltimore, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, Nov. 3, through Friday, Nov. 17. The Pimlico Special, Friday, Nov. 3.

Tennis—Jack Kramer, Pancho Segura, Gussie Moran, and Pauline Betz Addie, in professional singles and mixed-doubles matches. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Plays—By the PLAY-MART: "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday, Oct. 28, at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 3:15. . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturday, Nov. 4, at 1:30 and 3:15. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Rip Van Winkle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES—Saturday, Oct. 28, at 12 and 3: "Fire Boy: A Pueblo Indian Legend." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 12 and 3: "Mozart and the Blackamoor" and "The Frog Prince." (Baroque Suite, Hotel Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

MOVIES—"Swiss Family Robinson," and a short. For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 11.) . . . ¶ Features and short subjects. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

FLOWER SHOW—An outdoor display of hardy chrysanthemums, together with an indoor exhibit by the National Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 27, from 2 to 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 28-29, from 10 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The October show is called "The Oldest Story Ever Told," and deals with the universe way back when. Starting Wednesday, Nov. 1, there will be a new show, "Tropic Nights." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Rare Oriental rugs, Chinese art, and European and American paintings, from the estate of the late Berenice C. Ballard. (Exhibition Thursday, Oct. 26, from 9:30 to 5; auction Friday, Oct. 27, at 2.) . . ¶ Furniture, including eighteenth-century English pieces and American country designs; American paintings, largely primitive portraits and landscapes; and decorations; all the property of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Oct. 26-27, from 9:30 to 5; auction Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2.) . . ¶ Autograph letters, manuscripts, and other documents, including items by Dickens, Franklin, Marie Antoinette, and Napoleon, all from the collection of the late Oliver R. Barrett. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 26-28, and Monday, Oct. 30, from 9:30 to 5; auction Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 30-31, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 2 and 8.) . . ¶ Eighteenth-century English furniture, needlework, silver, and objects of art, owned by Eric Richter and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 28, and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, from 10 to 5; auction Thursday and Friday, Nov. 2-3, at 1:45.) . . ¶ Paintings by David, Renoir, Reynolds, and others; drawings by Veronese, Fragonard, Ingres, and others; eighteenth-century French furniture; and Royal Gobelins tapestries; all the property of the late Jacques Leon Stern. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 28, and Monday through Friday, Oct. 30-Nov. 3, from 10 to 5; auction of paintings and drawings Friday, Nov. 3, at 8; auction of furniture and tapestries Saturday, Nov. 4, at 1:45.)

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Bachrach

BRADFORD BACHRACH
PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—A lively comedy, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. Bette Davis appears to advantage as an actress as unpredictable as, let us say, Miss Bankhead, and Anne Baxter is quite persuasive as another actress, determined to reach the top of her profession, no matter how many people she has to claw on the way up. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Bitter Rice—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see, as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—The dear old golden-rule days in a boys' school in England that is suddenly forced by the government to become coeducational. Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford are often hilarious as a pair of pedagogues. An English film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Men—An earnest, interesting, and sombre description of the lives of paraplegic veterans in the postwar world. Marlon Brando is superb as one of the crippled veterans, and has fine support from Everett Sloane, Teresa Wright, and forty-five paraplegics in a government hospital in California. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Oct. 28.)

Panic in the Streets—Richard Widmark and Paul Douglas are outstanding in this adult tale of a wild search through the New Orleans underworld for carriers of pneumonic plague. Beautifully directed by Elia Kazan, and with splendid supporting performances by Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Palance, and Zero Mostel. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 31.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable British study of a bunch of devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Rocking Horse Winner—An always tense and sometimes terrifying adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's story about a small boy who works himself to death doping out horse races for the benefit of his worthless parents. John Howard Davies is remarkably apt as the boy, and he receives some powerful assistance from John Mills, Valerie Hobson, Hugh Sinclair, and Ronald Squire. An English film. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 31-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Nov. 1. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

A Run for Your Money—A couple of Welsh coal miners loose in London under the supervision of Alec Guinness. Mr. Guinness's behaviour is a lot more antic than you might expect of a man who can interpret the night thoughts of T. S. Eliot. An English picture, and funny stuff. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

Treasure Island—They're all here—Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins, Squire Trelawney, Blind Pew, and the rest—in as lively a production of the wonderful old tale as you could hope to see. Produced by Walt Disney, in England, with Robert Newton, Bobby Driscoll, Basil Sidney, and a large cast of assorted cutthroats. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Nov. 1.)

Trio—Adaptations of some more Maugham stories. Not quite up to the previous group, which was called "Quartet," but handsomely enacted by a cast that includes Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Winslow Boy—An absorbing account of how a beleaguered father clears the name of his son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly a thief. An English film, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 1.)

REVIVALS

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 27-28.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 28-Nov. 1.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 29-30.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison in the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 27-28.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—The life and times of a crooked politician. With Brian Donlevy. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 28.)

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Oct. 31-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Nov. 1.)

The Idiot (1948)—A French interpretation of another of Dostoevski's novels. With Gérard Philipe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 29-30.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 28.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time as a kindly uncle. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; Oct. 31.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry's play, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 28.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields on the loose *again*, as Professor Eustace McGargle in this one. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Oct. 29-30.)

Quartet (1949)—The original collection of Maugham short stories. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 1.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 28.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

Tabu (1931)—The Flaherty film about life in the South Seas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 26. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English picture, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—Basil Radford in an English film about some Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Oct. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 29, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1924), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 30, showings at 3: "Greed" (1924), directed by Eric von Stroheim, and with Zasu Pitts. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 31: "Wyoming Mail," Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith.
From Nov. 1: "Deported," Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"The Two Orphans" (in Italian), Valli.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 31 (tentative): "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott.
From Nov. 1 (tentative): "I'll Get By," June Haver, William Lundigan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 1 (tentative): "Two Flags West," Linda Darnell, Joseph Cotten.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
ALL ABOUT EVE.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 1: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Three Secrets," Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 30: **THE WINSLOW BOY.**
From Oct. 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 28: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.
Oct. 29-31: "Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.
From Nov. 1: **THE WINSLOW BOY.**

Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
Through Oct. 27: "Passport to Pimlico," revival, Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.
Oct. 28-31: "Broken Journey," revival, Phyllis Calvert.
From Nov. 1: **THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.**

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Oct. 27: "The Glass Mountain," Valentina Cortesa, Tito Gobbi; and "Salt to the Devil," revival, Sam Wanamaker.
Oct. 28-31: "Congolaise," a documentary film; and "The Hidden Room," revival, Robert Newton.
From Nov. 1: **QUARTET,** revival; and "Passport to Pimlico," revival, Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 31: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.
From Nov. 1: "The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings; and "The Fuller Brush Girl," Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Oct. 26: **THE MEN.**
Oct. 27-28: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart.
Oct. 29-30: "Love Me Tonight," revival, Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: **HENRY V,** revival.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TRIO.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 31: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.
From Nov. 1: **TREASURE ISLAND;** and "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek," Donald O'Connor, Gale Storm.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 30: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.
From Oct. 31: "Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"The Mad Queen" (in Spanish).

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Oct. 27: "The Furies," Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey; and "Father Is a Bachelor," William Holden, Coleen Gray.
Oct. 28: "A Bedtime Story," revival, Maurice Chevalier; and "Flame of the Barbary Coast," revival, Ann Dvorak, Joseph Schildkraut.
Oct. 29-30: **POPPY,** revival; and "Blonde Dynamite," Leo Gorcey.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles; and "The Threat," revival, Michael O'Shea, Virginia Grey.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 27: **HENRY V,** revival.
Oct. 28-Nov. 1: **CITY LIGHTS,** revival.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 31: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.
From Nov. 1: "The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings; and "The Fuller Brush Girl," Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 28: **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY,** revival.
From Oct. 29: **THE WINSLOW BOY.**

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 28: "The Furies," Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey; and "Father Is a Bachelor," William Holden, Coleen Gray.
Oct. 29-30: "Knickerbocker Holiday," revival, Nelson Eddy, Charles Coburn; and "Brewster's Millions," revival, Dennis O'Keefe, June Havoc.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles; and "The Threat," revival, Michael O'Shea, Virginia Grey.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 28: **CITY LIGHTS,** revival.
Oct. 29-30: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 31: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.
From Nov. 1: **TREASURE ISLAND;** and "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek," Donald O'Connor, Gale Storm.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 29: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.
Oct. 30-31: "Kill or Be Killed," Lawrence Tierney; and "Red Stallion in the Rockies," revival, Arthur Franz.
From Nov. 1: "The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings; and "The Fuller Brush Girl," Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Oct. 27: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND,** revival; and "Adam and Evalyn," Stewart Granger, Jean Simmons.
Oct. 28: **THE GREAT MCGINTY,** revival; and "Blonde Dynamite," Leo Gorcey.
Oct. 29-30: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles; and "The Threat," revival, Michael O'Shea, Virginia Grey.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY;** and **THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.**

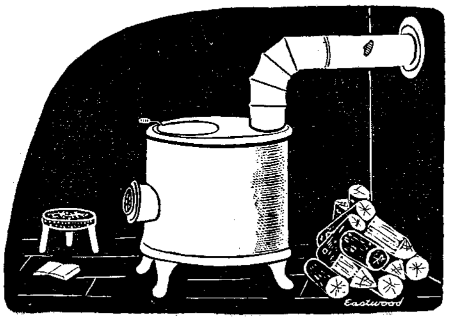
WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Oct. 26: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; and "Reign of Terror," revival, Robert Cummings, Arlene Dahl.
Oct. 27-29: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart; and "Bunco Squad," Robert Sterling.
Oct. 30-31: "Broken Vow" (in Italian); and "Marco Visconti" (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 1: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Oct. 26: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles.
Oct. 27-31: "Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.
From Nov. 1: **THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.**

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Oct. 31 (tentative): **TABU,** revival; and **THUNDER ROCK,** revival.
From Nov. 1: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 31: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.
From Nov. 1: "The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings; and "The Fuller Brush Girl," Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert.



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 28: **THE SCARLET EMPRESS,** revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS,** revival.
Oct. 29-31: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart; and "Bunco Squad," Robert Sterling.
From Nov. 1: "The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles; and "The Threat," revival, Michael O'Shea, Virginia Grey.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 31: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.
From Nov. 1: **TREASURE ISLAND;** and "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek," Donald O'Connor, Gale Storm.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Oct. 28: "Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; and "Cargo to Capetown," Broderick Crawford, Ellen Drew.
Oct. 29-30: "Flying Tigers," revival, John Wayne; and "Saigon," revival, Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake.
From Oct. 31: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Nov. 1 (tentative): "Film Without a Name" (in German).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Paris 1900," a pictorial anthology culled from various sources and dealing with Paris between 1900 and 1914.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 31: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.
From Nov. 1: "The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings; and "The Fuller Brush Girl," Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert.

Yorktown, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through Oct. 27: "Look Before You Love," Margaret Lockwood; and "Daybreak," revival, Ann Todd, Eric Portman.
Oct. 28-31 (tentative): "Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger; and "Tarzan and the Slave Girl," Lex Barker.
From Nov. 1: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 26: **TABU,** revival; and "Secrets of Nature," a documentary film.
Oct. 27-28: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French), revival.
Oct. 29-30: **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (in French), revival; and **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and **HARVEST** (in French), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Oct. 31: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.
From Nov. 1: **TREASURE ISLAND;** and "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek," Donald O'Connor, Gale Storm.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Oct. 28: **THE MEN;** and "When You're Smiling," Jerome Courtland, Frankie Laine.
Oct. 29-31: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart; and "Bunco Squad," Robert Sterling.
From Nov. 1: **HENRY V,** revival.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Oct. 31: "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim; and "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.
From Nov. 1: "The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings; and "The Fuller Brush Girl," Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Oct. 30: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.
Oct. 31: **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK,** revival; and "The Lady from Cheyenne," revival, Loretta Young, Edward Arnold.
From Nov. 1: **TREASURE ISLAND;** and "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek," Donald O'Connor, Gale Storm.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Oct. 31: **PANIC IN THE STREETS;** and "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.
From Nov. 1: **TREASURE ISLAND;** and "Curtain Call at Cactus Creek," Donald O'Connor, Gale Storm.

Germaine Monteil

on smart lips everywhere!

Muted Rose
Theatre Red
Coral Reef Day

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GAY PAREE NOTE: A young couple who, with their two children, aged nine and seven, are in Paris for a protracted stay report that finding amusement for the youngsters was quite a problem until they made a fortunate discovery. The place to take kids, they found, is the Folies-Bergère, which to a child's uncorrupted mind has a big, spectacular show just like the Radio City Music Hall's.

FOLIES BERGERE

HIGHER EDUCATION NOTE: Woolworth's has on sale a wedge-shaped plastic box designed to hold a piece of pie in a lunchbox or picnic hamper. There's no mistaking the purpose, for embossed on the cover is the Greek letter π.

NOT a few of our recent odd moments have gone into the study of a Black, Starr & Gorham ad we've had about our desk since cutting it out of this magazine a week or so ago. It shows the likenesses of four automobile keys made of fourteen-carat gold, intended "for the proud car owner . . . to do justice to his shining possession." The top of one is a Saint Christopher medal, another is shaped like a city skyline (presumably for real-estate barons), the third bears the insignia of the Cadillac, and the fourth *is* a Cadillac, a tiny one with wheels that revolve, ruby taillights, and diamond headlights; $137, F.O.B. Fifth Avenue. Muttering "Diamond Jim, thou shouldst be living at this hour!" we examined the discouraging contents of our own key holder and realized immediately that Black, Starr & Gorham weren't talking to *us*. We were carrying a key to our office, a mailbox key, a key to a wind-up toy train (now broken), our automobile key, the key to our apartment, and three unidentifiable keys. The key to our automobile—a two-toned 1941 Plymouth with dog hairs on the back seat and a tremor amidships—is definitely not worth reproducing in gold. Our only important key, we decided, is the one to our apartment, and we took sudden pleasure in the thought that no jeweller could conceivably reproduce, in elegant miniature, all the complex, eight-cylinder doings inside that mechanism—the mad evening welcome of the foolish dog, the stockings drying in the bathroom, and the three-year-old waiting to be read aloud to before cocktails.

WHILE Mr. Truman was making his latest cruise on the Presidential yacht Williamsburg, Charles Ross, his press secretary, revealed that the President had taken along "Word Origins and Their Romantic Stories," by Wilfred Funk, with the intention of browsing through it. According to the *Times*, Mr. Ross "insinuated that the reporters might profit by reading the book, too." Always ready to take a hint, especially one from high authority, we put in an order for Mr. Funk's book, and, it having arrived in due course, we've been studying it, not only to gain erudition but to get a line on Presidential reading matter. All in all, we found the book quite enlightening, and we wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Truman did. He may have noted, for instance, that "bureaucracy" means, literally, "government by a flock of writing desks;" it stems from "*burel*," an Old French word for the coarse woollen cloth with which writing desks were covered before there were bureaucracies. "Candidate" means "clad in white," and harks back to the days when Romans aspiring to elective office wore spotless togas for electioneering purposes. "Bourbon," the liquid, we learned to our surprise, is simply named after the county in Kentucky where it originated. "Vodka," etymologically speaking, is indistinguishable from "whiskey," both deriving from the phrase "little water," the name of a drink popular in the reign of Henry VIII, and quite possibly the only thing little about his reign. As for "Democrat" and "Republican," Mr. Funk discloses nothing particularly eyeopening about their origins, but we were interested in his opinion—of which President Truman was presumably already cognizant—that they are in present usage "completely devoid of any realistic meaning." Funk adds, and we can see the Williamsburg rocking violently as the hot words spray up from the printed page, "They have become useless as verbal tokens to any rational and intelligent conversation."

Film Furs

A COLLECTION of fur coats, capes, and stoles worn in films by Hollywood actresses was auctioned off at the Plaza Art Gallery, on East Fifty-ninth Street, last week in the presence of about two hundred and fifty ladies and fifty gentlemen, including us. Before we moved into the auction room, we paused in the foyer for a talk with a broad, heavyset young fellow named Al Teitelbaum, designer and owner of the goods about to go under the hammer. "In Hollywood," he told us, "there is no one but Teitelbaum in the business of renting furs to the studios. All the garments being sold here have practically paid their way in rentals. The reason we dump them is to make a complete transaction out of them, so we don't have to fiddle around figuring depreciation on them every year. Another reason is no star likes to wear the same garment in different pictures, and, of course, no star will wear anything another star has been seen in. Naturally, we can make them over by changing the collars and sleeves, so they can appear on less important actresses a couple of times after we first break them out, but by then the audiences begin to recognize them. You'd be surprised how the fans follow furs. When Betty Grable and June Haver needed some foxes in 'The Dolly Sisters,' I figured platina would look better in Technicolor than silver. Right off come a hundred and fifty letters to the studio complaining there weren't any platinas in the days of the Dolly Sisters." A trio of adolescent girls passed by, prattling about a mink dress they'd seen on Betty Grable, who is, we gathered, a fur-bearing landmark in Hollywood. Mr. Teitelbaum chuckled. "That dress they're talking about was designed for a dream sequence in 'Diamond Horseshoe,'" he told us. "It was just a dress in front, but it stretched out a mile behind and had a lot of animals hanging on it. It cost twenty-one thousand dollars, and the studio bought it for exploitation purposes. Now any time you see any mink trimmings in a Twentieth Century-Fox film, you can bet they're part of Grable's train. Some of them are even being used on Irene Dunne, who's doing Queen Victoria in a picture in England. Even for minks, that's getting around."

Making our excuses to Mr. Teitelbaum, we proceeded into a small, crowded auditorium and took a stand at the rear. In a pulpit beside a stage occupied by a model in a caracul jacket, an auctioneer was muttering bids. A lady in front of us was muttering to a gentleman accompanying her. "That would look absolutely perfect on Mother," she said. "I thought we started out for a furniture auction," the man replied irritably. "Sometimes you're impossible," said the lady. "That'll go for about three hundred," a character on one side of us predicted. It went for three hundred and thirty. Another model appeared, in what the auctioneer called "a green-eyed pastel mink cape." "It'll go for about three hundred and fifty," said the character confidently. It went for nine hundred, and when several people glanced at the kibitzer, he said, "So I bat five hundred and you want to shoot me!" A bevy of young ladies arrived, and after listening to the proceedings briefly one of them remarked, "If the auctioneer would only say who wore the furs, this would be a lot more interesting." One of her companions countered with her own observation: "The people bidding all look so *old!*" The auctioneer droned on, making no mention of the stars who had been adorned by the furs.

We drifted back to the foyer for a further talk with Mr. Teitelbaum. "You know," he said, "this is the first time I've brought my garments to New York. I used to sell them at auction in Hollywood, but then it came to me that that was no way to do business. After all, I sell furs as well as rent them, and what am I doing selling a used garment to a local customer who might buy a new one?" He listened for a while to the dim hum from the auction room, and told us that a quarter of a million dollars' worth of furs was changing hands at the sale. "Think of the movies being able to rent that much fur in a few months!" he said. "Why, when my father started this business, he wouldn't have dreamed of leaving furs overnight with a producer. And he insisted on getting paid every week, even when the garments were being rented for a month or two. Why, today some of the studios have a stock of mink coats just for the actors' wives and people like that to wear on exploitation tours. They're worth more than a studio used to make on a picture. They're not the very best mink in the world, maybe, but they're durable."

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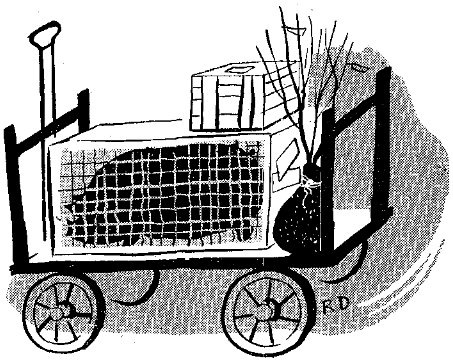
SIGN on the Saw Mill River Parkway: "Curve Elimination by the Circle Construction Corporation."

Hair Dye and Kipling

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, last mentioned in this department a couple of summers ago, when one of our confreres lunched with him at his Villa Mauresque, Cap Ferrat, is in residence at the Plaza until November 8th, and there, in his living room, we found him the other morning, spry, seventy-six, and black-loafered. He was surrounded by a publicity lady from his publishers' office; his secretary, Mr. Alan Searle; and six tremendous vases of red gladioli. "Sent to me by three different people," he said. "Astonishing coincidence! My own garden, on the Riviera, is in splendid shape. When you get to be a very old party, you have to give up violent exercise, such as tennis, and you work in your garden, if you have one." Mr. M., when at home, works in *his* garden every morning after breakfast. "Then I write a bit," he said. "When you've been writing, as I have, for over fifty years, you get in the habit of it." He has just written for the *Cornhill* magazine, of London, three long essays—on Zurbarán, a seventeenth-century Spanish painter; on Augustus Hare, a writer of the Victorian age; and on the style of Edmund Burke. He plans to write three more, one of which will be on the aesthetic ideas of Kant, and then publish a book of the six. He has sent his celebrated collection of eighteenth-century paintings of scenes from the theatre to London, on loan to the Victoria and Albert Museum, pending their presentation to the National Theatre there, which is now under construction.



We asked Mr. Maugham what else was new, and he said, "I have a third grandchild, Julian, eight months old, and I've just acquired two French poodles, named Luke and Mark, after the Evangelists—a great joy and a great responsibility. When I leave home, they won't eat for three days. When I return, their enthusiasm is quite overwhelming—they cry with joy. But I don't think they know how long I have been away. I don't think dogs have any sense of time. During the war, my dogs were eaten by the hungry French, but today there's no danger of that." Mr. Maugham smiled, and went on, "I've been leading my usual drab life. I motored through Portugal last spring, and was shown the wine country by a firm of vintners established in the reign of Charles the Second." "Croft & Company," said Mr. Searle. "The pickers actually do tread the grapes barefoot," Mr. Searle's employer said, "to music supplied by a drummer, a fiddler, and a flutist. What vitality those people have!" Mr. Maugham, who came here the end of last month, has himself been exhibiting considerable vitality. He attended sever-

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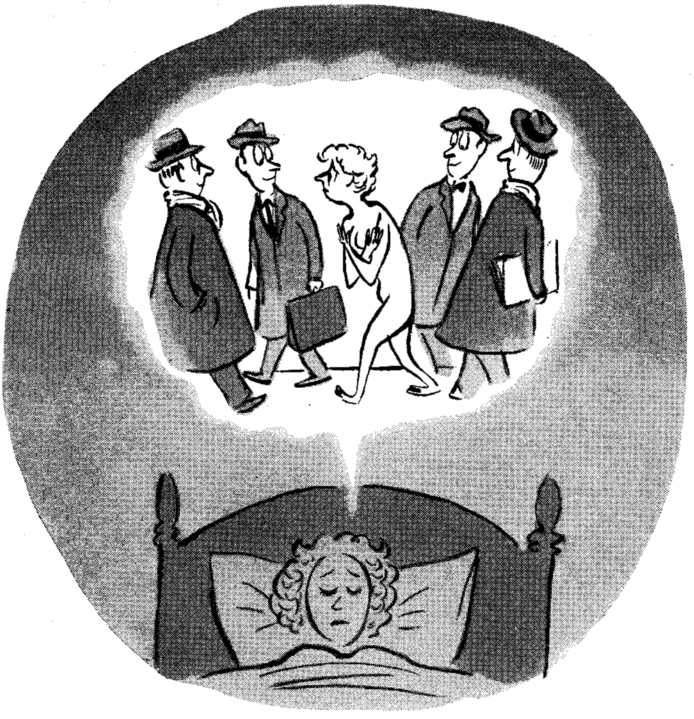

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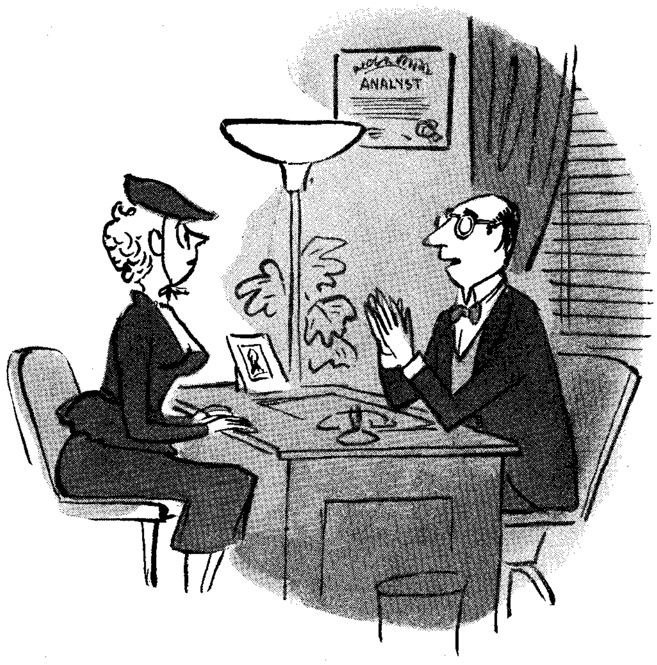

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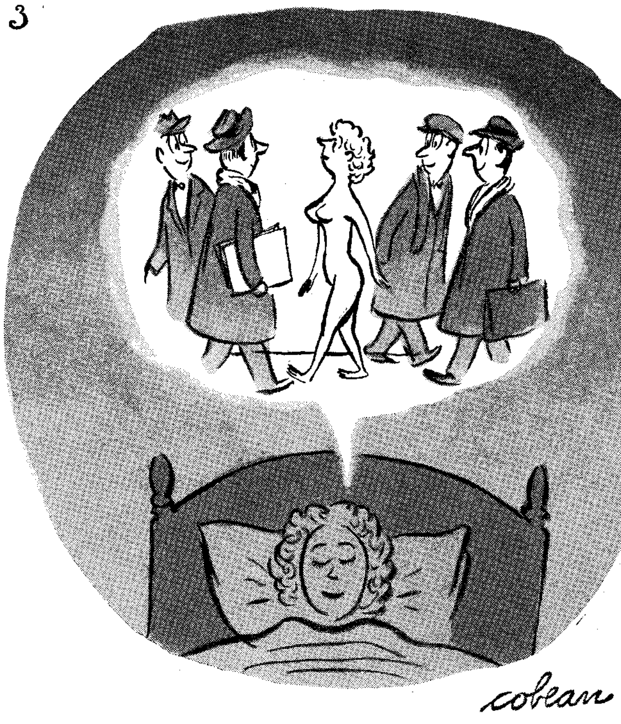

al previews and the première of "Trio," the recently released film based on three of his stories. He gave a supper party for fifty after one of the previews. And he has autographed a number of copies of his latest chrestomathy, "The Maugham Reader." "For autographs and on ordinary letters," he told us, "I sign 'W. Somerset Maugham;' I sign checks 'W. S. Maugham;' letters to personal friends I sometimes sign 'William S. Maugham'—this is facetious." He went to Washington two weeks ago to present the Library of Congress with the manuscript of "The Artistic Temperament of Stephen Carey," a novel—never published—that he wrote at twenty-three and later rewrote as "Of Human Bondage," and he has appeared as commentator in a television dramatization of some of his stories sponsored by the manufacturers of Tintair, a hair-coloring product. "The exciting thing about television is that it offers an opportunity to have your stories seen by five million people," he said. "The filming of the stories in 'Trio' follows the originals more faithfully than the filming of 'Quartet.' I was prudent enough to choose three stories of such intense moral respectability that no censorship was necessary. This was difficult, because most of my stories are grossly immoral." Mr. Maugham plans to write an introduction to a selection of Kipling's stories and has obtained permission from Kipling's daughter, who is also his literary executor, to say what he pleases. "I think Kipling is unduly neglected now," he said, "but it would be absurd to write a eulogy. I hope to write a sober criticism, if I can. Indiscriminate praise would be ridiculous."

We asked Mr. Maugham whether it is true, as we had heard, that he has earned more money than any other living writer, and he said, "I should think that Shaw is much richer. Of course, he hoards his money. I've always spent the greater part of my income." "I wonder what Shaw will do with his money," said Mr. Searle, and added, "Probably leave it to some home for cats when he dies." Mr. Maugham looked at his secretary sharply. "It's absurd to talk of Shaw's death," he said. "He's only ninety-four."

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Improvement

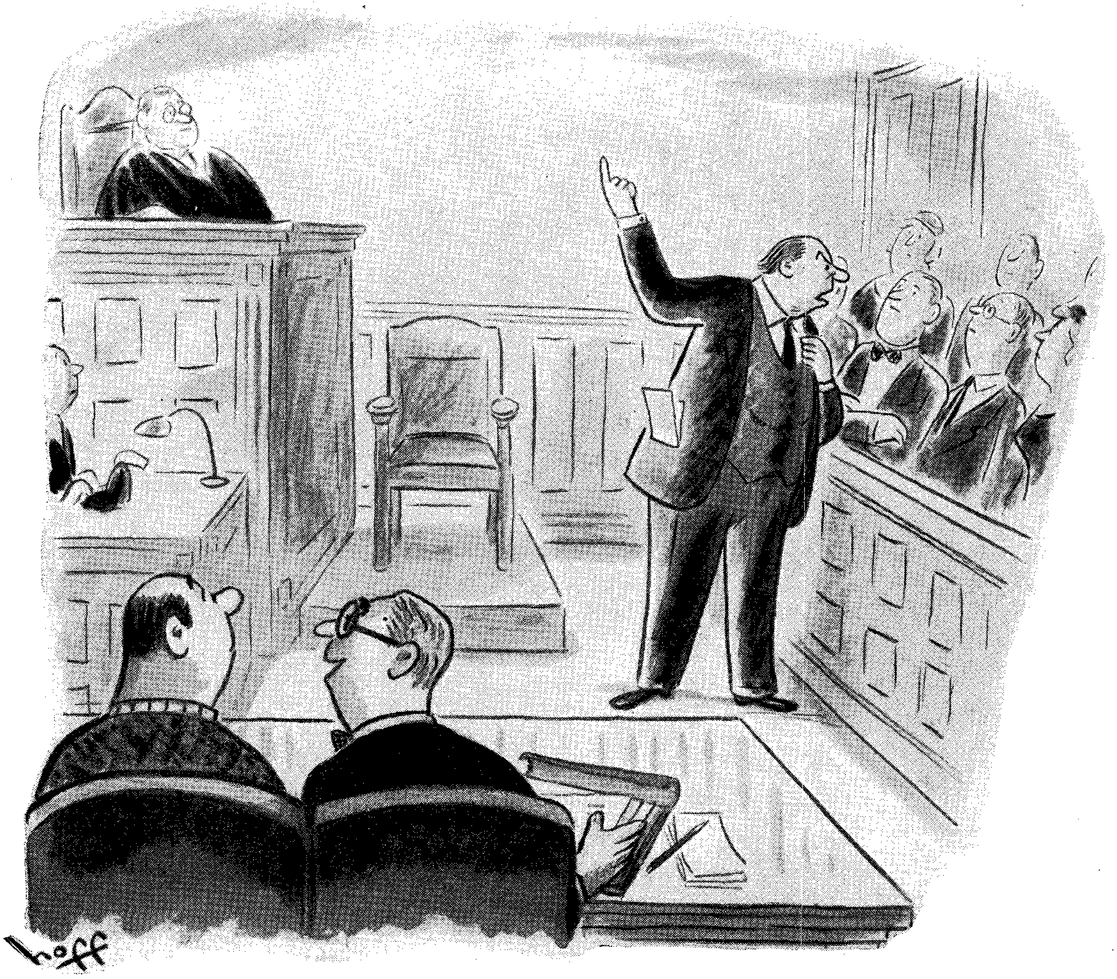
CONVERSATION between a Gracie Square lady trying out a new maid and a new maid trying out a new employer:

EMPLOYER: "I'm sorry there's so much dust in this neighborhood. It makes cleaning awfully difficult."

EMPLOYEE: "Oh, don't worry about that. They have that even on Park Avenue. One place I worked there, they not only had dust; they had roaches, rodents, and rabbits."

No Smoke

WE'VE inspected the campaign headquarters of the three chief candidates for Mayor, with the idea of learning how they're set up and operated, and along with finding out about this we gained impressions of the preëlection atmosphere in each headquarters, which we audaciously sum up



"I've always envied him his irresistible way with a jury."

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as follows: Corsi's, bustling and sanguine; Pecora's, confident and well oiled; Impellitteri's, modest but determined. Our first stop was at Republican headquarters, which is in the Hotel Vanderbilt, one flight above the mezzanine, and occupies all of one floor, save for some hotel offices, a private dining room, and the office of Bertram Seiffer, M.D., a general practitioner. Corsi himself has offices higher up in the hotel. In the Republican press-and-publicity office, we met John Underhill and Charles Bayer, of the Corsi staff, who told us that the confusion things were plainly in at the moment was due to the fact that a date Corsi had made with some newsreel cameramen for that afternoon had been changed and headquarters was trying unsuccessfully to get word of the switch through to him, via a radio-telephone installed in his campaign limousine. The limousine just wasn't answering.

As for the organization of a campaign headquarters, Underhill said that an institution like the Republican Party never has any difficulty locating a campaign manager and chairmen for the various campaign committees, and that when these have been picked, the next step is to get together an aggressive publicity staff, a research staff, a staff of speech writers, and a speakers' bureau, which arranges speaking dates for the candidate and all the orators helping out in the campaign. Sound-truck and mimeograph specialists and a pool of stenographers are hired, generally through an agency. A department of volunteers is then organized to recruit and supervise the hundreds of other volunteers needed to carry out tasks that, even in a Republican headquarters, can be described only as menial. Furthermore, space must be provided at headquarters for committees representing language groups, labor groups, and the like, many of which have their own speech writers and speakers' bureaus.

Underhill also told us that the Republicans had taken space in the Vanderbilt during the last week in September, in extreme haste; like everyone else, they'd been unprepared for a mayoralty campaign this fall. The Vanderbilt has never been used as a campaign headquarters before and is not wired for political sound. "Had to cut a dozen big holes in the baseboards to get our switchboard wires in," Underhill said. "Most of the rooms we're using for offices are normally bedrooms; it took a hundred and fifty man-hours to get the place in shape for us." Bayer offered to conduct us on a quick tour of the premises, and led us off at a dignified canter. In one room, a speech was being typed in inch-high letters, so that the speaker could read it more easily. In another, stencils were being cut for mimeographing, and Bayer informed us that three hundred and fifty copies are made of all of Corsi's public utterances; some are sent by messenger to every newspaper and radio station in the city. The offices labelled "Radio & Television" were dormant, and Bayer hurried us on to an office labelled "Democrats for Corsi," which was occupied by two rather forlorn-looking middle-aged men. We passed the offices of Sound Trucks, the Columbian Republican League, and the Women's Division, and entered the office of the Assistant Campaign Manager, where we were introduced to Coördinator Jac M. Wolfe, under whose jurisdiction fall posters and buttons. "Forty thousand buttons distributed so far," he said with satisfaction. "Tens of thousands more going out." The telephone in Corsi's automobile still wasn't answering. Before leaving the hotel, we stopped in at Dr. Seiffer's office to find out how the campaign has affected him. He told us that so far he had treated a Republican who got his finger caught in a lawnmower, obviously neither in the Vanderbilt nor in the line of duty, and a secretary suffering from tenosynovitis of the fingers, an ailment resulting from too much and too rapid typing.

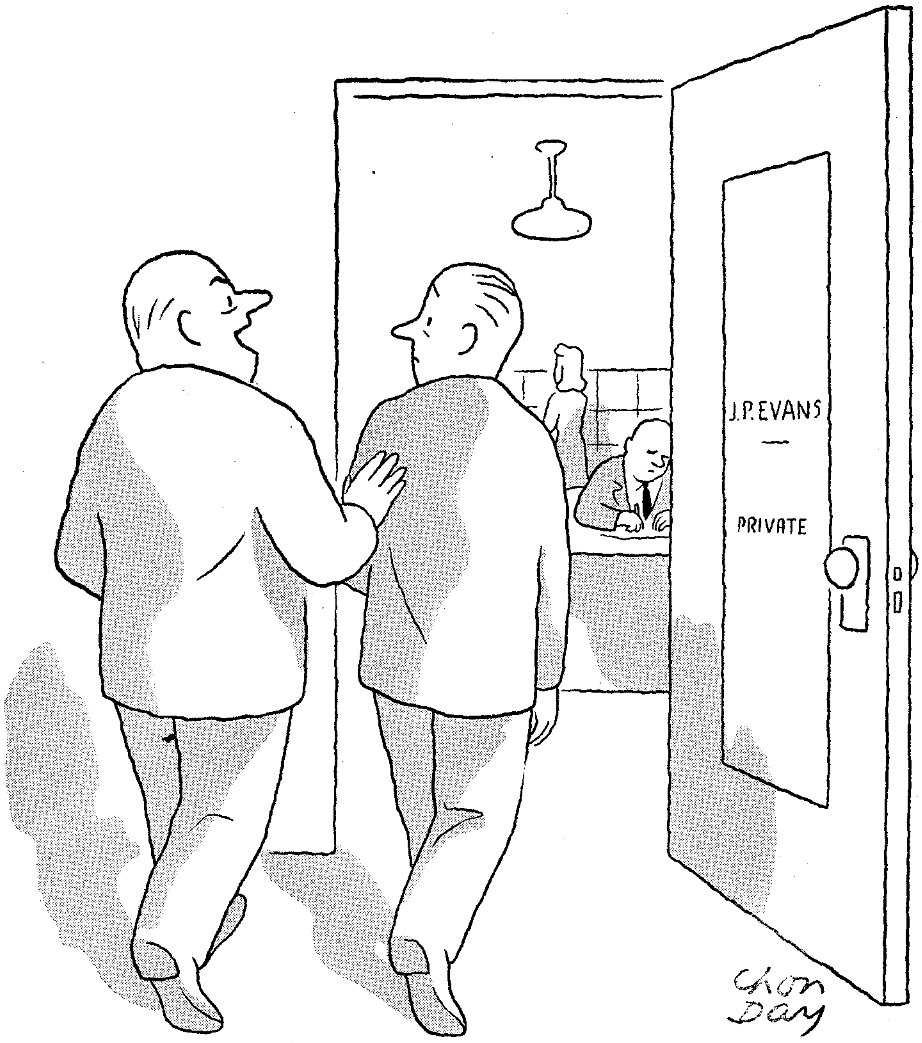
Democratic campaign headquarters occupies slightly less than half of the sixth floor of the Commodore, which is where Democratic headquarters was for last year's campaign. Justice Pecora has a couple of rooms to himself on the seventh floor, and speech writers are scattered in single rooms throughout the hotel, concentrating. Three rooms on the third floor are occupied by the Liberal Party, which is also for Pecora. On our tour of Democratic headquarters, we passed rooms labelled "Business," "Veterans," "Naturalized Citizens," "Women Voters," "Speakers' Bureau," "Civil Service Committees," "Americans of Italian Origin," "Beverage Committee," "Mimeograph Room," "Switchboard," "Vice-Chairman," "Storeroom," "Jewish Press," "Publicity," "Director of Publicity," "Radio & Television," "Youth Division," "New Americans," "Irish-American Committee," and, again, "Storeroom." In Publicity, we were informed that the Democrats began occupying the Commodore quarters on September 25th, officially opened the campaign a week later, have a total of sixty rooms, a staff of fifty-five paid workers, and an uncounted and fluctuating number of volunteers, and will have distributed no fewer than two and a half million Pecora buttons by the time they're done. Twenty-two committees are established in the headquarters, the Party paying the rent and the salaries of the stenographic help of all but one of them, the Beverage Committee, which was organized by a group of liquor dealers interested in the Democratic cause and is paying its own way. Headquarters is open twenty hours a day, seven days a week, and will probably be open around the clock the final week.

Impellitteri's Experience Party is based in the Abbey, a medium-sized hotel on West Fifty-first Street, just east of Seventh Avenue. Its headquarters includes the hotel ballroom, on the ground floor; two fairly large rooms adjoining the ballroom; and six small bedrooms on the fourth floor. In one of these upstairs rooms, we met Bill Donoghue, whom we had heard described as a mastermind of the Experience Party, and we asked him how the Party had happened to choose the Abbey for its headquarters. "When Mayor Impellitteri first decided to run," he said, "he needed seventy-five hundred signatures to get on the ballot, so right then we had to have a petition headquarters. Louis Zuch, the owner of this hotel, happens to be the man who gave the Mayor his first job, as a room clerk at the Ansonia Hotel, when he was still going to law school. Zuch offered the ballroom here free for petition headquarters. After we'd got over forty-four thousand signatures, petition headquarters just naturally became campaign headquarters. We took these upstairs rooms on a paying basis a couple of weeks ago, because we needed space for press and publicity and for our speech writers."

Donoghue has been a participant in numerous Democratic campaigns and is astonished at how little money the Experience Party has to get by on. "A shoestring operation," he said. "When we put an ad in the paper, it has to serve two purposes—one, call attention to the candidate, and, two, solicit funds, so maybe we can run the ad again. The Mayor has no office of his own here. Why, hell, speaking of space, the other night we had to move the machines out of the mimeographing room so they could bring the beds back in! Somebody from out of town had engaged that particular room for the night in advance." Experience Party workers had distributed six hundred thousand Impellitteri buttons at the time of our call and had half a million more on order. The various committees work at tables scattered around the ballroom, rather than in private offices. We noted that Experience Party headquarters has a Sports Committee, which is more than the Republican or Democratic headquarters has. We also noted that in none of the three headquarters we inspected was there a single smoke-filled room.

Minority Report

A MOTHER has asked us to let her get in a good word in behalf of the much-condemned children's comic magazines. She advises us that she and her nine-year-old son were listening to a radio quiz program the other evening when the interlocutor came forth with the question "Who liberated Venezuela?" "Simon Bolivar," the boy said instantly. The mother, sitting there without the faintest tinkle from her telephone, was in the frustrating position of not being able to win the two trainloads of merchandise offered for the correct answer, and all she could do was compliment her son on having learned his lessons well at school. "I didn't learn that at school," he said. "I learned it in *True Comics*."



"Glad you asked for a raise, though, Hinkle. Kind of gumption I like to see around here. Always admire initiative. Enjoyed our little chat."

FAREWELL, MY LOVE

THE furniture, assembled once more under the high ceiling of a London room, seemed to be wearing a look of quiet satisfaction, as though, slightly shrugging their polished shoulders, the desk had remarked to the bookcase, the Regency armchair to the Chippendale mirror, "Well, here we are again." And then, after a creak or two, silence had fallen on the dustless room.

It was morbidly dustless, morbidly unlittered. Rolling up her apron, Mrs. Darbyshire, the charwoman, said, "I think that is all I can do for you today," in tones of professional self-righteousness. Indeed, Barbara thought, there was nothing more to ask; everything, from the slight dampness on the floor of the kitchenette to the rotundity of the cushions on the sofa, was as it should be. She had not seen such neatness for years.

The thought of someone like Mrs. Darbyshire had confirmed her decision to live in London again. A London charwoman does her work, takes her money, and goes away, sterile as the wind of the desert. She does not spongily, greedily, absorb your concerns, study your nose to see if you have been crying again, count the graying hairs of your head, proffer sympathetic sighs and vacuum pauses, and then hurry off to wring herself out, spongily, profusely, all over the village, with news of what is going on between those two at Pond House. Not to mention the fact that a London charwoman is immeasurably better at charring.

Except that Mrs. Darbyshire went away in trousers, her exit in 1950 was just as the exits of Mrs. Shelley had been in the mid-thirties—the same healing order left behind, the same tonic appearance of everything's being wound up for a fresh start, with a filled kettle sitting on the hot plate ready to be heated. And the flat of now, Barbara thought, in which she was again a single lady, was not very different from the flat of then; it was smaller, and the window glass, replacing what had been blown out in an air raid, was of inferior quality, and the rent was a great deal higher, but the sitting room and bedroom of the new flat were of the same sober, Victorian proportions, and, considering the housing shortage, she was lucky to get it, above all at such short notice—two months ago. Two months and eight days, to be precise, for it was on the seventeenth of August that Willie broke the news, coming slowly across the sunburned lawn to where she stood repainting the front door of Pond House, little thinking how soon she would go out by it and Annelise come in.

"But why?" she had asked. "Why must she come and *live* with you? I thought it was all over, months ago."

"So did I," Willie had said.

"But Annelise doesn't. Is that it?"

"She is so wretched," he had said. "So desperately, incompetently wretched. I can't let her go on suffering like this."

While they spoke, she continued spreading the blue paint, brushing it into the knots and cajoling it around the door knocker; dreamily, under the shock of these tidings, there had persisted a small, steady dissatisfaction because the paint was not the right shade of blue.

THE flat of now seemed lighter than the flat of then. This was partly because her pieces of rosewood furniture were now so much paler in tone; twelve years in a country house, with windows open and sun shining in and not enough furniture polish, had bleached the rosewood to a tint of *feuille-morte*. Outside there was a difference, too—more air, more light, welling like fountains from the bombed lots. The room was full of light, as full of light as it was full of silence. In the center stood the rosewood table, and as she bent over it, the table reflected her with the whole length of its uncluttered surface, darkened here and there with old inkstains, like sea-leopard skin.

"I shall leave you the rosewood table," she had said to Willie. "It's the only one that is the right height for you, and large enough to hold all your traps."

"No, don't," he had said. "I shall adopt the big kitchen table. It's the same height. I've measured it."

"Very well. But you'll keep the wardrobe?"

"I'd rather not."

"Nonsense! You must have something to keep your clothes in. Or to keep the moths in, for I suppose you'll never remember to shut the doors."

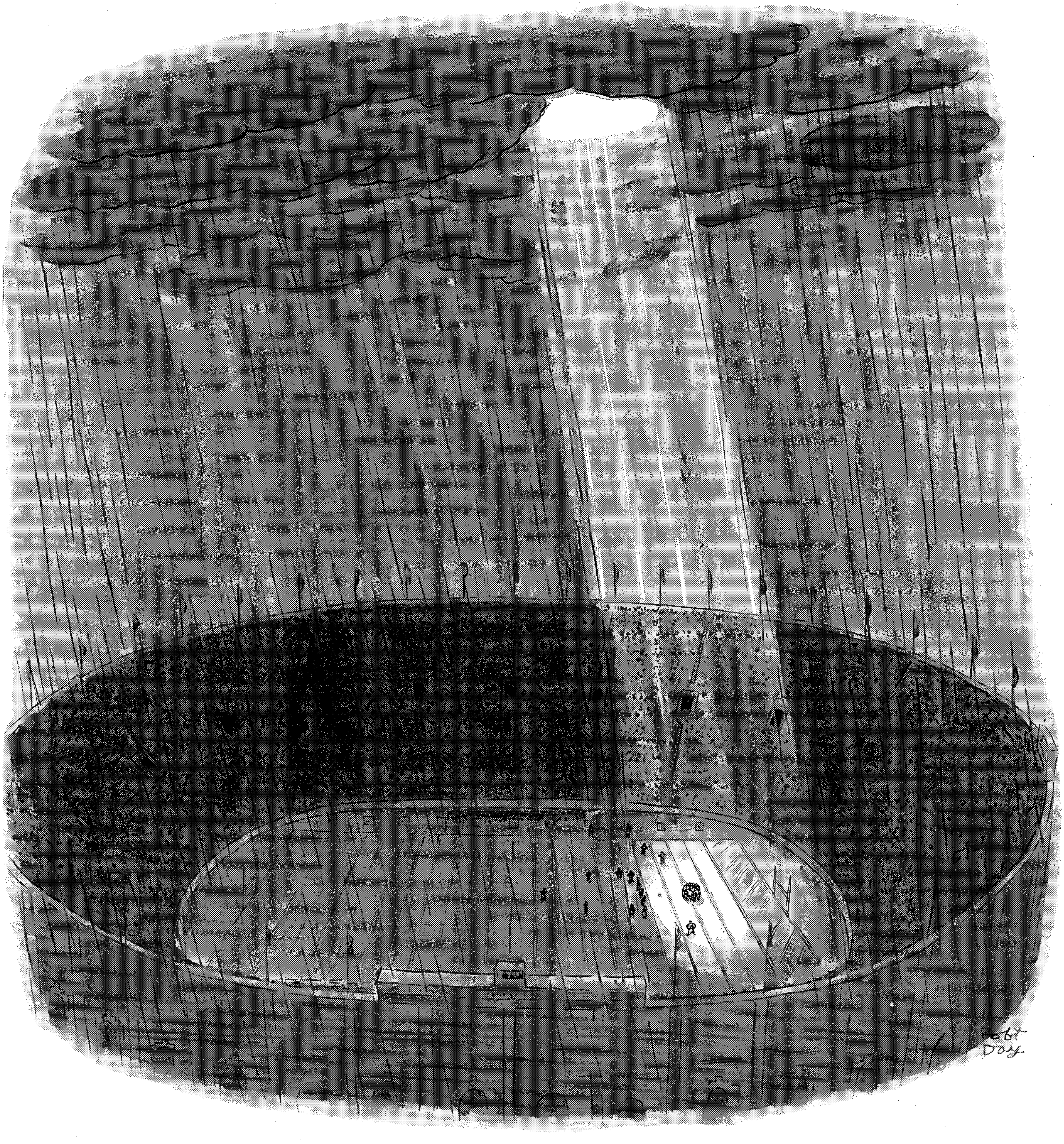
"That's all right. Annelise has one of these compactum things. It belonged to her husband."

"I see. How convenient."

"My God, how I hate these practical conversations! Why must we have them? They always end like this."

Planning ahead, Barbara had resolved that the furniture should not be arranged in the flat of now as in the flat of then. But London rooms impose a formula. Now, as then, the desk stood in the recess on the left side of the fireplace, and the bookcase in the recess on the right; the sofa had its back to the window; and, on the wall opposite the fireplace, the Chippendale mirror hung above the bureau. Later on, she thought, readjusting the sofa cushions (for Mrs. Darbyshire, like Mrs. Shelley, had a passion for putting square objects cornerwise)—later on, people, too, will regroup themselves in this room. Mary Mackenzie's hand will dangle from the arm of the Regency chair, as though its rings were too many and too heavy for it, and Julian will project his long legs obliquely from the stool, and Clive Thompson will stand with his back to the room, puffing at the bookcase. They will not have kept their outlines as unyieldingly as the furniture has, but their voices will be the same, and after the first constraint we shall find a great deal to talk about. It will be best, her thoughts went on, planning, foreseeing and planning as they had done during the breathless, interminable weeks before her departure from Pond House—it will be best to get them all here together one evening, when any awkwardness can be tided over by making them a trifle drunk. But that could be later on. It was still only her third day in the flat of now, and one must have a small decency-bit of time in which to lick one's wounds and wring the sea water of shipwreck out of one's hair. *Such privilege belongs to women.* . . . One of the advantages of a solitary life was that it gave one time to verify quotations instead of trailing them about all day, hanging them on gooseberry bushes, leaving them, like rings, above the sink. *Such privilege* . . . Hermione, in "The Winter's Tale," said it.

Shakespeare was in the bedroom, and she disliked going there. It was a dislikable room, mutilated by the remodelling, which had cut space for a bathroom out of it. The fig tree beyond the



"It's California's ball, folks, on their own seventeen-yard line."

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bedroom window, she thought, coming back into the sitting room with the book in her hand—even the fig tree, in itself a pleasant thing, must be contemplated as a sparrow rack, where, from the first light onward, sparrows would congregate and clatter, and make sleep impossible.

She found "The Winter's Tale," and turned to the trial scene. Here it was:

> . . . with immodest hatred,
> The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
> To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
> Here to this place, i' the open air, before
> I have got strength of limit.

Verifying quotations would indeed be an interesting pursuit if they all turned out to be as wide of the mark as this one. If Willie had shown a spark of even modest hate, she might have kept a spark of hope.

She laid Shakespeare on the sofa and presently sat down beside him. To do so was a deliberate act, for she still retained, as a vestige of the last few weeks, an inability to sit down. One says "a glutton for work," and during her last month at Pond House she had exemplified that odious phrase, rushing gluttonously from one useful deed to another, cleaning, dispatching, repairing, turning out, and destroying.

"All this revengeful housecleaning!" Willie had lamented.

"It's only fair to Annelise to get my smell out of the house," she had replied.

In the first onset of grief, when grief was still pure enough to be magnanimous, the explanation might have been almost true, but not by the time she gave it. By then, she had no more magnanimity than a criminal on the run. There must be nothing left behind by which she could be tracked. A visual recollection of something overlooked and unscotched would strike her, lying awake at night—strike her violently, as though the object itself had been catapulted against her face. With her heart hammering and the blood pounding in her ears, she would begin to interrogate herself as to where, in their magpie's nest of a house, she had last set eyes on the red flannel heart embroidered with forget-me-nots, or the mug with "William" on it that she had bought at Aberdovey. And all the while the most damning piece of evidence had slipped her memory, and came to light by mere chance.

Invalided after Dunkirk, Willie had retained from his equipment one of those metal slides that isolate the military button for polishing. Thinking that this would serve the same purpose for the brass knobs on the spice cupboard, she began to search for it in the collector's cabinet where Willie's father had kept his birds' eggs, where Willie kept his bits and pieces. In the third drawer down, she came on the letters, her sight stumbling from Annelise's crisp blue sheets to the accumulation of letters below. They were her own letters, written from the flat of then to the Willie of then. She had looked at them no longer than to think how surprisingly and for the worse her handwriting had altered during twelve years of happy married illiteracy when she heard the Willie of now at the front door, saying, "I know nothing about it. Do please go away," to the children who had come to fetch the things for the jumble sale. Slamming the drawer to, she ran downstairs to recall the children. When she went back to the cabinet, the drawer was locked. Embarrassment tied her tongue.

Three days later, looking like a good dog, Willie laid her letters on the dressing table.

"I don't approve of what I am doing," he said. "But then I don't approve of anything I am doing." After a pause, he added, still speaking with the same affectation of formality, "I think I wish I were dead."

"Not really," she answered. "Not really, my dear."

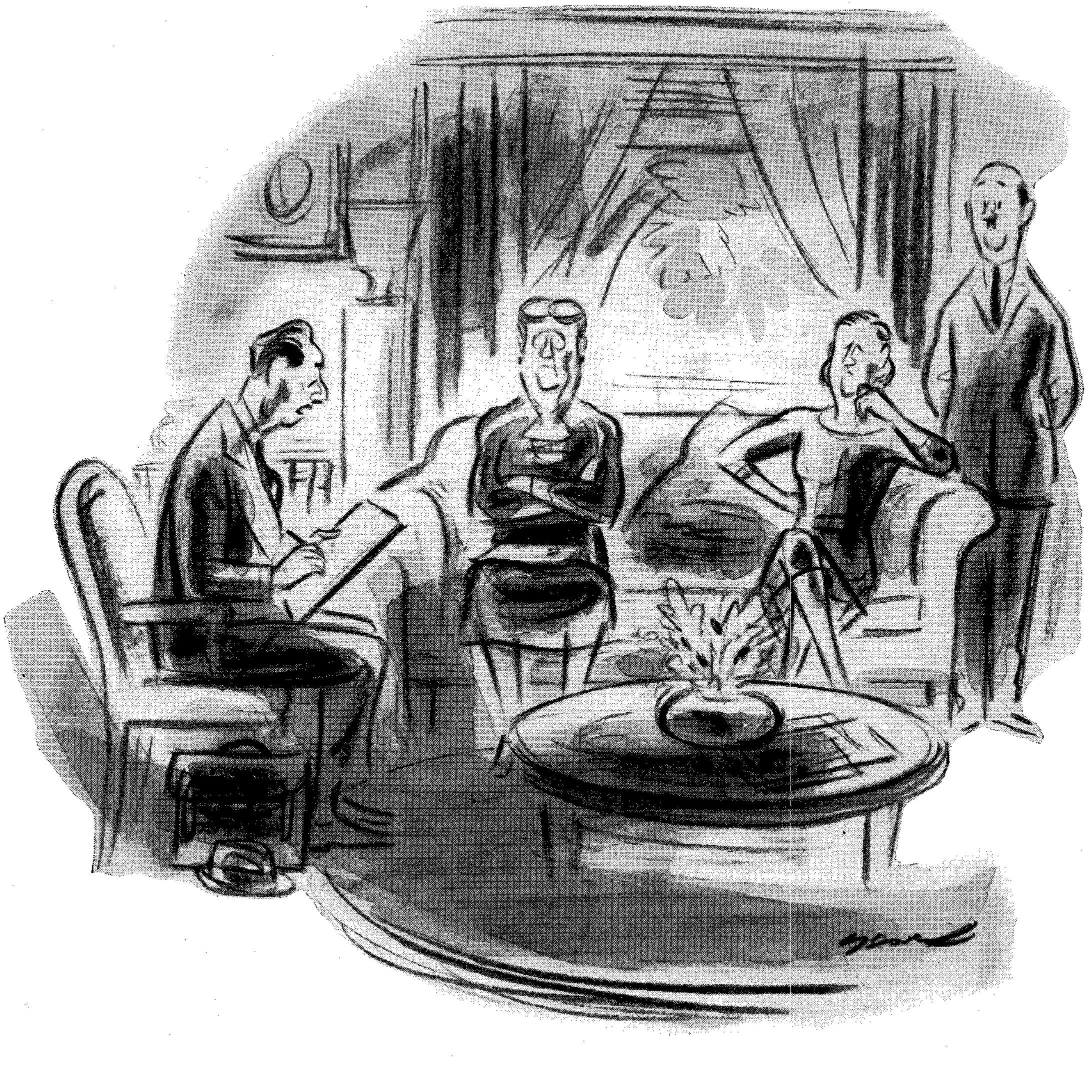
They looked at each other in the mirror, then. In the mirror she watched him lay his head on her shoulder—deposit it there, as though it were a sick animal.

BUT it was from that hour—as though by the restitution of her letters a ghost had been laid or a cork drawn—that Willie began to recover, to ascend from being a mournful cipher in her preparations to becoming their animating spirit. The last joint days at Pond House were spent in a kind of battered exhilaration, with Willie circumventing inquiring droppers-in, sewing on buttons, and subjugating the furniture removers. It was not just speeding the parting guest. He had, somehow or other, to dispose of the mounting excitement with which he awaited Annelise, and to be the life and soul of Barbara's departure was at once a safety valve and a tribute to conjugality.

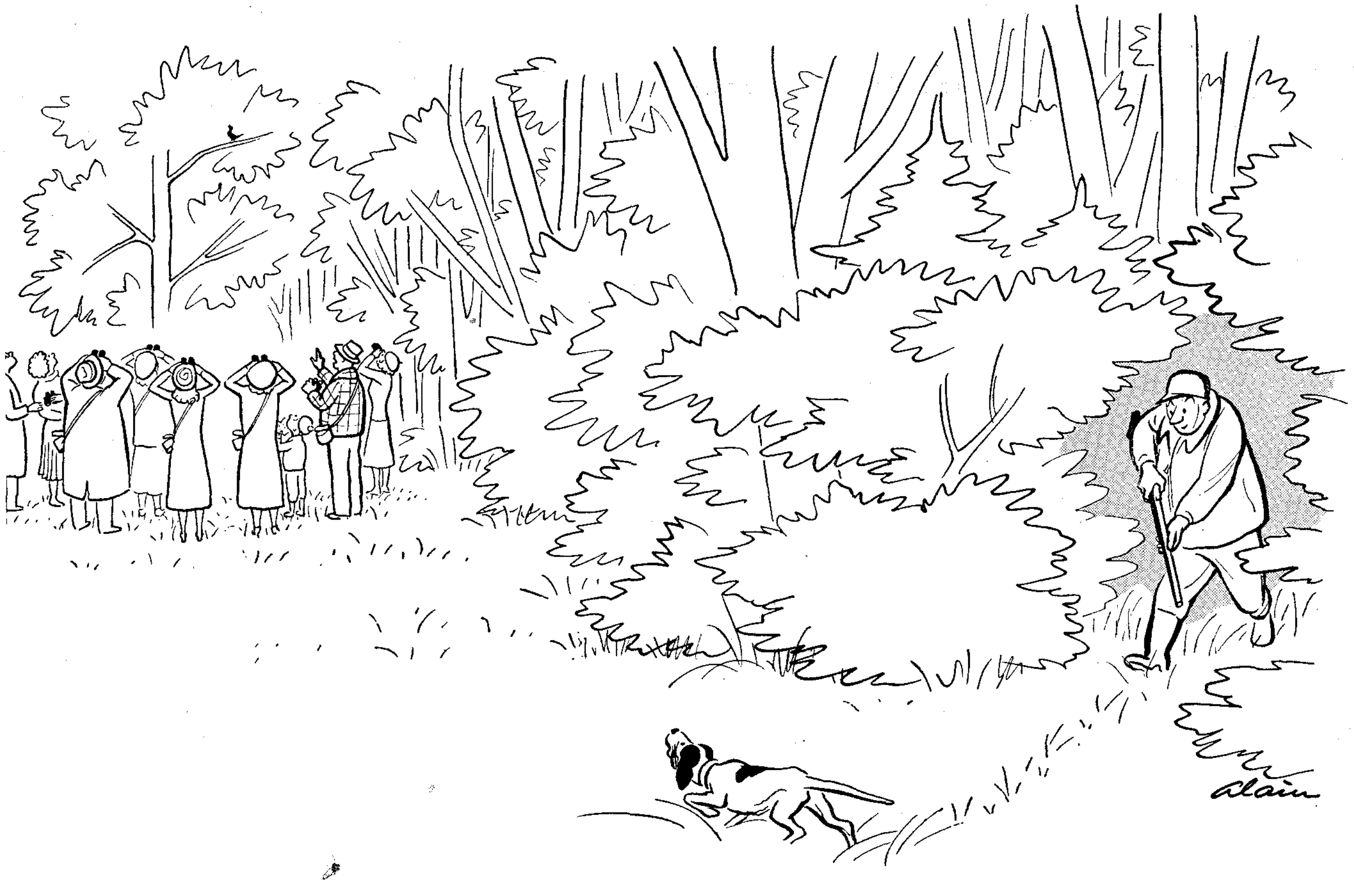
"Write to me, won't you?" he had said, tying on the last luggage label.

"We said we wouldn't write, except on business," Barbara had said. "It would hurt Annelise. You know how sensitive she is, how the least thing makes her suffer agonies." (She could not deny herself this shaft, and anyhow it did not strike.)

"You owe me a letter, Barbara. I gave you back the others. I didn't want to, but I did. I have never been so unhappy as I was that morning." It was true, as true as that he was now much less unhappy. "At least, write and tell me that you are



"Now, let's see—that's one 'For,' one 'Against,' and one 'No Opinion.'"



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tled in, that you are all right, that roof doesn't leak, that there aren't ck beetles. It might be called a tter of business, really—though it 't."

"I will write," she had said.

NOW she took up Shakespeare, in whose orisons all our sins are mprehended, and patted him. "Dear an!" she said aloud, her voice, in the explored depths of the lofty London m, like the voice of a stranger. She ld feel her body furtively relaxing ile she sat on the sofa, and beginning enjoy itself. It sighed, and stretched legs, and burrowed deeper into the shions, and her nostrils quickened to smell of furniture polish, as though re were promise in it. She had been ppy in her former solitude; presently would be solitarily happy again. Like furniture, she would settle down in old arrangement, and the silence the room would not intimidate her g; it was no more than a pin point silence in the wide noise of London. e kettle was on the hot plate, filled d ready to be heated. The room sat und her, attentive, ready for her to gin. But first she must write to Willie. Crossing the room, she seemed to her-f to wade through silence, as though were wading out to sea against a unting tide. Silence embraced her thighs and almost overthrew her. She sat down at the desk and took a sheet of paper from a pigeonhole. The light from the window fell on the desk over her left shoulder, just as it had done in the flat of then. And, just as she had done in the flat of then, she wrote the date—the date of now—and the words "My Dear."

"I am keeping my promise," she wrote. "The flat is very comfortable. There are no black beetles, and the person overhead plays Bach by hand, which seems very old-fashioned and soothing. I have found a nice charwoman. She is called Mrs. Darbyshire. She wears trousers. I hope—" The pen stopped. What did she hope?

After birthdays and Christmases there came the hour when one was set down to write the letters of thanks. "Thank you so much for the gorgeous chocolates," one wrote, or "It was very kind of you to give me that nice bottle of scent." The chocolates had been eaten, the scent had been poured out—but still they had to be thanked for. One's handwriting sagged down the page as if from weariness, the words "nice" or "jolly" dogged one from sentence to sentence, and with every recommencement of gratitude the presents and the festivities became more irrevocably over and done with. One stared at the unfinished sentence and wondered what false thing to say next. Yet what she wanted to say to Willie was clear enough in her mind, clear as the printed words on India paper which had levelled themselves at her heart from that speech in "The Winter's Tale":

To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your
favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
Yet know not how it went . . .

But in real life one cannot write so plainly the plain truth; it would look theatrical. She must think of something she could legitimately hope. A hope about Mrs. Darbyshire would do nicely. She wrote, "I hope she will like me enough to look on me as a permanency."

Oh, poor Willie! That would not do at all. She tore up the unfinished letter and threw it into the grate, which Mrs. Darbyshire had left neatly laid with crumpled paper and sticks and a few well-chosen lumps of coal, in case the lady should find the flat, being newly inhabited, chilly and wish to have a fire in the evening.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

Rownd, who doesn't smoke, drink or eat and walks erectly without any assistance, reported good health . . . —*Albany Times-Union.*

Good health, if not good times.

THE WOLF IN THE WOODS

George Proctor first read about the wolf on a Friday. The evening paper he always read on the train carried a page-one story about a timber wolf that had escaped from the city zoo that morning and had last been seen heading in a northerly direction.

Proctor finished reading the news, examined the stock-market reports, then folded the paper tightly and gazed out the window at the familiar scenery as the train approached his station. It was mid-autumn, and the leaves were brilliantly colored, but the stucco houses that flashed by looked cold and cheerless. The train jolted and began to slow down, and he rose and put on his hat and walked out to the vestibule.

As he stood with his hand on the railing, waiting for the train to stop, he thought about the wolf, and he wondered how far it would get before it was caught. He remembered the Oklahoma City leopard that had been at large for three days before succumbing to drugged meat. The idea of city dwellers chasing a wolf amused him slightly, and it occurred to him that the pioneer fathers, who had lived more or less surrounded by wolves, would have had some immediate and simple solution to the problem—like shooting it, or trapping it, or just letting it go. To them, a stray wolf would have been no more trouble than a wandering drunk is nowadays. Proctor sniffed the sharp evening air as he stepped off the train, and turned and walked briskly to where he knew his wife would be waiting with the car.

He slid in behind the steering wheel, kissed his wife on the cheek, and tossed the paper in her lap. "Well," he said, "what's the news with you today?"

"Mary's cold is no better," his wife replied. "She wants to go to that high-school dance tomorrow night, but I've told her that unless her cold clears up she's not moving out of the house. And I want you to back me up on that. You remember what an awful time she had *last* fall."

"Uh-huh," he said. "Well, we'll see how she is tomorrow. How's Jack?"

"Oh, he's all well. He's gone to his Scout meeting. They're having one of those out-of-door-cooking contests, and I was against his going, but I finally made him promise to take a sweater, so I guess he'll be all right."

"A little fresh air never hurt anybody," Proctor said. "He'll be warm enough if they have a fire, anyway."

His wife said nothing, and he thought about the pioneers again. "Did you hear about that wolf?" he asked. "The one that got away from the zoo?"

"It was on the radio," she said.

"Have they caught it yet?"

"No." His wife sounded uninterested. "They don't seem to have."

Proctor was silent while he computed the distance from the zoo to his house. Oh, that would be fantastic, he said to himself. Twenty, twenty-five miles. No wolf could get that far without being caught. He looked at the lighted windows along the road and they gave him a feeling of security, but above the houses the sky was a cold purple, and the trees seemed sharp and angular in silhouette. For some reason, he associated wolves with winter, and now he had a sudden feeling that winter had come. He cranked up the window on his side of the car. "It *is* cold," he said. "No getting around it."

"That's what I told Jack," said his wife. "But he wouldn't listen to me. I literally had to threaten him to make him take his sweater."

It was dark when Proctor swung the car into his garage, and he left the headlights on until his wife turned on the garage light. Then he punched the headlight button, got out of the car, and walked with his wife around to the front of the house. Their house was on a small knoll, surrounded on three sides, although not too closely, by other houses. On the fourth side, at the foot of the knoll, were a stone wall, a brook, and a patch of woods. In the spring, the tree frogs made the woods alive with their shrill chatter, but now the only sound was the faint gurgle of the brook.

The Proctors went inside, and Proctor walked cheerfully across the living room and kissed his daughter, Mary, who was sitting, glum and nasal, in an armchair, listening to the radio. "Hello, Portia," he said. "What news on the Rialto?" This had been a standard greeting of his ever since Mary played Portia at the high-school drama festival, and she had long since ceased to pay any attention to it.

"Mother won't let me go to the dance tomorrow," Mary said. "And I think it's a stinking, lousy trick. There's no reason—"

"Wait a minute," Proctor cut in. "Wait a minute. Your mother said you couldn't go if your cold wasn't any better, so there's no point getting worked up about it now. Just relax, and go to bed early, and—"

He stopped as he heard the radio announcer say, "And now for the news. You've all heard of keeping the wolf from the door, but today many people found a new meaning for that expression. The timber wolf that escaped from the city zoo this morning was still at large early this evening, and zoo authorities say that by this time it may be in the nearby suburbs. Several people have reported seeing the animal, but so far it has not been positively identified, and the reports have come from widely separated areas. Police Commissioner Donovan, to whose department most of the calls have been directed, has asked the public to remember the story of the boy who cried wolf too often, and not send in an alarm every time they see a stray dog. So far, most of the 'wolves' have later been identified as collies or police dogs."

Proctor looked thoughtfully at the radio for a minute. "This could be serious," he said, at last. "This is no joking matter."

"They'll catch it,"

said his wife quietly. "They always do."

"You never can tell," he said. "It wouldn't hurt to be prepared." His wife stared at him, then turned and went into the kitchen.

Mary had relapsed into sullen silence, and Proctor went to the bookcase and took out a volume of the encyclopedia. He sat down and slowly turned the pages, past Wisconsin Rapids and Wladislaw IV, to Wolfe, James, and then worked back to wolf, where he read:

> . . . a wild animal of the dog family, native to most of the Northern Hemisphere and having one representative in the Southern. The wolf is carnivorous, attacking all kinds of wild and domestic animals, and even man. Usually it hunts in pairs, by day or night, but when food is scarce it travels in packs. It catches its prey by running it down in open chase, which its speed and remarkable endurance enable it to do. Its call is a howl. The largest North American wolf, the timber, is over 5 feet long and has spotted gray fur. . . .

After a while Proctor put the book away, and sat staring into the fire until his wife called that dinner was ready.

Proctor did not sleep well that night. Jack was late getting back from the Boy Scout meeting, and by the time he stamped into the house, grimy and sniffling, Proctor was convinced that the wolf had devoured his son's entire patrol. He could not rid his mind of the encyclopedia's words—"attacking . . . even man . . . which its speed and remarkable endurance enable it to do"—and long after he had gone to bed he lay awake and listened to the sounds in the woods.

He felt more confident the next morning, although the newspaper reported that the wolf was still loose and could be anywhere within a radius of fifty miles of the city. It had allegedly been seen in eleven widely scattered places, and the authorities were about willing to concede that unless it was caught soon, its escape would be complete. Proctor spent the morning raking leaves, and the warm sun on his back made him all but forget his fears of the night before.

It grew colder in the afternoon, and a bank of dark clouds crowded up over the sun. Proctor went inside and turned on the radio. He tuned to a record program, and sat, half dozing, in a chair and let the music take over his thoughts. A warm haze of sleep was settling over him when he was brought upright by the announcer's mention of a town only five miles away. Wide-eyed, he leaned toward the radio, and heard that the wolf had been definitely identified on its outskirts. A motorcycle policeman had seen it near the Parkway and had shot at it, but the shot went wild and the wolf disappeared into the shrubbery.

Proctor turned off the radio and went into the kitchen. "It's getting closer," he said. "It's definitely around here."

"What's where?" his wife asked. "What are you talking about?"

Proctor told her what he had heard on the radio.

"Oh," she said. "Well, I'll keep my eyes peeled. Look, if you aren't doing anything, would you zip down to the village and get me a new sieve? This one won't hold anything smaller than potatoes." She held up a torn and battered sieve for him to see.

He hesitated. "All right," he said. "Same size?"

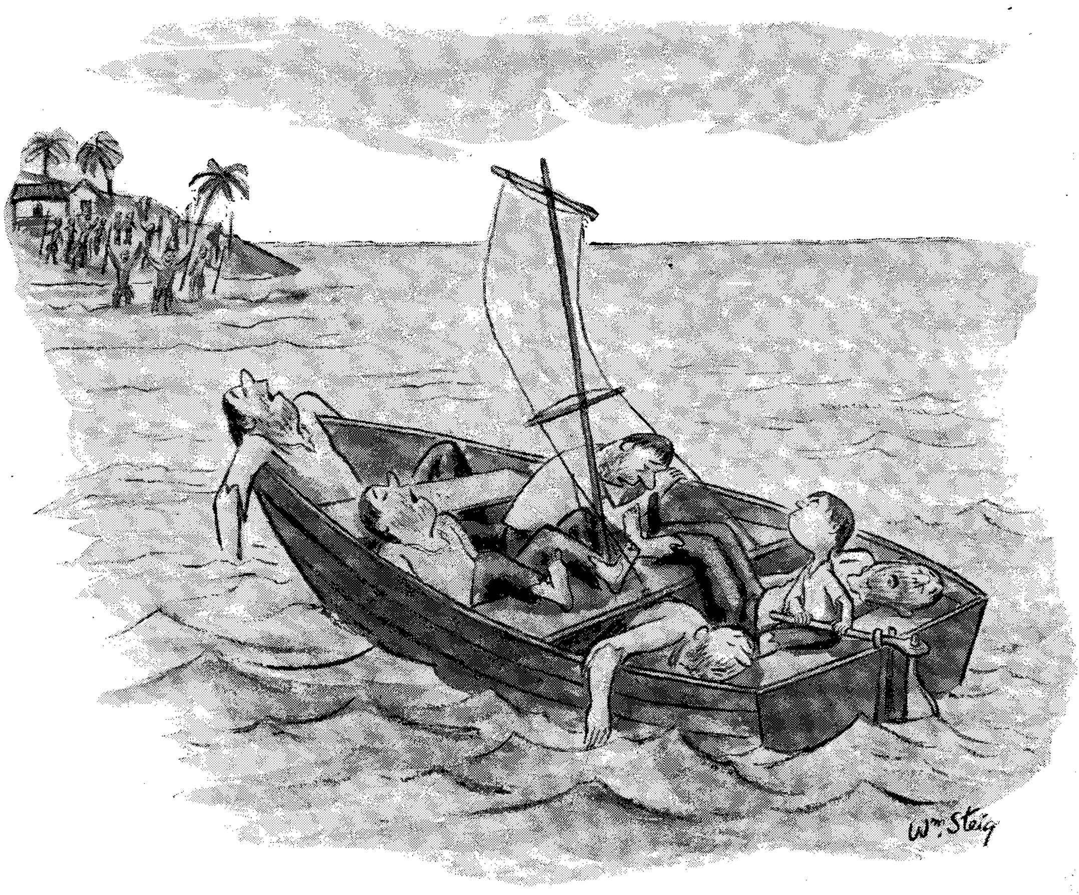
"Please. And while you're there, you might drop in at Congdon's and pay him his bill. It's over two months old."

"All right," he said. As he went to the closet for his hat and coat, he asked, "Where are Jack and Mary?"

"Off somewhere," his wife replied. "I think Mary may be over at What's-her-name's."

A small cloud of worry crossed Proctor's mind, but he said nothing. When he went out, he closed the front door tightly behind him, and tested it once to make sure.

As he drove to the village, he tried to remember everything he had ever read about wolves, but he came up with very little that was satisfactory. Wolves were to him a kind of personification of lurking evil, yet they had always seemed as remote as dragons or sea monsters, and his knowledge of them came mostly from romantic literature. He thought again of the pioneer fathers and their constant dealings with wolves, and it occurred to him that if he could treat this wolf as an everyday occurrence, a normal hazard, to be dealt with calmly and logically, he would save himself a



DREAMS OF GLORY

Thirty-eight days at sea

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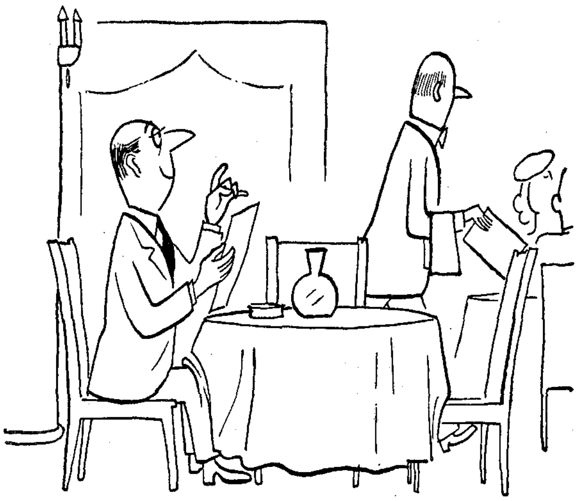

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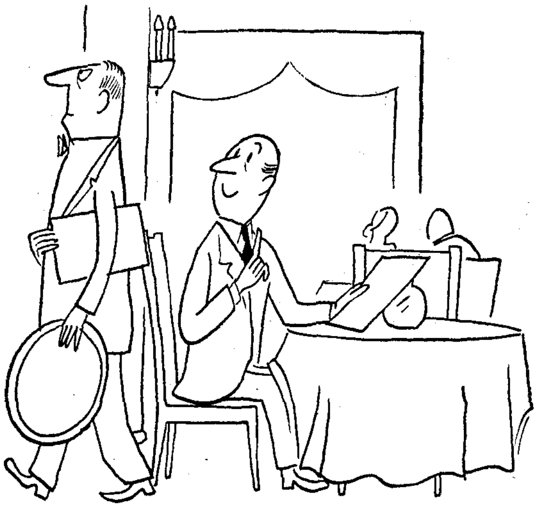


great deal of trouble and worry. He tried to imagine that he was on the way to a trading post, where he would conduct his business and then say casually to the trader, "Oh, by the way, I'm having a little trouble with the wolves around my place. Maybe you'd better throw in a . . ." A what? An extra gun? A sword? Some traps? Probably traps, he decided. He was suddenly aware of a red traffic light in front of him, and jammed on his brakes.

At the hardware store, Proctor bought a sieve.

"Want me to wrap it for you?" asked the clerk as Proctor handed him the money.

"No, thanks," Proctor said. "That won't be necessary."

The clerk went to the cash register and banged the drawer open. "You hear about the Thorndikes' dog?" he asked, spilling the change into Proctor's hand.

"No," Proctor said. "What happened?"

"All torn to pieces," the clerk replied. "They found him just a while ago, in the field near their house. Nothing left of him, almost. Figure it must have been that wolf did it."

The back of Proctor's neck went cold, and he could feel his hair prickle. "That's horrible," he said, after a pause. "They— they don't know for sure? I mean— they didn't see . . ."

"No, but it must have been *something* pretty big," the clerk said. "That dog was old, but he was a fighter. Could take on any dog around here that *I* know of."

IT was late when Proctor returned home, and he took the sieve into the kitchen, then joined his wife in the living room.

"Where's Jack?" he asked.

"He's down cellar," she said. "Why?"

Mr. Proctor told her about the Thorndikes' dog, and she gasped.

"Their place is only about a mile from here," he continued. "Chances are that wolf is out in the woods in back right now." He went to the cellar door and called Jack, who said, "Be right with you," and continued hammering on something.

"What are you going to do?" Proctor's wife asked, for the first time appearing concerned.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," he replied. "But I think we ought to be ready, just in case."

Jack came up from the cellar and stood looking at his father. "You wanted me?" he asked.

"Yes," Proctor said. "I want you to get your rifle and bring it down here."

"My rifle?" Jack asked. "You mean my twenty-two?"

"That's right."

Jack turned and disappeared, then had a sudden thought and came back. "You want some ammunition, too?" he asked.

"Of course," said Proctor, and Jack hurled out of the room and pounded upstairs.

"George Proctor," his wife said, "if you think you're going to go prowling around—"

"I'm not going to prowl anywhere," Proctor said. "I just want to have the rifle handy and ready to use. There's no telling what may happen."

"That's just what worries me," she said. "Remember the last time you shot that gun? The woods would stop ricochets, you said. Remember?"

"That was different," Proctor said. "That was a different matter altogether. This is purely precautionary. I just want to have it handy, in case."

"In case of what?" his wife asked, as Jack came into the room with the rifle and a box of cartridges.

"Put them there by the door," Proctor said, and Jack stood the rifle in a corner by the front door and put the cartridges on the window sill.

"What are you going to do, Pop?" Jack asked.

"Well, I'll tell you . . ." Proctor said, and then stopped. "By the way, where's Mary?" he asked.

"Upstairs, dressing," said his wife. "I told her she could go to the dance."

"Well, I'm very sorry," Proctor said, "but nobody leaves this house tonight. I wouldn't think of letting her go out."

A look of amazement crossed his wife's face. "Why not, for heaven's sake?" she asked. "Her cold's all cleared up, and I promised her—"

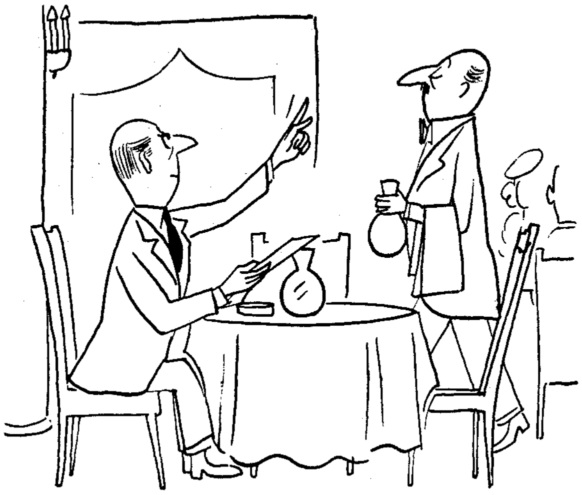
"I must remind you that there is a wolf loose in this neighborhood," said Proctor. "A timber wolf. An animal that will attack any living thing, including humans. It has already killed a large dog, and there is every reason to believe—"

"Oh, now, really," his wife cut in, "you don't expect that wolf to crash the high-school dance, do you? Please be sensible."

"I am being as sensible as I know how. Of course I don't expect the wolf to go to the dance, but there are plenty of places where it could attack people between here and the high school. Right out front here, for instance. And later on tonight— How late does this dance last?"

"Midnight, I think. One, at the latest."

"Well, that's entirely too—" Mary came into the room, dressed in a crackling, full-skirted pink dress, and Proctor turned to her. "I have just told your mother, my dear," he said, "that I can't



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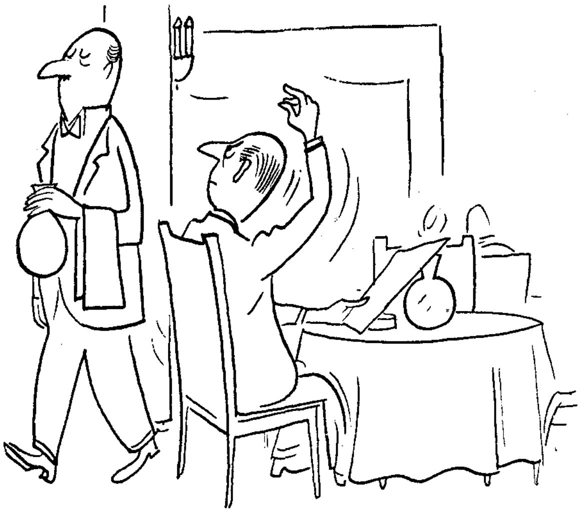

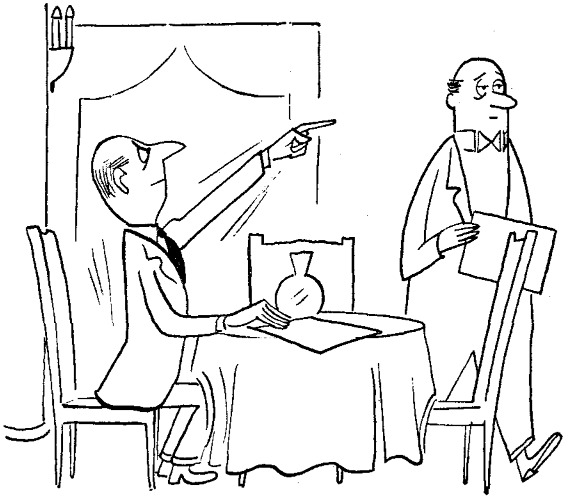

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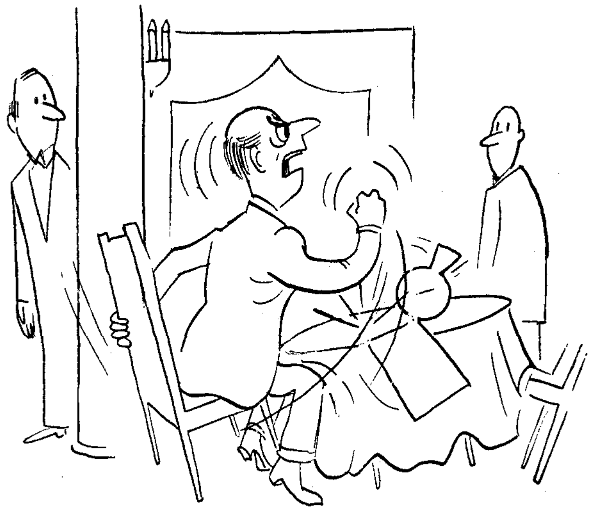

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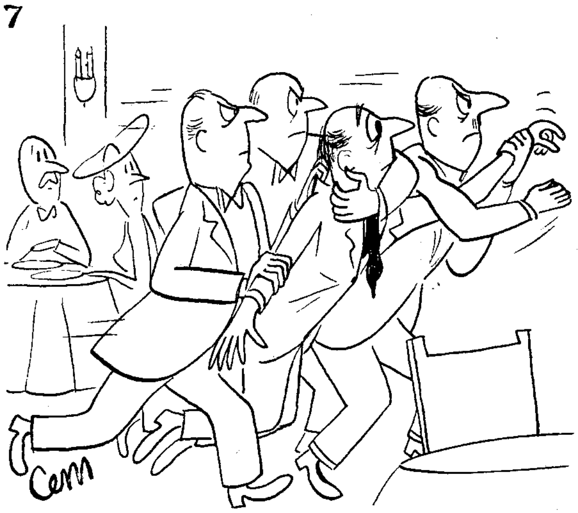


t you go to the dance tonight. I'm rry, but it's out of the question."

Mary stared at him. "*What?*" she id.

"I said you won't be able to go to the ance. Until this wolf is caught, or goes way, nobody should be outside at night. 'm not going to have you coming home one with a timber wolf lurking in the oods here."

Mary's eyes filled with tears, but ere was scorn in her voice as she said, I don't know what makes you think d be *alone*."

Proctor hesitated. "Who was going take you?" he asked.

"Junior Esterlinger," said Mary ith dignity. "And, for your informa- on, he has a car."

"I don't consider Junior Esterlinger match for a timber wolf," said Proc- r. "Car or no car."

"George," his wife said, "I do think u're overdoing this. I've promised is child she could go to the dance, and really don't think she's going to be evoured between this door and Junior sterlinger's car. After that, she'll be with a whole group of others, and there'll be no danger. They're going to the Richardsons' for supper."

Proctor was silent, and Mary looked at her mother. "I don't know why you refer to *me* as a child, Mother," she said. "It seems to me that there are other people around here who are being much more childish than *I*."

"Now, see here, young lady—" Proctor began, just as the doorbell rang, twice in quick succession.

"I'll get it," said Mary, and she swept out of the room. She opened the door and greeted a tall, thin boy who was wearing, under his open polo coat, a tuxedo and a bulging stiff shirt with a wing collar.

"Hi ya, Mary," he said.

"Good evening, Junior," said Mary. "Come in." She ushered him into the living room. "You know my mother, don't you?" she said, and paused. "And my father?" she added coldly.

"Sure thing," said Junior, smiling. "Good evening, Mrs. Proctor—Mr. Proctor."

Proctor nodded, and there was a short silence. Then his wife spoke up. “Go on, Mary, get your coat,” she said. “Don’t keep the young man waiting.” Mary ran from the room, and Proctor cleared his throat. He was nettled by his defeat, but he tried not to show it.

“Ah— I suppose you’ve heard about this wolf?” he said to Junior.

“The zoo wolf, you mean?” Junior asked. “Yeah. Pretty corny, isn’t it?”

“I wouldn’t put it that way, exactly,” said Proctor. “It could be quite dangerous. As a matter of fact—”

He was interrupted by Mary, who zoomed back into the room, kissed her mother warmly, said “Good night, Father,” took Junior by the arm, and steered him to the door. Proctor followed them, and peered out into the darkness until he heard the noise of Junior’s car starting. Then he closed the door and came back to the living room.

“I must say . . .” he began, then left the sentence unfinished.

AROUND ten-thirty, the telephone rang, and Proctor started from his chair and remained standing while his wife answered it.

“Hello,” he heard her say. “No. . . . No, we haven’t, Fred. . . . Yes. . . . Of course we will. . . . All right. Fine. . . . Goodbye.” She hung up and returned to her chair. “That was Fred Ludwig,” she said. “Their dog hasn’t come home, and they’re worried.”

Slowly, Proctor sat down. “You see?” he said. “Other people are taking this thing seriously, too.”

His wife said, “Uh-huh,” and Proctor went to the window and cupped his hands against the glass, so as to see outside. He could see nothing, except that it had started to rain, and after a while he sat down again. Jack came up from the cellar. “It’s about your bedtime,” his mother said.

“I know,” said Jack. He saw the rifle in the corner. “You through with the gun, Pop?” he asked.

“No,” said Proctor. “You’d better leave it here.”

Jack said good night and went upstairs, and Proctor picked up a magazine and tried to concentrate on it. But it was no use, and he put the magazine down and stared ahead of him. Finally, he rose and walked across to the radio. “Might as well—” he began, and then from outside came a howl that rose, thin and cold, into the night and hung in the air and seemed to be everywhere. It continued while Proctor and his wife stared at each other in dismay, and then, all of a sudden, there was quiet. For a few seconds neither of them spoke.

ESSAY ON ATHLETICS

One praises where one can the scenes of Sport,
The field and diamond, ring, rink, cage, and court,
The fancy skater’s whirl, the vaulter’s leap,
The swimmer frantic in his tepid deep.
Exertion is the end of manly arts—
But let’s remain instead where each one starts,
And squat buck naked in the fetid gloom
To sing the praises of the locker room.
For here among the sweatshirts, cast-off socks,
Discarded jerseys, inelastic jocks,
The music of a banging metal door
And football shoes upon a wooden floor
Remind us to reflect how Life’s a Game,
And all the world is Eton. . . . What is Fame?
And after these pursuits, for several hours,
We can repair like athletes to the showers
(A towel knotted where the two ends join
Suffices to protect the modest groin),
And there among the soft and steamy clouds
Our ears hear cheers of nonexistent crowds;
Our eyes see tapes not broken, balls uncaught,
Stroke oars unpulled and idle, fights not fought.
The cinder path lies fallow, all its soot
Uncrunched by any stride of our spiked foot.
It is the static state of Sport we’d praise,
Like polo ponies who’ve been let to graze,
Or sailboats stored indoors, without their masts,
Or skiers, waxing skis, in plaster casts.
Who knows where shortstops spend their rainy days?
It is the static state of Sport we’d praise.
And so it is that we beg leave to dally
Where all is preparation, or finale;
Where all the exercise this refuge grants
Is pulling off, or on, a pair of pants;
And where the long green lockers, row on row,
Are all we know and all we need to know.

—WALKER GIBSON

• •

“That’s the wolf!” Proctor said thickly. “*He’s out there!*” He turned and ran to the door, picked up the gun, and fumbled with the safety catch. His wife sprang from her chair and followed him.

“Please, George,” she said. “Wait a minute! Don’t go out there alone! Wait a minute, please!”

Proctor looked down at her, and now his voice was calm. “And who’s going to look out for Mary?” he asked. “Do you want nobody out there to protect her?”

“Mary’s still at the dance. She won’t be home for a couple of hours. You *can’t* go out there alone! Please listen to me!”

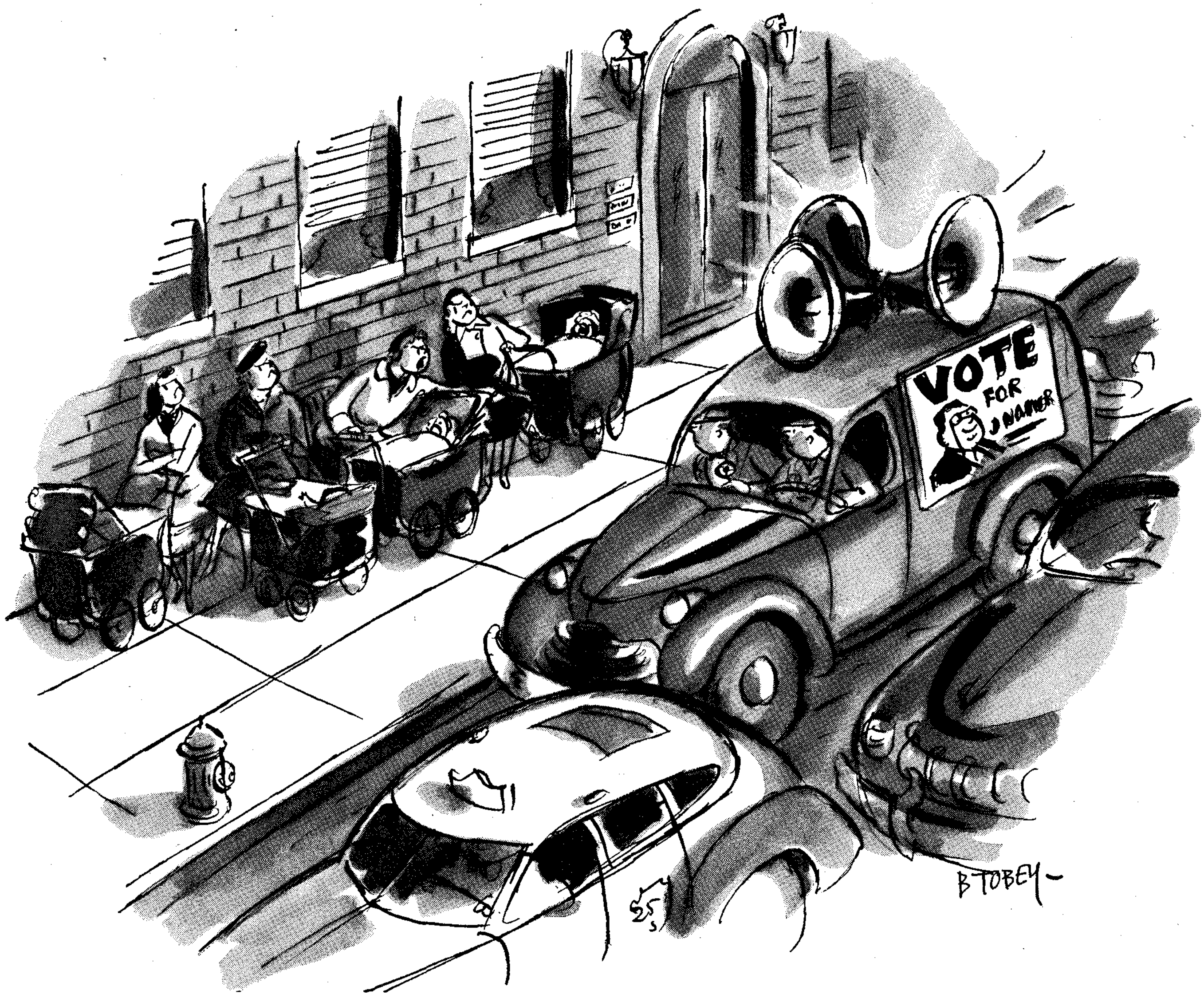
Jack came running downstairs in his pajamas. “What are you going to do, Pop?” he asked. “Do you want some help?”

“You just stand by,” said Proctor. “I may need you.” His mind was confused, but he realized that his first instinct—to run, firing blindly, into the night—was wrong. Even a pioneer, he reasoned, wouldn’t go after a wolf alone at night. He set the gun down. “We’ll call the police,” he said. “They’ll bring some more guns.” He started for the telephone, but his wife stopped him.

“Are you *sure* that was the wolf?” she asked. She had begun to recover from the effects of the howl, and she was trying hard to be logical. “It might have been the Ludwigs’ dog, you know,” she said. “I’ve heard it howl like that when they’re away.”

“That was a wolf,” Proctor said. “No dog ever howled like that.” He put his hand on the phone, then hesitated.

“Besides, what could the police do?” his wife continued. “They’re not going



"You've just lost four votes—that's what you've done!"

• •

to tramp around in the woods just because we heard a howl. They'd be *furious* if we called them up for a thing like this. I can hear them now—what they'd say."

Proctor was silent for almost a full minute. "All right," he said, finally. "We'll wait and see." He walked to the window and peered outside. It was raining quite hard. "But, by God, that was a *wolf*," he said. "I know it."

For the next hour, he tried to assure himself that the wolf had gone, but the sound of the howl was still clear in his mind, and it occurred to him that the wolf was hungry and would stay in the vicinity to rummage through garbage cans. He thought again of the dog that had been killed, and of the fact that wolves attack humans as well as animals, and at midnight he stood up and, without a word to his wife, put on a raincoat and took the gun and went outside. He stood in the doorway, huddled against the rain, and peered down the pathway on which Mary would return. After a while, he grew tired of standing, so he bunched the raincoat beneath him and sat on the sill, holding the gun across his knees with the barrel pointing down.

It was about one-thirty when Mary got home. Numb and tired as he was, Proctor was able to identify Junior's car before it reached the house, and he rose and, with his gun at the ready, stood by to cover the pathway. There were no sounds for a minute or so after the car stopped; then a door slammed and he heard Mary's voice. She and Junior ran, laughing, up the path, and then stopped dead as they saw Proctor, gun in hand. Junior was the first to speak.

"Jesus, Mr. Proctor," he stammered, "I— I didn't— I mean, really— So help me, Mr. Proctor—"

"That's all right," Proctor said. "Come on, Mary, get in the house."

Mary broke and ran for the house, and Junior, after one more look at Proctor, turned and fled to his car and roared off into the night.

THE following morning, Proctor had a temperature of 102. The doctor said that he was lucky not to have pneumonia, and that he'd be in bed for five days, anyhow. Everybody was careful not to mention the wolf in Proctor's presence until, four days after his vigil, the animal was shot by a farmer about thirty miles to the north. When his wife brought him the news, Proctor looked at the ceiling for a while before speaking.

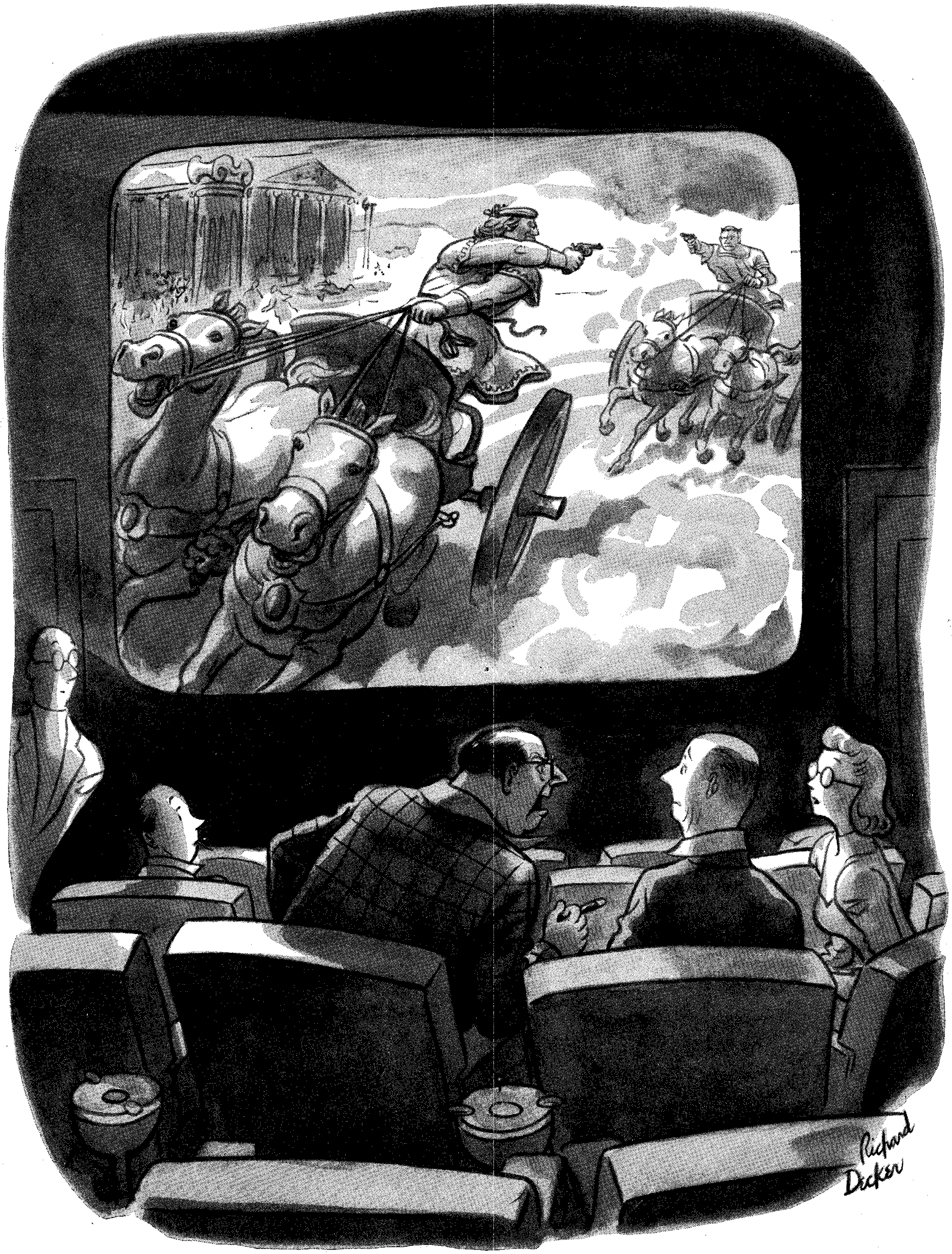
"I knew he couldn't escape," he said, at last. "Sooner or later, one of us was bound to get him."

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

WANTED—Young man as helper for crocheting net for human cannon ball. Call 2168-J evenings or Sunday morning—*Peru (Ind.) Tribune.*

Wait till we finish this doily.

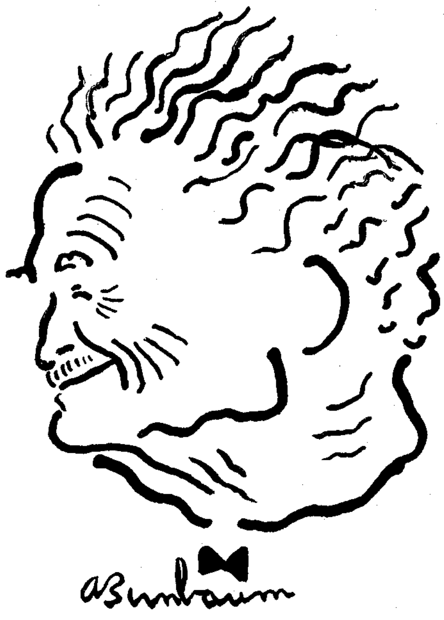

Richard Decker

"Where, may I ask, was our technical adviser when this scene was being shot?"

PROFILES

PHYSICAL CULTURE

III—PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!



Bernarr Macfadden

Bernarr Macfadden, the publisher and muscle enthusiast, went into the sanitarium business in 1901. The success of his first magazine, *Physical Culture*, started in 1899, had made him restless. He had been running a series of diets in the magazine, to cure everything but fractures, and he wanted to test them. After some huge announcements in *Physical Culture*, he leased a farm near Kingston, New York, and advertised that he would treat some selected patients at no cost. The response was immediate and gratifying. Candidates reported by the thousands. The lane leading to the farm began to look like the road to Mecca in the holy season. It was remarked that while some of the pilgrims had authentic ailments, in the aggregate they probably represented the most spectacular turnout of hypochondriacs ever seen in the East. Macfadden picked out six patients with what he viewed as tangible complaints. Then he set to work. The group included a Mrs. Cole, who was bent over with rheumatism and had a paralyzed digestive system; a Mr. Tarbox, postmaster in a small Ohio town, who had suffered from asthma for thirteen years; a Mr. Axelson, who was tubercular and had a hernia; and three persons slowed up by "general emaciation." When they were installed in their quarters, Macfadden gave them a pep talk and cut off their food. There was a little grumbling. The woman with the paralyzed digestion was a pretty hearty eater, despite her condition, and the others were at least normally hungry. Macfadden stuck to his guns, however, and starved them down for several days. To a reporter, he said of Axelson, "We will cure him of consumption, and we might also add that he is suffering from a rupture, which we also have hopes of curing at the same time."

Macfadden's first food offering to the sufferers consisted of beet juice, carrot juice, honey, and rain water. He kept close watch and varied the regimen, he said, "according to their reactions." As the weeks passed, he gave frequent interviews to the press and wrote progress reports for later publication in *Physical Culture*. The entire country was alerted to the experiment. All the bulletins indicated that things were going marvellously. At the end of a month, the situation was briefly this: Mrs. Cole had straightened up and was digesting everything that came her way, which wasn't much; Mr. Tarbox was reported completely cured and ready to return to Ohio; the others were "vastly improved." At the end of five weeks, Mr. Axelson created the liveliest bulletin to date by throwing away his truss, in a quiet ceremony on the outskirts of the farm. One by one, the six patients left the sanitarium, declaring themselves either cured or on the road to good health. A ticklish situation now developed with regard to Mr. Tarbox. Inquisitive letters poured into his Ohio home in such volume that he became quite angry. He served notice on Macfadden that unless he was supplied with a secretary, he would discontinue calling himself cured. With understandable bitterness, Macfadden hired a secretary for him. "Tarbox turned out to be a heel," the publisher says today. "I was greatly disillusioned."

The positive results of the experiment at Kingston induced Macfadden to set up a much larger sanitarium on the shore of Lake Ronkonkoma, on Long Island. He broadened his facilities and charged fees. From the outset, the venture was marked by irritations. As before, patients responded in wholesale numbers, with the result that Macfadden was obliged to lodge many of them in tents. This division gave rise to factionalism. The sufferers under roofs had a tendency to look down on the tented, or squatter, group, and since the two groups paid the same fees, the latter felt the classism keenly. There were other, more critical beefs. Macfadden was unfortunate in his selection of attendants. A lot of them were thieves. Others were alcoholics. The patients complained that robberies were a daily occurrence and that every time Macfadden went into town, a large percentage of the staff got drunk and turned the place into a perfect hell. It was a questionable atmosphere for the promotion of vibrant health. With great relief, he closed the establishment down and began to lay plans for an even larger sanitarium elsewhere.

Periodically, in *Physical Culture*, Macfadden had been running little feelers inquiring whether anybody near New York had a tract of a thousand acres for sale cheap. An idea had been germinating in his mind. It had come to him that he was destined to head a utopian community, an improved and workable version of the settlements at Brook Farm, Oneida, New Harmony, and Zion City. His plan was incomplete as yet, but he saw the place as devoted to sinew and hinging economically on beekeeping. He had been hitting the subject of beekeeping hard in *Physical Culture*, to condition its readership for the big plunge. His opportunity finally came: a farmer wanted to unload two thousand scraggly acres near Spotswood, New Jersey, and Macfadden, after buying them, swung into action. The property bordered on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which agreed to stop some local trains there and build a fancy station.

"We'll call it Physical Culture City," Macfadden told the Pennsylvania representatives. "I'll have a nice sign made up right away."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," replied the Pennsylvania. "The name's absurd. We'd be laughed out of business."

"Well, it's my city," said Macfadden. "I'll call it what I please."

"It's our railroad," said the Pennsylvania.

The antagonists being deadlocked, Macfadden named the place Physical Culture City, and the station remained nameless, though not unused. The utopian citizens, who asked to be let off at the anonymous station between Spotswood and Helmetta, began to arrive. None of them had even the sketchiest notion of beekeeping, but all of them were eager to live on a higher plane. Snags materialized almost at once. Macfadden had organized the community in such a way that the majority of the residents were "students," who worked for their sustenance and would at the end of their course receive diplomas certifying them as physically superior. Others of the population were patients, who paid for their board and lodging in what was termed the Health Home and who did no work. When things got rolling, some of the students took a frankly carping attitude. Their daily routine, they found, was to put in ten hours at hard labor, either bee culture or farming or carpentry, eat a little health food, and receive fifteen cents in cash for remuneration. If they stuck at this without absenteeism, they would receive the coveted diplomas in approximately five and a half years. It was suggested by a few of the less charitable students that by that time Macfadden would have an attractively developed piece of real estate. In the sanitarium section of town, the morale was no higher. The patients complained that they had come hoping to build up their strength, had plunked down eighteen dollars a week for room, board, and naturopathy, and had then been told to start immediately on a week's fast.

Besides these murmurs, the surrounding, non-utopian communities got in *their* two cents' worth. The people over at Physical Culture City, they said, were running around without enough clothes on, and there were rumors that the coeducational phase of the project had fallen considerably below the spiritual level. In view of all this talk, the *World* sent a man over to investigate. He stayed a couple of days and had a dandy time, then went back to the office and wrote a bang-up piece, in a tone not as utopian as Macfadden could have wished. "It [the City] was all work and no study," he wrote, "and the contract provisions were so arranged that graduation was virtually unobtainable." The reporter gave some details about fees and working conditions and implied that, as the New Jersey neighbors had suggested, the researches among the boy and girl students were indeed exhaustive. Outraged, Macfadden sued the *World* for fifty thousand dollars, alleging libel. In a trial that attracted nationwide attention, the jury found for the *World*. The verdict was substantially that the writer had reported only what he had seen.

Macfadden still feels that Physical Culture City was a lofty enterprise. When it collapsed in a year or so, partly as the result of the adverse publicity, he was terribly chagrined, a reaction that was shared by some of the students. One of them, Upton Sinclair, who had gone to the place a tottering wreck, came away in fighting shape. He wrote a book on his experiences, praising both fasting and a milk diet Macfadden had originated. Sinclair was, in fact, so impressed that he eventually exposed nearly every other kind of food. His "The Jungle," an exposé of the meat business, made him famous, and he owed his fame mostly to Macfadden, who had first called his attention to food.

THUS far, Macfadden could claim only partial success in his sanitarium experiments. Postmaster Tarbox's

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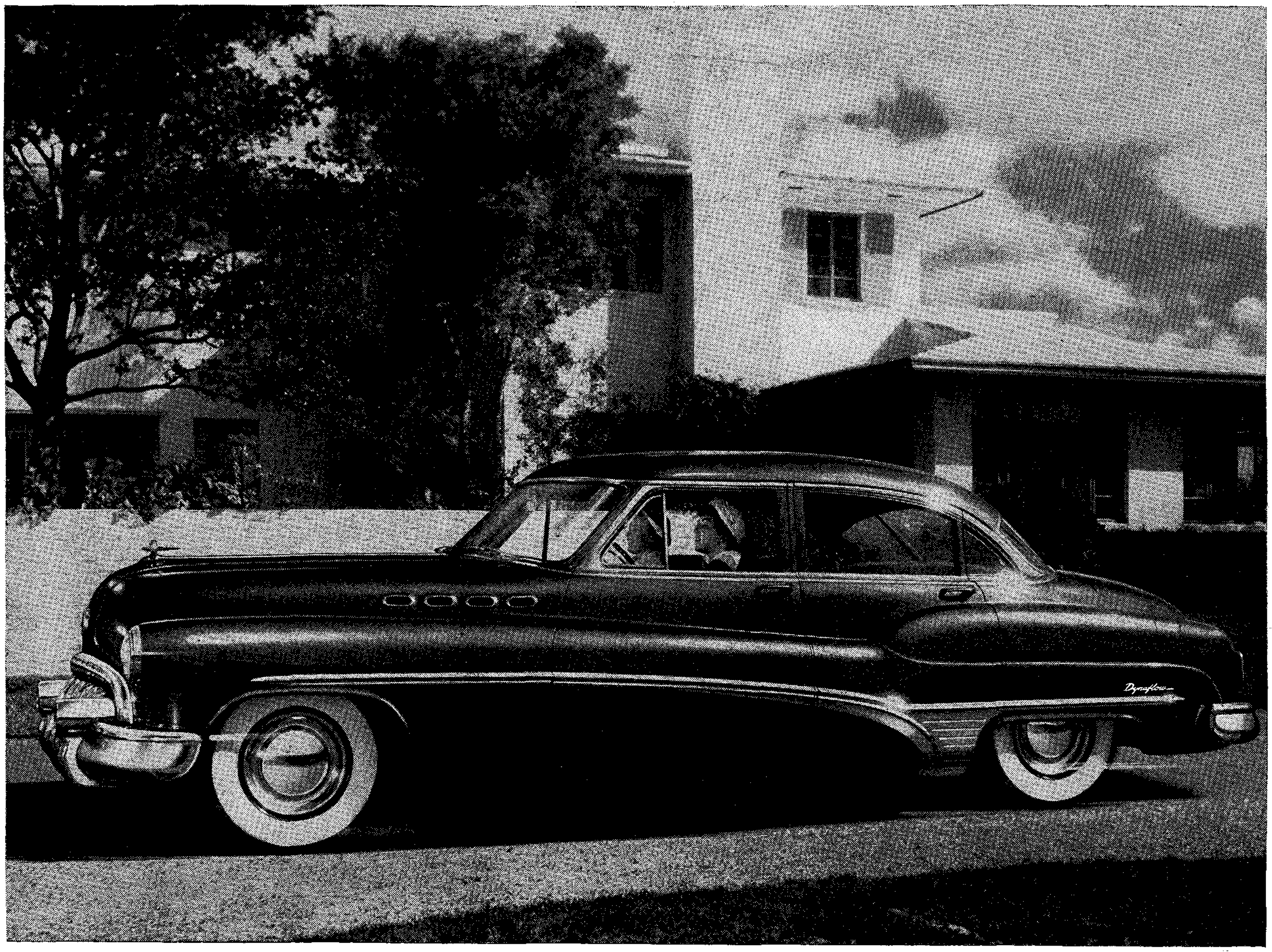

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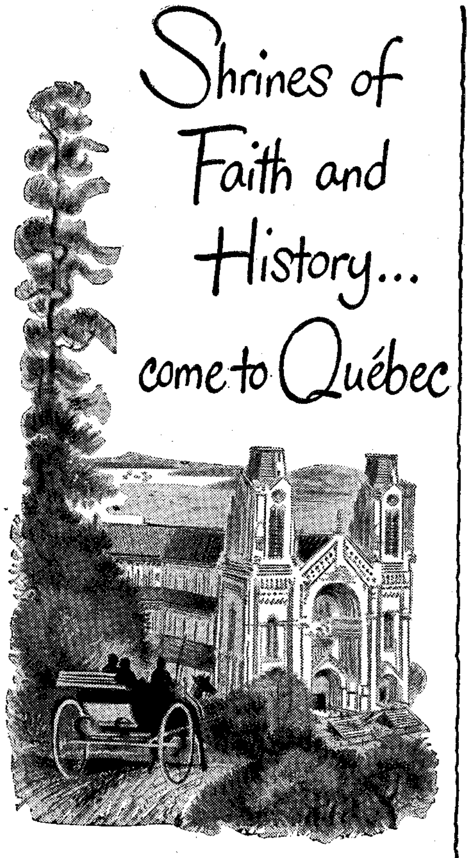
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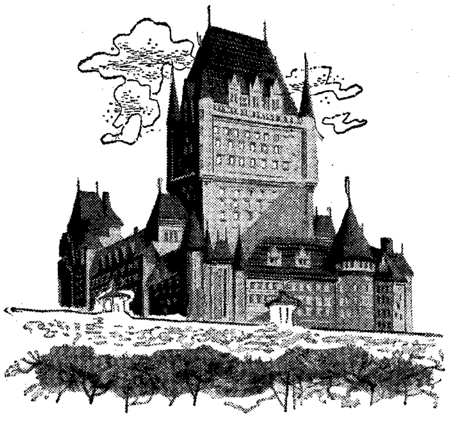

churlish conduct about the secretary had removed the bloom from the rites at Kingston, the larceny and carousing at Lake Ronkonkoma had struck a jarring note, and Physical Culture City had got off on the wrong foot. But Macfadden was far from finished. In the perseverance line, he can hold his own with any of the noted healers of history. He became involved in a sanitarium race at the well-known fountainhead of cereal derivatives, Battle Creek, Michigan. The celebrated spa was in the digestive grip of Charles W. Post, who had invented a whole-wheat dish on the order of horse fodder, and Will K. and John H. Kellogg, the first of whom was responsible for a dish called "Corn Flakes" and the second of whom ran a sanitarium. From Post, Macfadden rented a large sanitarium across the road from J. H. Kellogg's place and took the field with a milk cure for cancer. The results were inconclusive. Macfadden reported progress, but the American Medical Association was unimpressed. At the moment, Macfadden favors an all-grape-diet cure for cancer; this rests on eating grapes by the boxful and drinking nothing but water. He has testimonials to its success from his flock and has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars to anybody who can prove the remedy worthless. For a while, at least, the reward looks safe. A cancer-research doctor at Johns Hopkins, asked about Macfadden's cure, said, "He may be right, though I hardly think so. After all, who knows? You might just cure yourself of cancer by beating on your chest and bathing your feet in turpentine." By coincidence, this is among the few remedies that Macfadden has not tried. His response to such statements is always "Well, why don't they test the grapes? They've raised millions of dollars to fight this thing, and they won't even give my system a try." While the doctors don't think that Macfadden will lick cancer, he has equally small faith in the doctors.

At one place or another, Macfadden has been in the sanitarium trade for almost fifty years. He transferred from Battle Creek to Chicago when he thought Post was trying to skin him on the rent, and put into practice many new theories. He came out against both vaccination and white bread, saying of the latter to reporters that "in Russia they will shoot a man if he sells white flour, and in England they will put him in jail." At one point, he suggested that as anthropology had proved that the human animal originally walked on his knuckles, it might be well if everybody

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returned to all fours. Only a handful of disciples followed his advice. In *Physical Culture*, Macfadden wrote that a reasonable expenditure for food was five cents a day. He published a list of the edibles he had consumed over a period of three weeks. They consisted of a pound of crushed oats, a nickel's worth of watercress, three pounds of white beans, two pounds of kidney beans, three pounds of rice, three pounds of dried peas, two pounds of corn meal, ten apples, and six turnips. The total cost of this debauch, he said, was eighty-four cents. In this period, too, Macfadden stepped up his literary output. In addition to contributing heavily to *Physical Culture*, he wrote booklets on a bewildering variety of health topics. He also wrote a five-volume, 2,969-page "Encyclopedia of Health." The artesian abundance of his prose was discouraging to other young writers. When he announced in his magazine that he was planning a detailed treatise on sex, the orders poured in so profusely that he sat down and wrote the book in less than six weeks. It is considered supreme among his works. Not only did it break new ground in sex but it contained general rules by which anybody could stay healthy. After he had put the last touches to the manuscript, he sat down for a moment of relaxation. He opened a newspaper and, feeling peculiar, saw nothing but a milky blur. Then he saw nothing at all. He had suffered a physical collapse and gone totally blind.

The lives of reformers are filled with crises. Plagued by gluttons, prudes, physicians, and unfriendly courts, Macfadden has probably had more than his share. He has in glorious amplitude that reserve of indomitability that separates the varsity reformer from the scrub. When he realized that he, the apostle of bursting health, had campaigned himself into a state of blindness and physical uselessness, he had a wrestle with his soul. "What would the average apostle do?" he asked himself. The answer was that he would get promptly to an oculist, with a little assistance, and see if he could recover his vision. Having established the program for a lesser man, Macfadden shut himself up in his bedroom and went on a prolonged fast. In addition, he followed a program of gradually accelerated exercises. In less than a week, he could read block headlines, and soon after that his convalescence became general. He has always regarded this incident as a highlight in his fight against doctors. He feels triumphant about having consistently acted as his own doctor, and for many

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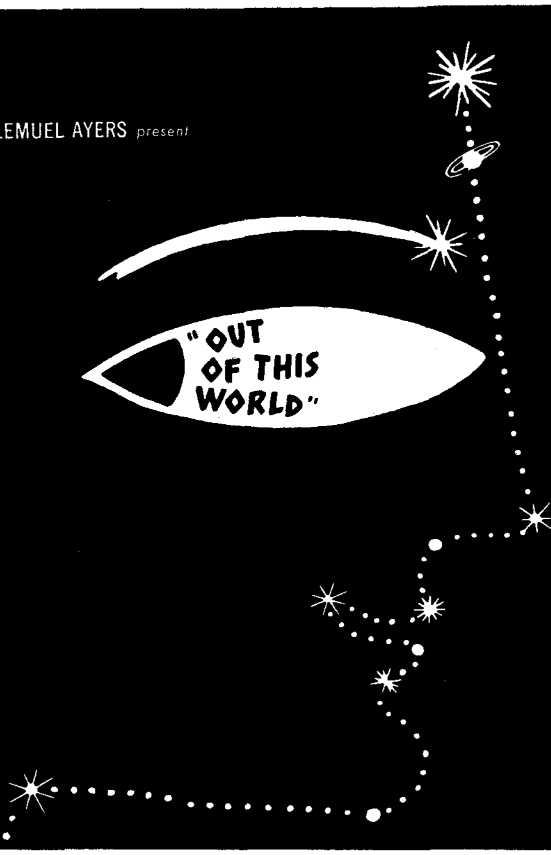

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years he was his own dentist, too. The four teeth that he has left—in situations of non-occlusion toward the rear of his mouth—would be insufficient to carry the ball alone, of course, and he has had them augmented with dentures. But he is by no means pro-dentist. "Some of my first experiments with diet were faulty," he says. "I admit it. I think most people need meat. But when the dentists *did* get hold of me, they murdered me. I'd know better next time."

With his sanitarium and diet enterprises proceeding stormily, Macfadden was ready for the climactic achievement of his career—his fantastic success with "confession" magazines. In 1919, he became weary of a column of advice to women he had been conducting in *Physical Culture*. For a mere column, the thing was taking up too much of his time. The department had been popular, however, and he saw the possibility of transforming it into a separate publication. In May, 1919, he got out the first issue of *True Story*, a monthly magazine in which the poor and the undistinguished were encouraged to bare their secrets. On the cover was a picture of a man and a woman gazing at each other in a manner that has come to be associated with springtime, over the caption "And their love turned to hatred." Naturally, a lot of people bought the magazine to find out why. One of Macfadden's great talents has always been his ability to put sex on a health basis. There was no pornography in *True Story*, but it had a yeasty undercurrent of sexual excitation. The reader was continuously optimistic about seductions. Though Macfadden never came right out with anything, he offered positive titillation at twenty cents a copy. *True Story's* advertising, like that of *Physical Culture*, ran mostly to freak healing devices, muscle courses, and bust lotions, and was not very remunerative. The magazine's revenues from newsstand sales, though, rose to amazing figures. At one time it had a circulation of 2,200,000, and Macfadden was clearing between three and four million a year on it.

Assisted by his chief lieutenants, Orr J. Elder and John Brennan, Macfadden developed a novel idea of illustration in *True Story*. Instead of drawings, he used photographs of living models, as being the better medium for the conveyance of basic emotions. At first, the models were members of Brennan's family; later, professionals were used, among them such unknown dramatic aspirants as Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Jean Arthur, Anita Louise, and

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Madge Evans. The magazine offered to pay a thousand dollars for the best first-person narrative in each issue. Every contributor had to sign an affidavit that his story was authentic. To give the enterprise an added layer of morality, Macfadden signed on a board of New York clergymen "censors," whose mission it was, so to speak, to certify that the material published was Grade A sex rather than some cheap substitute. Among the parsons involved were the Reverend Ralph W. Keeler, of the Crawford Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church; the Reverend Elliot E. Parry, a retired minister of a Protestant Episcopal church; Rabbi Ellsington P. Harris, of the Broadway Tabernacle; the Reverend James H. Munro, of the Presbyterian Church and the Municipal Tombs; and a Catholic priest who served anonymously. Not all of *True Story's* material had sex angles, but Macfadden's erotic genius had such depth that he was able, as a rival editor of the period once said, "to work romance into a hanging." Precautions were taken to keep the magazine free of the black stigma of professionalism. Several contributions were thrown out because their authors had taken brief correspondence courses in writing and had some knowledge of the craft. Macfadden printed periodic warnings that he would prosecute for any breaches of faith. Nevertheless, all was not smooth sailing, for one reason and another. A crackerjack story in 1927, entitled "The Revealing Kiss," was discovered, upon the filing of five hundred thousand dollars in libel suits, to include the actual names of eight residents of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Their conduct, according to the story, had provided some of the breeziest episodes in the libidinous annals of the Keystone State. Macfadden was in the piquant situation of finding it wise to publicize the fact that *True Story's* story was untrue. One plaintiff was awarded a thousand dollars, and the other cases were dismissed.

Thereafter, Macfadden placed new controls upon his material. Not only did a contributor have to sign an affidavit but he had to furnish character references and swear that all names and places had been altered. *True Story* rose like a new sun in the magazine firmament, and as it did, Macfadden showed an exceptional forehandedness by providing it with imitators. He presented the public with *True Romances*, which sold out its first issue; *True Experiences;* and *Dream World*, which was advertised as being "less interested in the grim tragedies of life" and which

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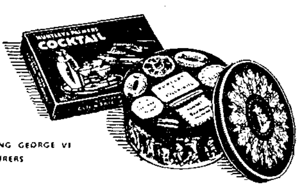

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turned out to be filled with love stories. These infants in the confession field did well. Another Macfadden newcomer, *Brain Power,* survived only briefly. Its purpose was laudable enough—to place the brain on a parity with muscles—but its program was ineffective. It may be that *Brain Power* was premature; the best-seller book lists are currently choked with instructions about how and when to think, and with dissertations on problems incident to the melancholy business of being equipped with a mind. In most of his branching out, Macfadden exhibited unprecedented skill at divining latent magazine audiences. An official of the American News Company once said, "Macfadden has the first new idea in the publishing field in the last fifty years," and Victor Rousseau, the novelist, wrote of the confession magazines, "Let us admit frankly that the subject of sex is the one overmastering curiosity of youth of both sexes—as it is—and that the prurient pretenses and evasions and denials of convention simply disarm youth and leave it helpless to the sword of experience." There were dissenters from this practical concept. Oswald Garrison Villard, the liberal editor, after describing Macfadden as "a typical American social crusader," attacked his magazines on the grounds of both literary and moral incompetence. "As so often in his career," wrote Villard, "uplift and dollars came into harmonious partnership. . . . In all justice, it must be said here that the 'true story' group succeeded because there was a real need of simple, straightforward—if you please, melodramatic—stories."

To all criticism, Macfadden usually replied with unangry editorials reaffirming the high spirituality of his aims. His associates over the years feel that his sincerity in this is not open to question. Throughout the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, he continued to get out new magazines, a number of them successful. *Babies—Just Babies,* upon which he and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt joined as co-editors, died virtually at birth. It was suspected later that the name was infelicitous. *Photoplay* and *True Detective Mysteries* were among the profitable new publications and began fresh magazine trends. *Midnight,* an organ dealing vaguely with the entertainment world, proved its essential weakness when it was discontinued on the complaint of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. By 1929, the circulation of *True Story* had reached its peak and had had a lot to do with making Macfadden a multi-

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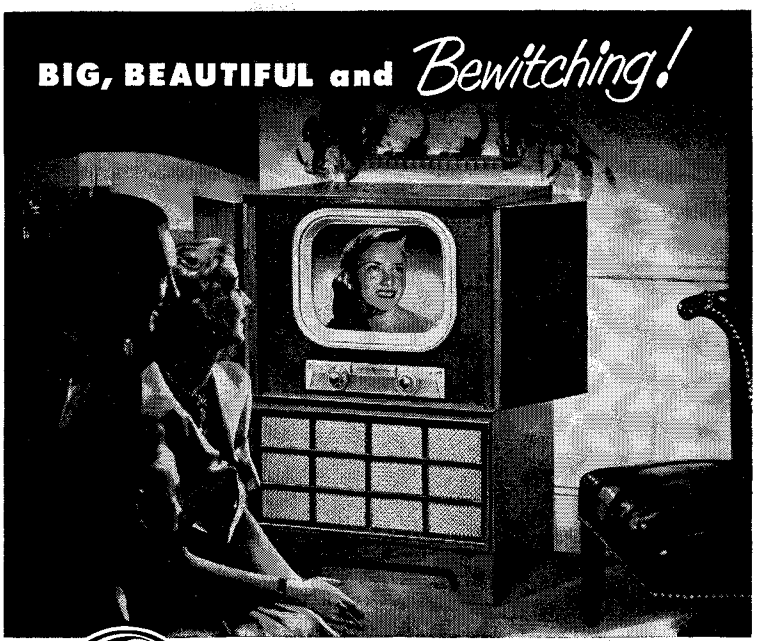
millionaire. His surviving string, including *Liberty*, which he bought in 1931, attained a total circulation, in 1935, of 7,355,000, which put him in first place in the magazine field—ahead of the Crowell company, with 6,960,000; the Curtis company, with 6,880,000; and Hearst, with 4,000,000 (excluding the *American Weekly*).

Macfadden's heady triumphs with magazines led him to establish the New York *Evening Graphic*, a tabloid newspaper, in 1924, a year that has more than once been referred to as the blackest in the history of American journalism. It cannot be denied that the *Graphic* opened new vistas in the tabloid field. Its prospectus mentioned a strange collection of ambitions. The *Graphic* would, said Macfadden, "fight for all forms of abolition of government censorship," "elimination of graft and favoritism in politics and business," and "protection of commuters against the policy of railroads that requires photographs and other inconvenient forms of identification." The first two of these aims were, of course, general; the third was an expression of Macfadden's pent-up peeve against the Pennsylvania for having refused to swallow the name of his New Jersey Elysium, Physical Culture City. Early in its career, Macfadden wrote editorially in the *Graphic*, "You have to dramatize the news and features that you present in such a manner as will not only interest your readers but will have an uplifting influence mentally, morally, and spiritually." He dramatized the celebrated annulment suit of Peaches Heenan Browning against Edward W. (Daddy) Browning by running a fake picture of the plaintiff standing naked in front of the jury box. The picture was a composite, using a chorus girl's body and Peaches' head, a form of photographic collaboration that Macfadden used liberally in the *Graphic* without bothering to give a complete breakdown of the credits. Public reaction to the Browning illustration was



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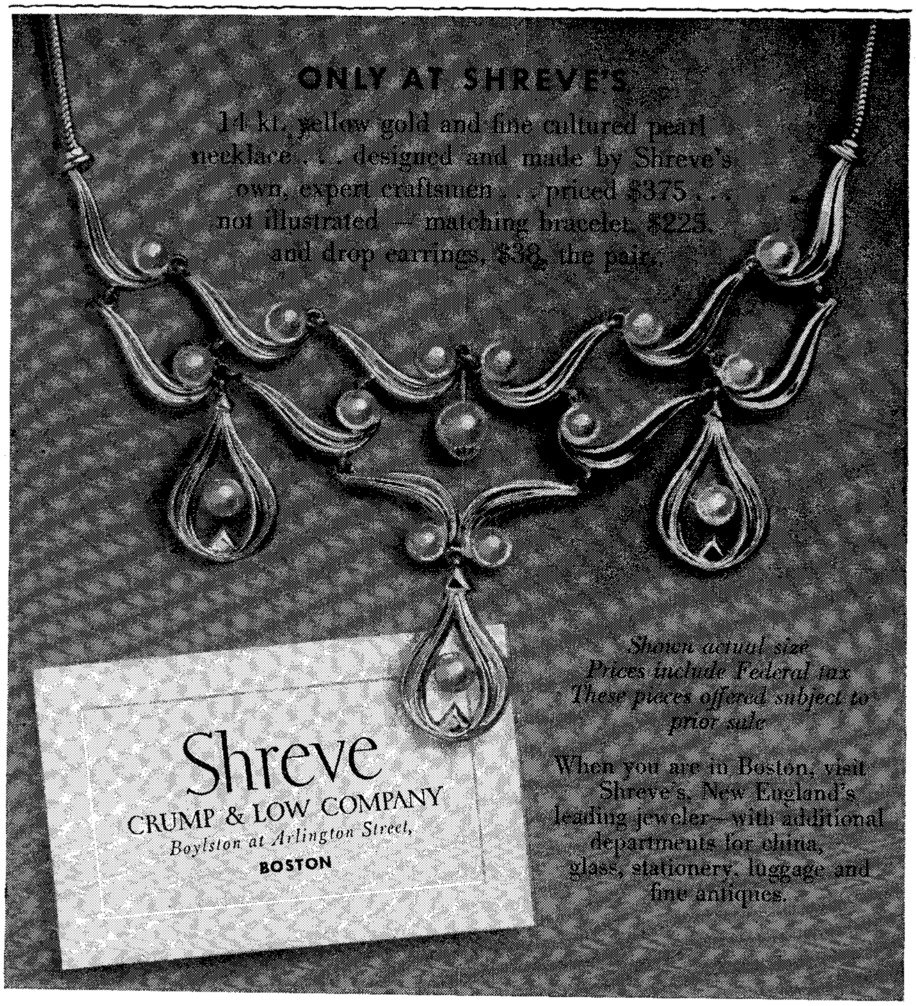

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mixed. Overnight, the *Graphic* gained two hundred and fifty thousand new readers; *Editor & Publisher* declared the photograph "the most shocking news picture ever produced by New York journalism;" several municipalities barred the paper's sale; and the ever-vigilant John S. Sumner, Anthony Comstock's successor as head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, immediately started criminal proceedings against Macfadden. The courts held that the publisher was within the law.

Meanwhile, the *Graphic* went on to new feats. On the occasion of its first anniversary, Macfadden wrote, "Sensational some of our news *has* been. Dramatic has been its presentation. But it has always been true to facts." After the Ruth Snyder-Judd Gray murder trial, Macfadden printed what purported to be dispatches from the convicted woman's death cell. Her conversations and actions were set forth by the *Graphic's* reporter in detail, although there is a New York law that prohibits interviews with condemned persons. "Her very last words! Exclusively," the paper said toward the end of her stay in the cell. The *Graphic's* news was concerned largely with crime, marital disputes, and miscellaneous sex, and even Macfadden's rivals could not deny that it was gathered with ingenuity. One of the *Graphic's* cleanest scoops was the running of "spirit letters" from the late Rudolph Valentino. No other paper in New York had them. There has never been any argument that, in the all-round sex line, the *Graphic* set marks that may never be equalled. Some of the paper's headlines read: "BEAT TWO NAKED GIRLS IN REFORM SCHOOL;" "RICH RED DROPS FREE LOVE;" "WEED PARTIES IN SOLDIERS' LOVE NEST;" and "TWO WOMEN IN FIGHT, ONE STRIPPED, OTHER EATS BAD CHECK." Macfadden once complained to his editors about a picture they ran of Marlene Dietrich. "I don't want any more skinny-legged women in this newspaper," he told them. "I want women with hips and breasts."

Macfadden often said just what he felt like saying in the *Graphic*, and it sometimes got him into trouble. He was sued for a total of three million dollars, by the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce and the president of the Chamber, when he called Earl Carroll's annual bathing-beauty contest at Atlantic City a "gigantic, nationwide fraud." As had happened before in Macfadden's history of litigation, the cases were settled out of court. In 1932, the *Graphic* died a quiet death, mourned by few. "I damn

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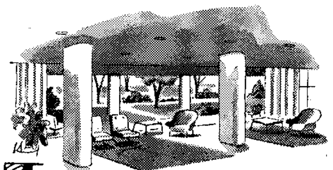

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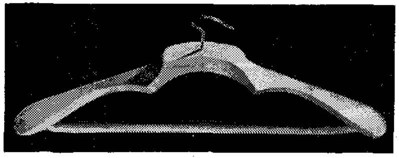

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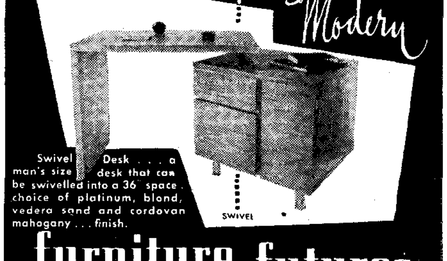

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near put the *Mirror* out of business," Macfadden says today. "I would have, too, if my employees had been entirely loyal." He declines to amplify this obituary. A magazine writer, in reviewing the short, unhappy life of the *Graphic,* said, "The only value ever claimed for it was that it educated readers up to a point where they were able to understand the other tabloids." This judgment may underestimate the *Graphic's* influence. Among other things, it launched a whole new school of personal journalism, by publishing the columns of Walter Winchell, Louis Sobol, and Ed Sullivan. The merits and demerits of such columns have been argued for years. It is doubtless true, as claimed, that the reporting of many columnists is at times irresponsible and damaging; however, it is possible that the enterprise of columnists has kept regular news coverage from becoming stereotyped. Newspapers tend to grow set in their ways, and reporters assigned to runs too often work in groups, for mutual protection. For good or evil, a great deal of news besides lovers' spats is first printed by the columnists.

WHILE developing the *Graphic* into a model of bad taste, Macfadden experimented with other newspapers. He bought and discarded several, owning, at one time or another, the Philadelphia *Daily News,* the Detroit *Daily,* the New Haven *Times,* a string of small dailies in Michigan, and a number of trade papers. Both his professional and his domestic lives were frenzied in this period. Macfadden was first married when he was thirty-three, to a nurse named Marguerite Kelly; the marriage soon ended in divorce. In 1912, he made a trip to England and conducted a contest to find "the most perfectly formed woman in England." Five hundred aspirants entered the lists. His assistants narrowed the field down to twenty-five exceptionally well-formed women, who journeyed to London for the final judging. Macfadden took their measurements personally. Then, selecting Miss Mary Williamson, a swimming champion, as the winner, he awarded her a prize of a hundred pounds and married her. Back in America, the Macfaddens lived, successively, at numerous places on Long Island, in an apartment on Riverside Drive, and in mansions they bought in Nyack and in Englewood, New Jersey. Macfadden had two daughters by his first wife, and a daughter was born to the second in the second year of her marriage. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Macfadden entered a

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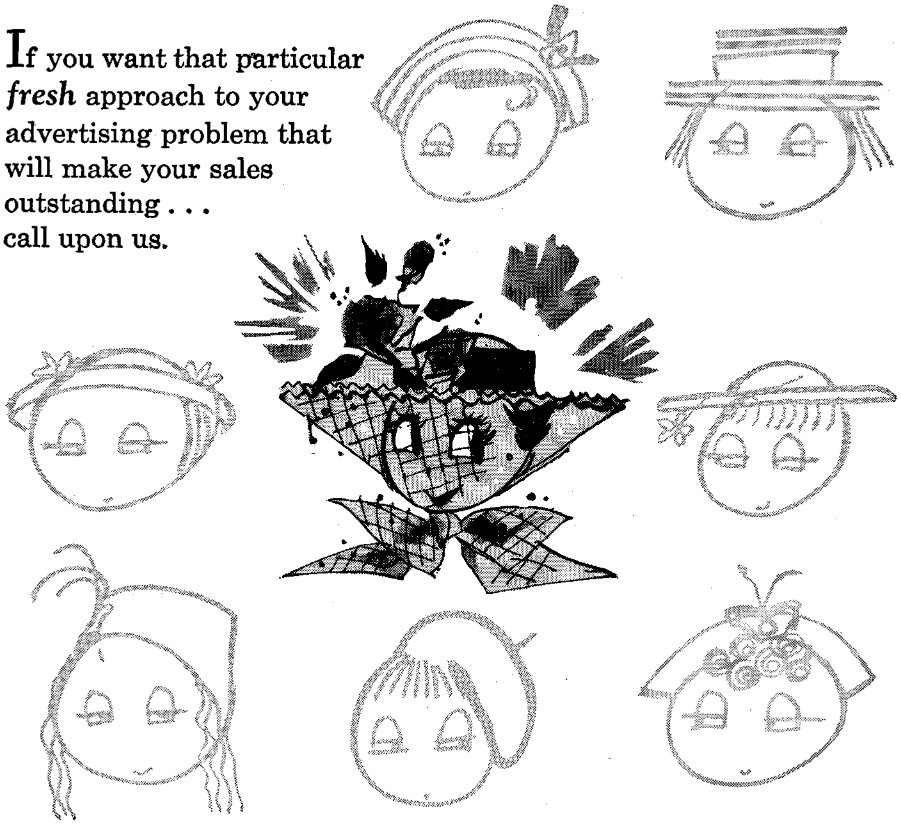
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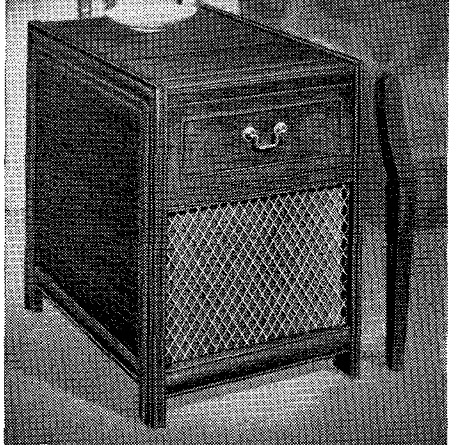
five-mile swimming marathon that began in Sheepshead Bay. The event had been rather hastily got up. The referee was Willie Richie, the fighter, who, no salt-water man, started the field off against the tide. At the end of an hour and forty minutes' swimming, the contestants, with Macfadden, his children, and the children's nurse in one of several boats drifting along with them, had lost a shade over two hundred yards. The unequal struggle was abandoned, to Richie's amazement. Mrs. Macfadden afterward issued the statement that she preferred the competitive swimming in England, where they generally went along with the current, and signed up for a course in nature dancing.

Three more daughters were born to the Macfaddens, and after the birth of the last of them, Macfadden announced in one of his magazines that he was embarking on a study of sex predetermination and that when he was finished he would have some sons. He subsequently had three sons, of whom the first died in infancy. All of Macfadden's children were delivered by midwives, since he refused to have a doctor on the premises. To his family, he said that whatever the ailment, he could cure it by his well-known methods. Bad colds and pneumonia were frequent visitors to the household. Mrs. Macfadden recovered from a particularly virulent attack of pneumonia, for which her husband treated her with large dosages of water and honey. Macfadden himself has had pneumonia five times. It was suggested by one or two doctors that perhaps the family's respiratory disturbances would abate if the members spent less time outdoors naked. People who knew them in Nyack and Englewood believe that the Macfaddens' domestic life was probably the most energetic on record. There was scarcely a minute of their leisure time when the publisher, his wife, and the children were not swimming (in their own pool), skating, throwing dumbbells back and forth, wrestling, or dancing nude on the lawn. The estate at Englewood was heavily booby-trapped with chinning bars, swings, tennis courts, rowing machines, and other apparatus. Macfadden advocated working out in the raw if possible, and if not, in as scant a costume as could be managed with the family still retaining a skeleton domestic staff. His children grew up to be splendid physical specimens, though not as showily muscular as he had hoped. They are all married. The sons live in New York; one is an insurance agent and the other a photographer. "They're good sons,"



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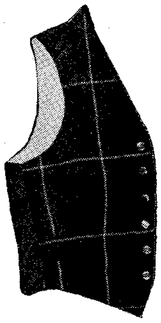

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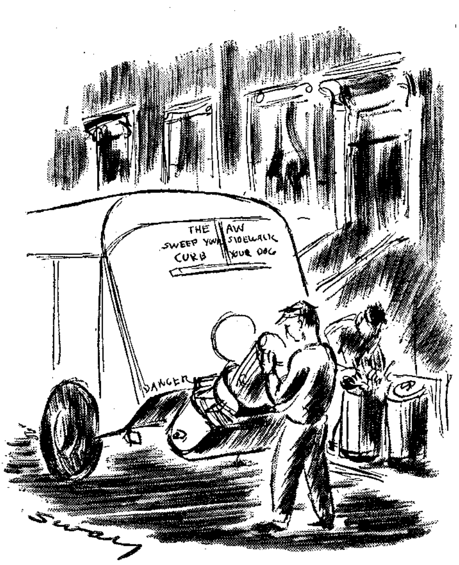
Macfadden says, "but we've had some disputes over health and physical culture. They've slacked on their bodies. They should have kept on." It's just possible, as a friend of Macfadden's remarked, that, after the exhausting years in Englewood and Nyack, they are resting up.

It is possible, too, that the sons, as well as the daughters, have always been awed by the limitless facets of their father's enterprise. Nearly everybody else is. Aside from his sanitariums, his publications, and his lectures on diet and health, he made important social contributions during the depression. At one point, he owned a chain of five Penny Restaurants, which he established in New York, Chicago, and Washington as a spur to inexpensive dining. They were genuinely good restaurants and greatly patronized at a time when many people were eating badly. Servings of soup, codfish, hominy, beans, prunes, and bread cost a penny each, and meat cakes were two for a nickel. A table-d'hôte dinner was available for a dime. Macfadden usually ate lunch at one of the Penny Restaurants, not only to set an example but because he liked the food and the prices. He was violently exercised about the depression. He supported Roosevelt in 1932, but in 1936 he changed parties and threw his support to himself, announcing to a *Herald Tribune* reporter that "if they [the Republicans] nominate an old-line Republican, they'll be beaten worse than last time as sure as shooting. They've just got to nominate a man who'll draw some Democratic votes, someone outside the political field. That's my chance, my duty." A movement was started to campaign for Macfadden, but it sickened and died. He ran a surprisingly close race for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator



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from Florida, where he had a health hotel, in 1940. The count was so close that a good many of his following there still think he won.

The next year, after a dispute with the stockholders of his publishing company, Macfadden retired from the management, taking along with him his first magazine, *Physical Culture*, whose title he changed to *Health Review*. As the unsalaried president of his Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, which he established with a five-million-dollar grant to perpetuate his health views, he directs all its properties, which now include the magazine; the Castle Heights Military Academy, at Lebanon, Tennessee; a physical-culture hotel at Dansville, New York; a sanitarium at Liberty, New York; several summer camps; and a few other holdings. His vim has in no wise diminished over the years. On his seventieth birthday, he grabbed a thirty-pound bar bell and manipulated it like a youngster. He had a heart attack and fell down, but he easily cured himself by taking long walks barefoot. In 1933, Macfadden and his second wife separated, and a year later they were divorced. Two years ago, at the age of eighty, he married Jonnie Lee, a good-looking, forty-two-year-old teacher of health practices similar to his. The two are superbly mated. She encourages him in everything he does, including his flying, which has been a bane to many other people. He has a plane of his own, but the planes he flies in the North are either rented or borrowed. The publisher is sensationally absent-minded about trivialities. "I don't believe he knows half the instruments on the plane," says one of his friends. "He *did* know, but he's forgotten. He performs the whole operation by ear." The managers of airports near New York commonly lock up all their planes when they hear that Macfadden is coming out. His custom is to climb into the first unoccupied craft he sees and fly off, without consulting anybody.

Of late, Mrs. Macfadden, who lives in an apartment of her own, has been trying to persuade him to go out more socially. He is a mixed blessing at a party. He will accept no stimulants, and he sings a good deal of the time. He has an old piano, an upright eyesore, in his cramped apartment on Central Park West, and he is taking singing lessons. It is difficult, when more than two or three people are assembled, to restrain him from singing his favorite song, "I Love Life." The selection is apt. He may well be the liveliest, and most contentious, American of his century. Still

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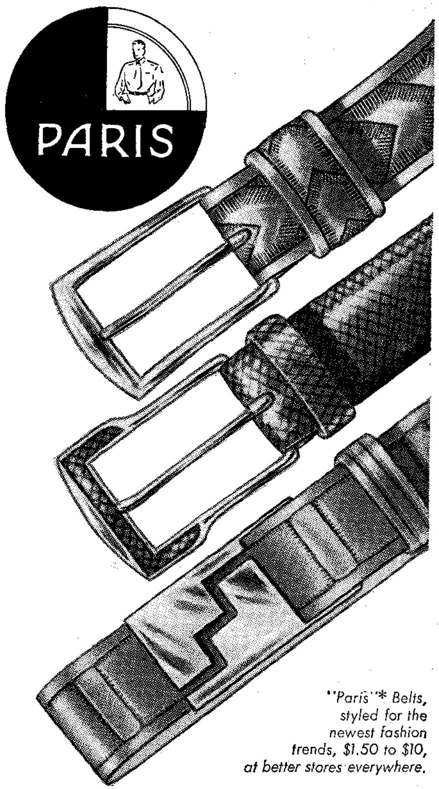

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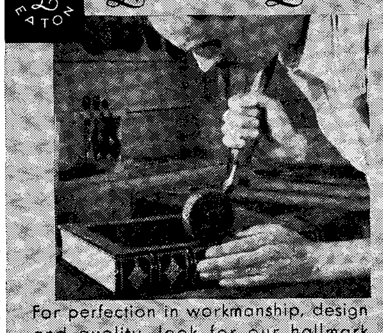

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branching out, in anticipation of several more decades of life, assured by his zealous observance of the Macfadden health doctrines, he recently bought, as a personal investment, the large Arrowhead Springs Hotel, in the mountains near San Bernardino, California, and he plans to parlay it into a string of hotels like Conrad Hilton's. His devotees are fanatically convinced that he will do this. There is a hypnotic streak in Macfadden, a touch of the mystic; he is one of that tiny, inexplicable band of evangels—the John Browns, the Huey Longs, the Rasputins, the Aimee Semple McPhersons—who have extra-human wellsprings of force. As a rule, their temporal stay is tempestuous. They perhaps feel obliged, as the early Samuel Butler suggested, to:

> . . . prove their doctrine orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the last of a series of three articles.)

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
(RED CARPET DIVISION)

[*From the Havana Post*]

James Ackerman, chief purser on the "Veragua," of the United Fruit Co., J. Pedersen, the chief steward, and J. Butler, the chief steward on the "Quirigua" also of the firm and both in port yesterday, were over for greetings to shore friends at the gardens of the New Pastores Bar, which is well equipped and is widely in use for shore needs. The three officers kept much to themselves to be able to go over business matters in their interest, or rather in the interest of the firm they all well represent, as quietly and as untroubled as if they were before each their own individual work desks aboard. On towards the end, and as they were about to leave, Jose (Pepe) Prieto, owner and manager, joined them to signal traffic to stop while they crossed over to their respective ships at the docks and past the avenue in front. He only moves in such courtesies for those who enjoy good rating in thoughts and doings, and provided, of course, they are part of the United Fruit Co.

•

I wanted to hold her in my arms. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to tell her I loved her as I had loved no one before. Yet I was afraid to utter a sound. Perhaps she didn't know what kissing was. (I had heard somewhere that Esquimaux kissed by rubbing noses.) And I didn't want to spoil this moment by trying to force customs on her that she hadn't learned.

But finally I broke the silence.

"Did you," I said, my voice sounding strangely harsh. "Did you know Ned very well?"—*Amazing Stories.*

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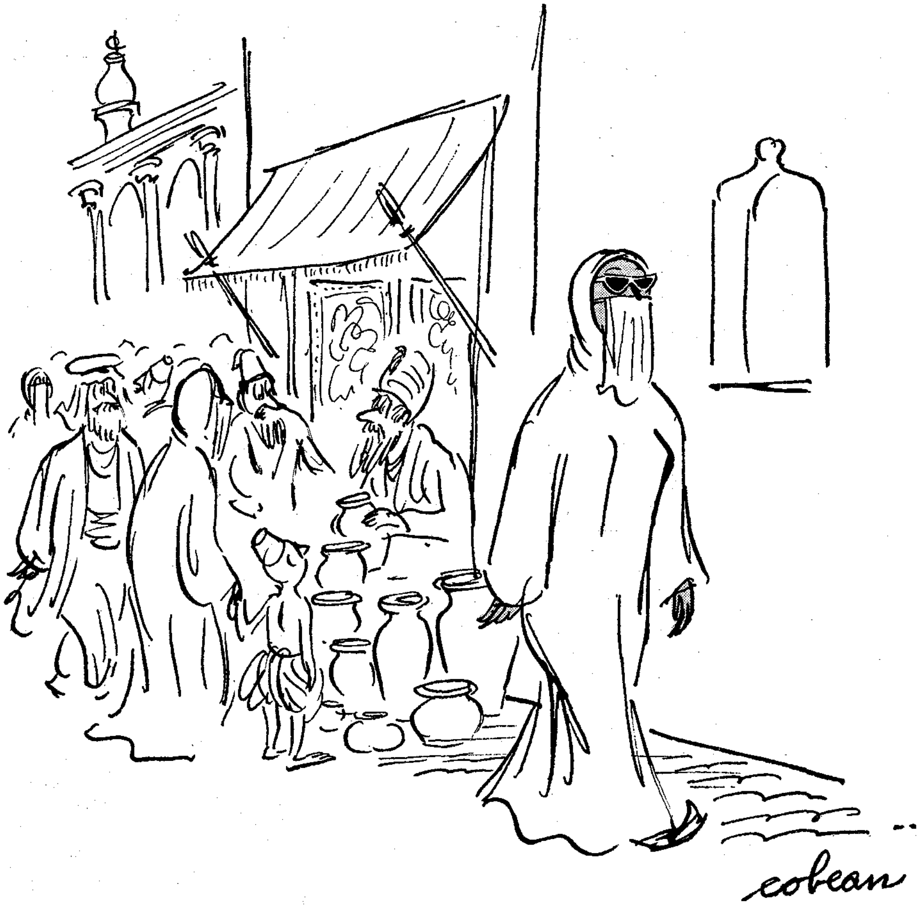
THE THEATRE

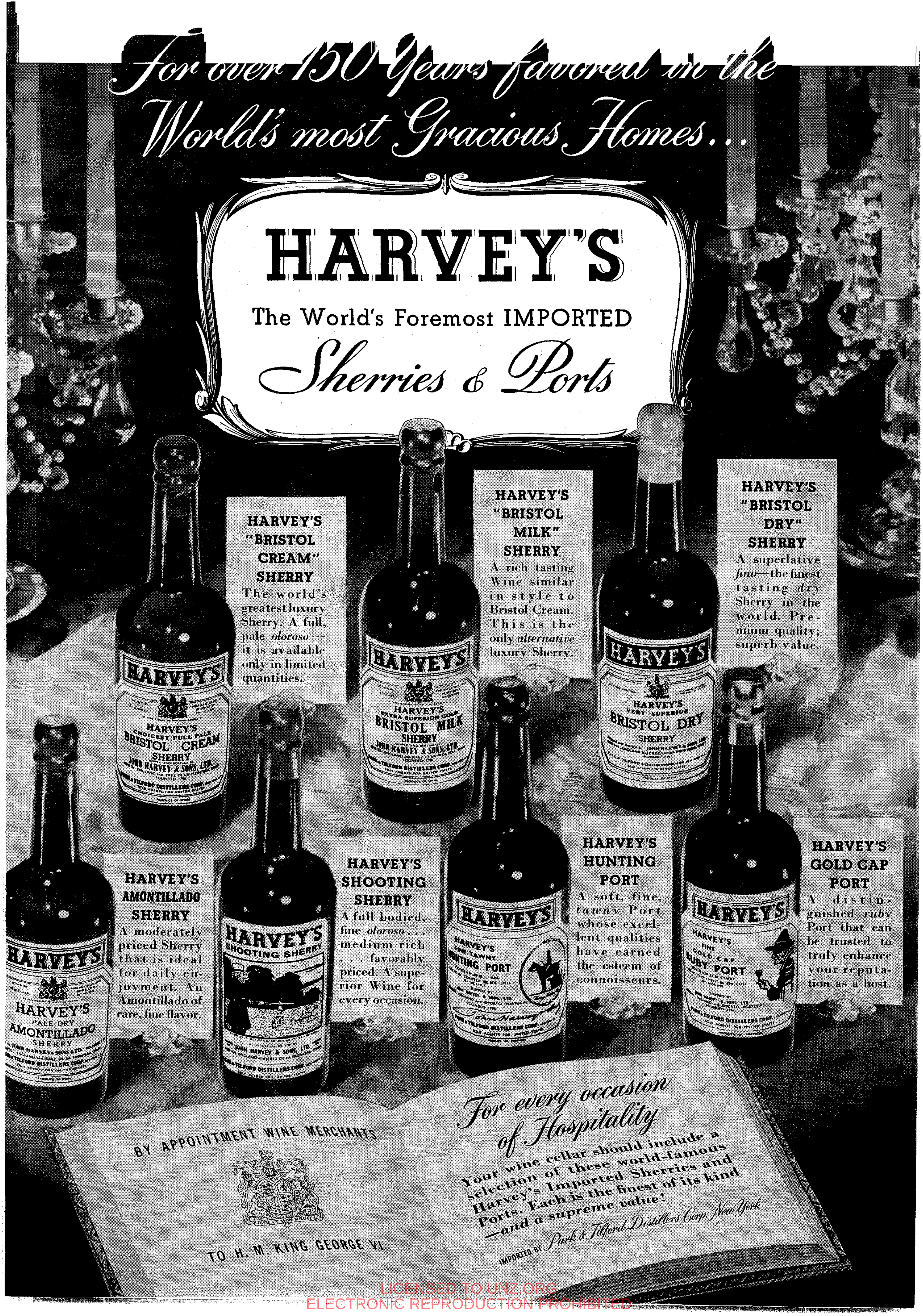
EVERYMAN INFECUND

JOHN STEINBECK'S new play, "Burning Bright," which opened at the Broadhurst last week, is full of noble thoughts, beautiful human emotions, and poetic speech. In the circumstances, it may sound flippant to say that it seems to me that Mr. Steinbeck did himself a disservice by putting it on the stage. His readers know that he has always tended to see a goodness, a shining quality, in man. This view is stated explicitly in the last scene of "Burning Bright," when an Everyman sort of character named Joe Saul says, "What animal has made beauty, created it, save only we? With all our horrors and our faults, somewhere in us is a shining. That is the most important of all facts. *There is a shining.*" No one can quarrel with the author's right to insist on that shiningness, but I think it's legitimate to object, in his behalf as much as anyone else's, when he goes about it in terms that are sometimes arty, often absurd, and generally misplaced.

The question of misplacing is connected with Mr. Steinbeck's theory of the technique of what he calls the "play-novelette." "Burning Bright" appeared in book form at about the same time it opened as a play. In a foreword to the book, the author explains that a play-novelette "is a play that is easy to read or a short novel that can be played simply by lifting out the dialogue." Earlier examples by Mr. Steinbeck were "Of Mice and Men" and "The Moon Is Down." A thing he failed to say in the foreword is that the piece ought to be—or so I would figure—pretty nearly equally suitable for print and the stage; otherwise, why not write it in one form or the other and let it go at that? The printed version of "Burning Bright" is not a very good book, especially for a Steinbeck book, but it *is* digestible. We're accustomed, in reading books, to coming across lyric tales, sermons, or fantasies in which the speech of modern people is written in poetic language, though in prose form. So, whether we like the device or not, a book like "Burning Bright" goes down quite easily; it is not disconcerting. But on the stage the talk of Mr. Steinbeck's characters occasionally hits the ear with the effect of chalk squealing on a slate. Granted, the time of the action is described as "any time;" still, it's a contemporary background, with modern details and trimmings, against which Mr. Steinbeck has asked the players to speak such lines as "When he is tired past wakefulness, take him to the sleeping car," "It's time we sing this trouble out into the air and light," "A poisoned thought, lying concealed but toxic," and "You were strong in your wife-loss." It might be interesting to know by what plan Mr. Steinbeck constructed his poetry, or what sources he went to for the archaic tone of some of it. I would guess that there is a good deal of planning in it, aside from the obvious intention to show that the theme and the characters are timeless. In Elizabethan plays, poetry in a person's speech indicated high rank or education. In "Burning Bright," it seems to indicate goodness, or, at any rate, moral progress. The story's one ignoble character, as soon as he comes to know true love, turns on like a light and acquires a brand-new tendency to speak of the lashing branches of the pear trees or wild duck driving south over the burning sumac.



The chief figure of the play, Joe Saul, is a sterile husband. Unknown to him, his wife arranges, with the most selfless and loving motives, to give him a child by another man. In the end, after an emotional ordeal complicated by his ideas about his own "blood" and the importance of reproducing it, he comes to appreciate the fact that, as Mr. Steinbeck writes, "every man is father to all children and every child must have all men as father." It is impossible to deny the dignity and grandeur of this thought. However, the play suffers not only from its inconvenient rhetoric but from over-conciseness—it is too tight and jerky for the size of its message—and a couple of creaking hinges in the plot. A young man with plenty of other things to be doing is lured into ambush by one of the season's most abrupt ruses, as follows: "Will you come on deck with me? I have a message for you." "Say it here." "No, it's a secret." Joe Saul learns of his sterility when his rival sells him, in a few seconds' time, the unusual idea of going to his doctor and getting a clean bill of health to hang on the Christmas tree as a present for his unborn son. (In the book, Joe Saul thinks of the idea himself, which makes the scene more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IMPORTED BY *Park & Tilford Distillers Corp. New York* convincing.) In each act of "Burning Bright," Joe Saul is a different person—first a circus acrobat, then a farmer, then a merchant mariner. The same formula was used a few seasons ago, with the same object of achieving an Everymannish, timeless mood, and with at least equal success, in a musical show called "Love Life." Toward the end of the evening, the sight of Mr. Steinbeck's Everyman (infecund model) in different professions and places, always being called Joe Saul rather than Joe, began to fuddle me a little, and I heard erratic echoes of the old song about Joe Hill, the labor martyr:

From San Diego up to Maine,
In any place at all
Where fathers haven't got no kids,
That's where you'll find Joe Saul.

Barbara Bel Geddes, Kent Smith, Howard Da Silva, and Martin Brooks do valiant jobs of acting, especially Miss Bel Geddes. They all seem embarrassed at times by what they have to say, but that won't do them any permanent harm. As for Mr. Steinbeck, he can afford to miss a shot now and then, if any writer can. —John Lardner

●

EVE

I always thought that if I had been Eve,
I would have found a way to eat my fill
Of all forbidden fruit, and none the wiser,
And, what's more, Man would have his Eden still.

There was a dear, good woman for you—Eve!
Her first bout with temptation knocked her flat
And all the world went with her. You can't say
My record isn't tidier than that.

—Valerie Hart

●

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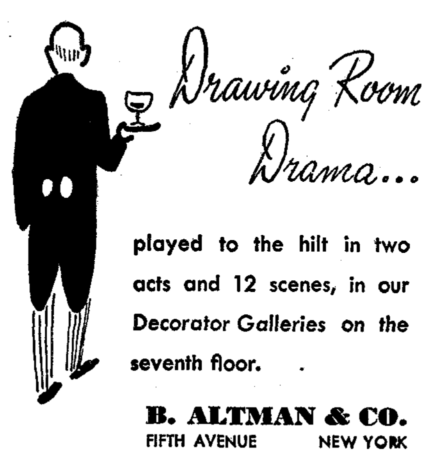

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OF ALL THINGS

THERE seems to be some doubt as to the exact location of the North Korean government. It is thought to be somewhere near the Manchurian border, living under an assumed name.

•

The United Nations has strengthened itself greatly by adopting the Acheson plan for breaking deadlocks over the use of international troops against aggressors. The anti-Soviet nations believe they have found a way to veto vetoes.

•

Color television may be just around the corner, but it cannot get here before the election. If it could, there are some statesmen in this vicinity whose faces would be appearing in a becoming shade of pink.

•

General Eisenhower has again declined an invitation to become a candidate for President. The fellows who measure decibels claim, however, that his "No" is not quite as resounding as it was the last time.

•

The welcome visit of the Dionnes to New York would seem to confirm the persistent rumor that time marches on. The celebrated babies have now become the Big Five.

•

Police scandals like ours have broken out in half a dozen other sinful cities. New York leads; the rest follow.

•

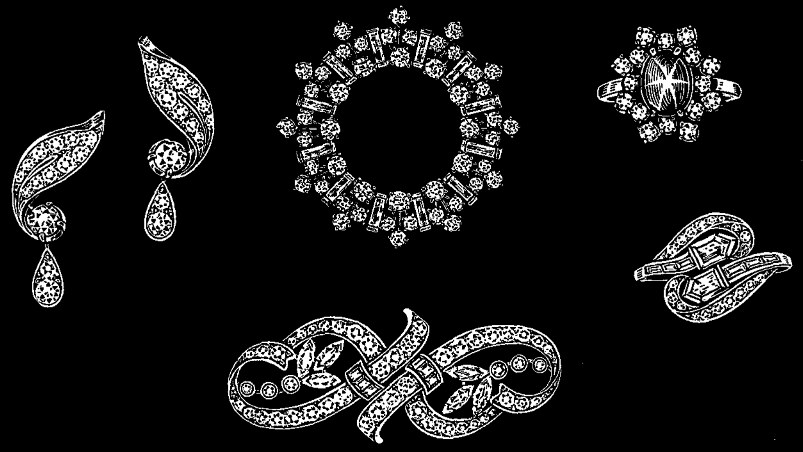
The woolly-bear caterpillars, who accurately prophesied the mild winters of the past two years, now predict a third one. The prudent householder will give the little creatures three cheers but keep in touch with the fuel man.

•

Harold Stassen has received no formal answer either to his request for an interview with Stalin or to his demand that Truman change his policy in the Far East. The mail service is terrible these days.

•

A federal judge has ruled that the Birmingham, Alabama, law requiring Communists to get out of town is unconstitutional. Not only that, but it annoys the neighbors.—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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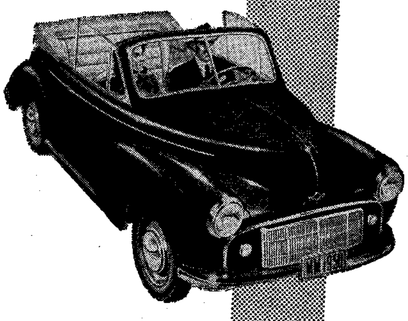

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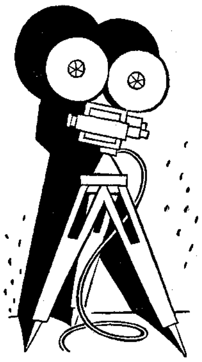
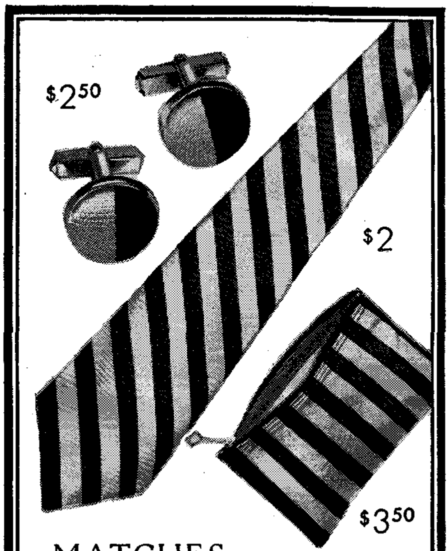
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?



THE presumption that movie heroines, always excepting Stella Dallas and the likes of her, are inviolate up to the time they confront a clergyman takes quite a kicking around in a film called "Three Secrets." In this peculiar little number, we have a trio of ladies who, five years previously, under one circumstance or another (if one is to believe the producers, a heavy wink will make a female gravid), got themselves into an interesting condition under untidy circumstances. Two of the chaps responsible resolutely looked the other way when the subject of matrimony was broached; the other had already dissolved his marriage when his former wife came up pregnant. In the case of the first lady (Eleanor Parker), the cad was a Marine, who insisted, as he was about to be shipped overseas, that while he certainly had enjoyed his dalliance with her, he really loved another. The second lady (Patricia Neal) was a foreign correspondent just crazy about the noise of battle, the sort of woman whose emotions could be aroused only by gunfire. She was married to a sports-writer, a dull fellow absorbed by the single-wingback formation, but they were divorced because he couldn't accept her as a professional equal. In any event, this woman's troubles started when she found herself *enceinte* on the battlefield. The third case in point is a young thing (Ruth Roman) who was seduced by a ballet producer. She, it develops, has been doing a brief stretch in jail for fatally crowning the gavotte expert with a bit of deskware.

If you've followed me this far, I can now confirm a couple of things you've already guessed. One is that the three women all put their offspring in the same foundling home on the same day, and another is that they are ultimately rounded up together in one place; to wit, a mountain lodge. The reason they are there is that a small boy, possibly the child of one of them, is marooned on a mountaintop as the result of an airplane crash that has eliminated his foster parents. And, of course, each of the



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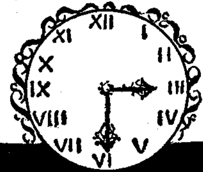

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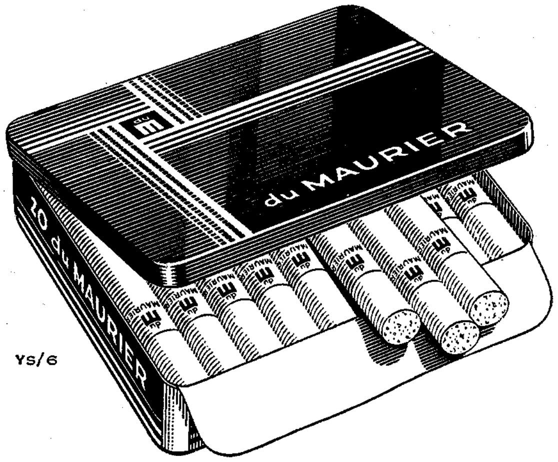

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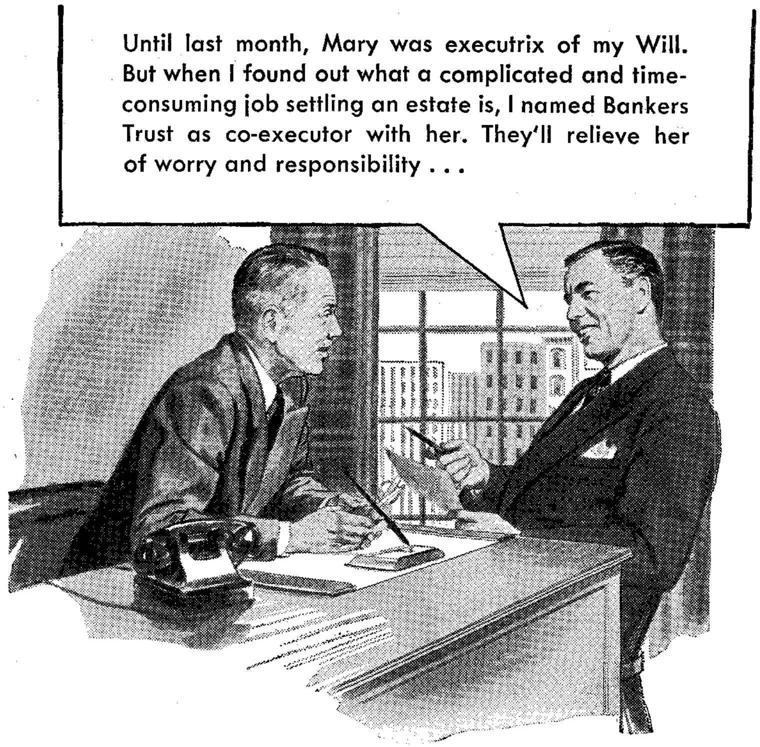
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three girls thinks that the tot up on Old Gloomy is hers.

There, if you will forgive me, I will leave the ladies; I have a strong hunch that if you happen upon this picture, you will leave much sooner.

"PARIS 1900," through a trick of nomenclature I don't follow, consists of an assortment of newsreels dating from the beginning of the century to the outbreak of the First World War. The film is French but there is an English commentary, written by John Mason Brown and narrated by Monty Woolley. The commentary is at times too arch for my taste, but when the picture gets down to describing the ominous rumblings of war, it is fine stuff. All kinds of people are shown here, from Caruso to Gide, and certainly it's worth the price of admission to see Tolstoy striding up and down a railroad-station platform in Moscow.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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Last week I had given a robust truckman patient of mine the following prescription for a cough:

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He rushed down by car with several members of his family to my office, rather excited and embittered, because he had read my Rx and had felt that I had put D.D.T. into the prescription.

In spite of the hysteria of the patient and his family, I was unable to control my outburst of laughter, as I explained to the patient the meaning of D.T.D.

C. H. C., M.D.,
New York, N. Y.
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•

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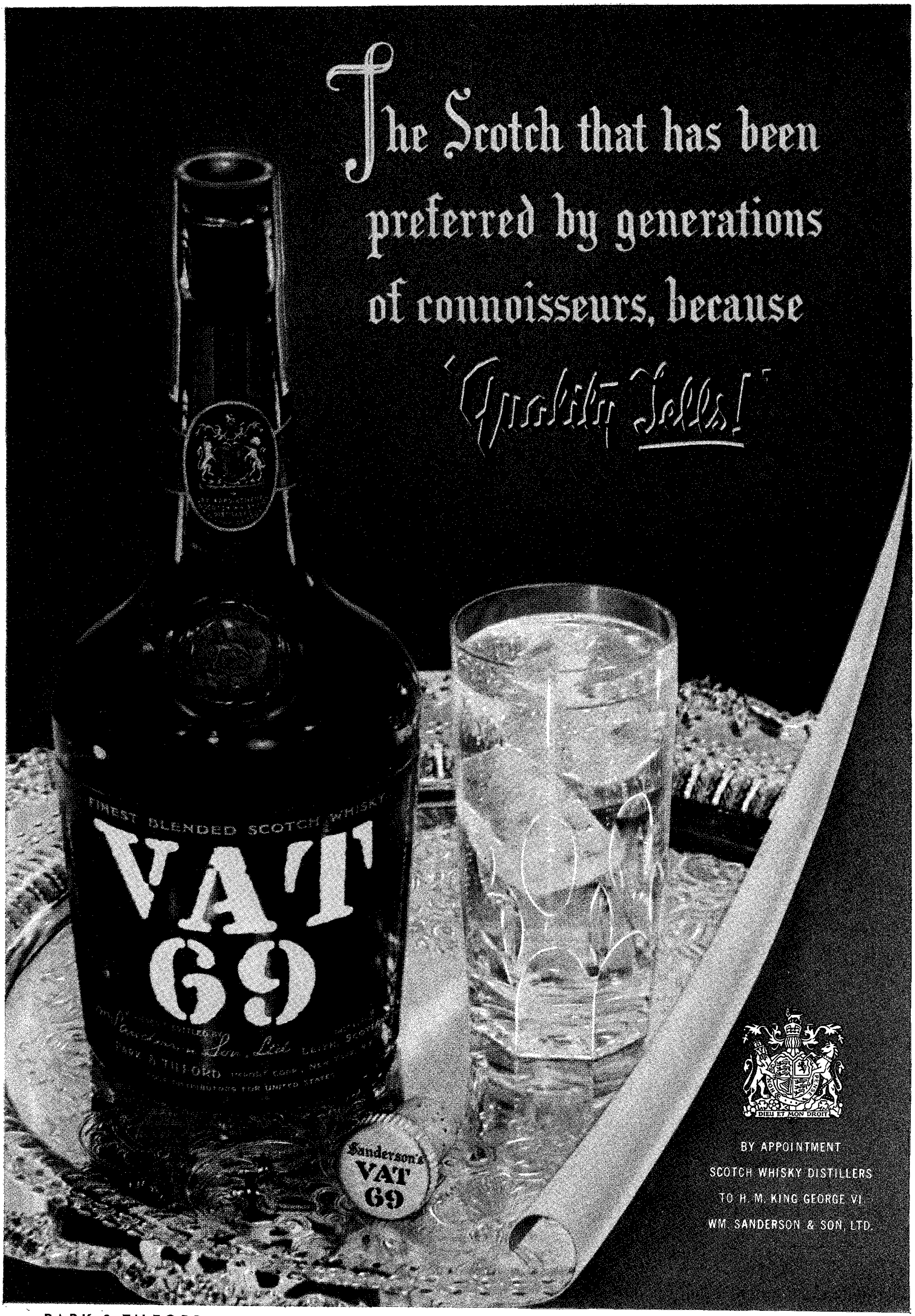
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BABES IN THE WILDFLECKEN WOODS

THE town was named Wildflecken, and it was set off by itself, attached to the rest of the Fatherland by only the flimsiest of roads. In the early spring of 1946, when, as a Red Cross girl, I was on relief duty for two weeks at a small United States Army compound near there, the effect of its remoteness was apparent. By that time city Germans had smartened up and learned that life came not from the sun but from the American Occupation Forces, and even the rural Germans were catching on. But Wildfleckenites were downright hostile.

The compound, housing some two hundred troops, was perched on top of a heavily forested hill just outside Wildflecken. Underneath the hill, and hence underneath the Americans, was one of the largest ammunition-storage depots in Europe. The soldiers' duties were light—principally, they guarded themselves twenty-four hours a day, taking turns patrolling the high fence that enclosed their barracks, and built themselves volleyball courts.

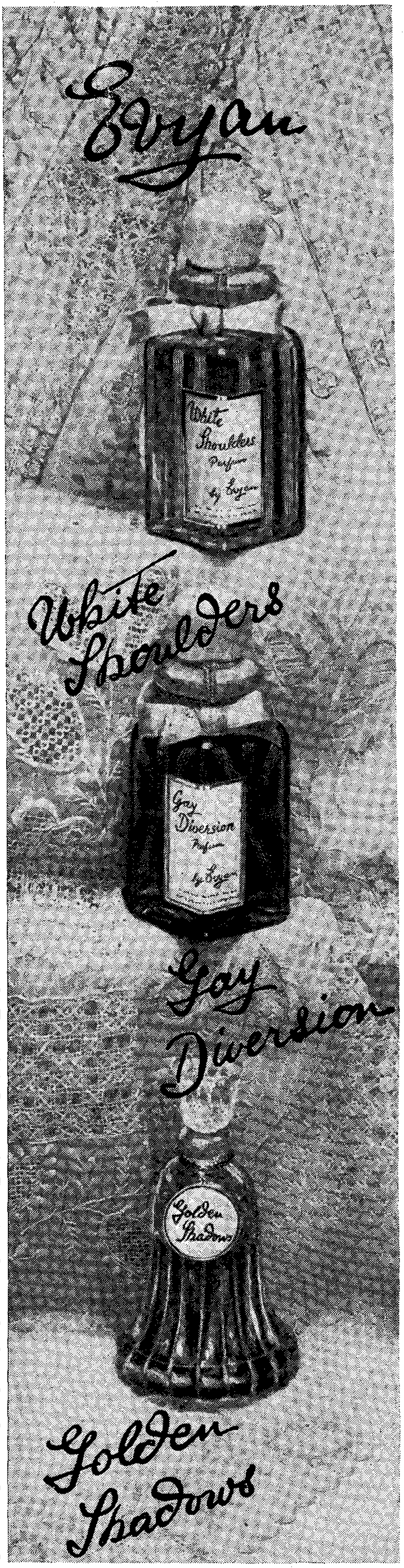
About a quarter of a mile from the compound, down the road that led to town, was a house in fairly good repair filled with assorted furniture. I don't know who had what plans for the furniture, but somebody set great store by it, for the American soldiers kept it also under twenty-four-hour guard. In a small clearing on the slope, halfway between the house with the furniture and the compound, was another house, decidedly not in good repair, where lived the two girls who ran the Red Cross club inside the compound. The girls rated no guards at any hour. I once asked the commandant why, and he answered merely, "I don't have enough men to put a guard on both houses."

I ARRIVED at the compound gates one evening around eight, and, after my credentials had been found acceptable, was let in and shown the way to the club. Mary, a gentle, elflike girl, was on duty, teaching a painting class. Her pupils were not numerous. As I waited for her to finish, I wandered around the club. I was to have charge of it, beginning the next day, while Mary and her partner, Eleanor, went on leave to Switzerland. Mary's decorative talent had spread itself all over the place. The club consisted of five small rooms, and there wasn't an inch of wall space or an object in any of them that hadn't been given loving feminine attention. It would have looked like a girls' dormitory if the G.I.s hadn't been making themselves at home, as they always, and quite rightly, did in Red Cross clubs. Cigarettes burned into charming designs on the tabletops, feet reposed on the dainty sofa covers, cigar butts and playing cards littered the floor, and the gay curtains, particularly those adjacent to the men's room, obviously had doubled as towels. When Mary's painting class was over, she joined me in my tour and told me about various cultural projects she and Eleanor had embarked upon. She seemed to be on the best of terms with the boys. As I soon learned, they didn't mind if she wanted to go around forever painting and fixing things, and she didn't mind if they promptly nullified her efforts.

Mary introduced me to a Frau Knoll, one of the waitresses, who, like all the hired help, was a resident of Wildflecken. Maybe, she suggested, Frau Knoll would spend the nights with me down at the house if I felt I wanted company. Frau Knoll replied, with no hesitation, that she would not stay in that house with me or anybody else; she'd rather be fired.

"I just don't understand her attitude," said Mary vaguely, in her soft voice, after Frau Knoll had gone into the kitchen. "I *like* our house."

Soon after ten, Mary and I left the club, went out through the gates, saying good night to the guards, and stumbled down the unlighted road toward the girls' house. As we neared it, I became aware of a low, persistent roar, which I had heard on the way up to the compound. Mary explained that it was caused by a waterfall behind her house. When we reached the front door, I saw at once that it had no lock. That didn't really matter, however, as all the windows on the first floor were out. The two girls lived on the second floor, across the hall from each other, and we found Eleanor in her



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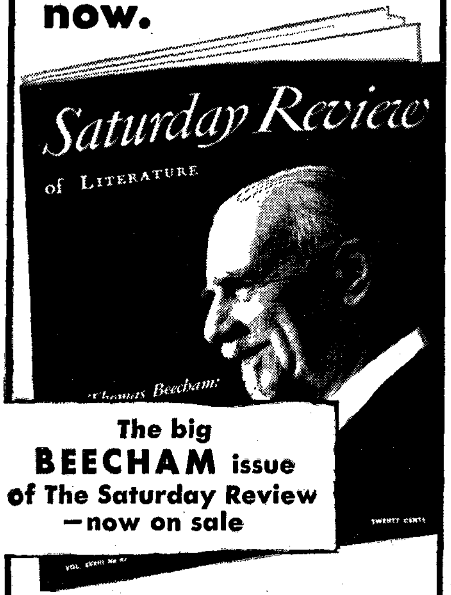

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bedroom, packing. A wood fire was burning brightly in the fireplace. After Mary went to her room to pack, I made a quick inspection of the two bedroom doors. There was no sign of a lock or a bolt or a chain. Clearly, nights of terror lay ahead of me.

I sat down in front of the fire in Eleanor's bedroom and talked to her as she packed. She was wearing a filmy white nightgown, in spite of which she seemed to be a Bennington sort of girl, full of unquenchable enthusiasm for her job. Apparently the only thing she was afraid of was that some of the enterprises she and Mary had started would collapse in their absence. I would keep as many of them going as possible, wouldn't I? Her music-appreciation classes were just beginning to catch on with the boys, and she did hope they wouldn't forget everything and lose interest while she was away. Mostly, so far, she had just played to them on the piano, but how exciting it was to see them beginning to respond! I said regretfully that the music classes and Mary's painting course and several of their other undertakings would have to be abandoned while I was there, as I was not equipped to continue them, but that I would do what I could to keep alive the chess club, the reading club, the German-language classes, and, yes, I might even be able to cope with the poetry class. Privately, I was afraid that the rank weeds of the boys' poker games would engulf the entire club, and the girls would have to start all over again on their return.

FEAR seems to strike directly at my heart without going through my head. At least, I was aware that my heart was pounding frantically before I was aware that there were footsteps on the stairs. Thus the adrenalin was already romping through my veins by the time a tall brute of a man appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, good evening, Heinrich. Come in." Eleanor, still in her nightgown, greeted him casually and went on packing. Heinrich entered with an armload of wood, spilled it down beside the fireplace, glared at me, and went out.

"Who the hell is Heinrich," I asked as soon as I could speak, "and what is he doing here at eleven o'clock at night?"

"Heinrich works for us," Eleanor replied simply. "He and two other men are fixing our house. They're doing a wonderful job. They can do just anything! They built me this fireplace,

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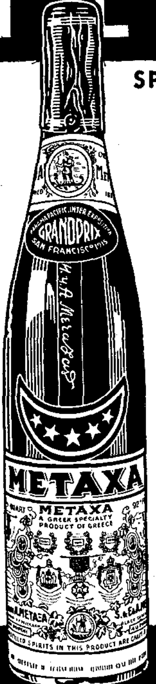

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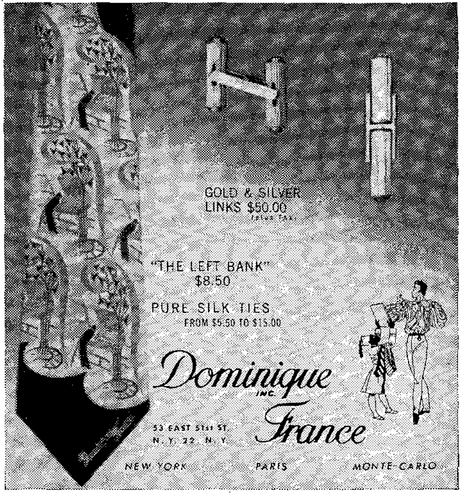

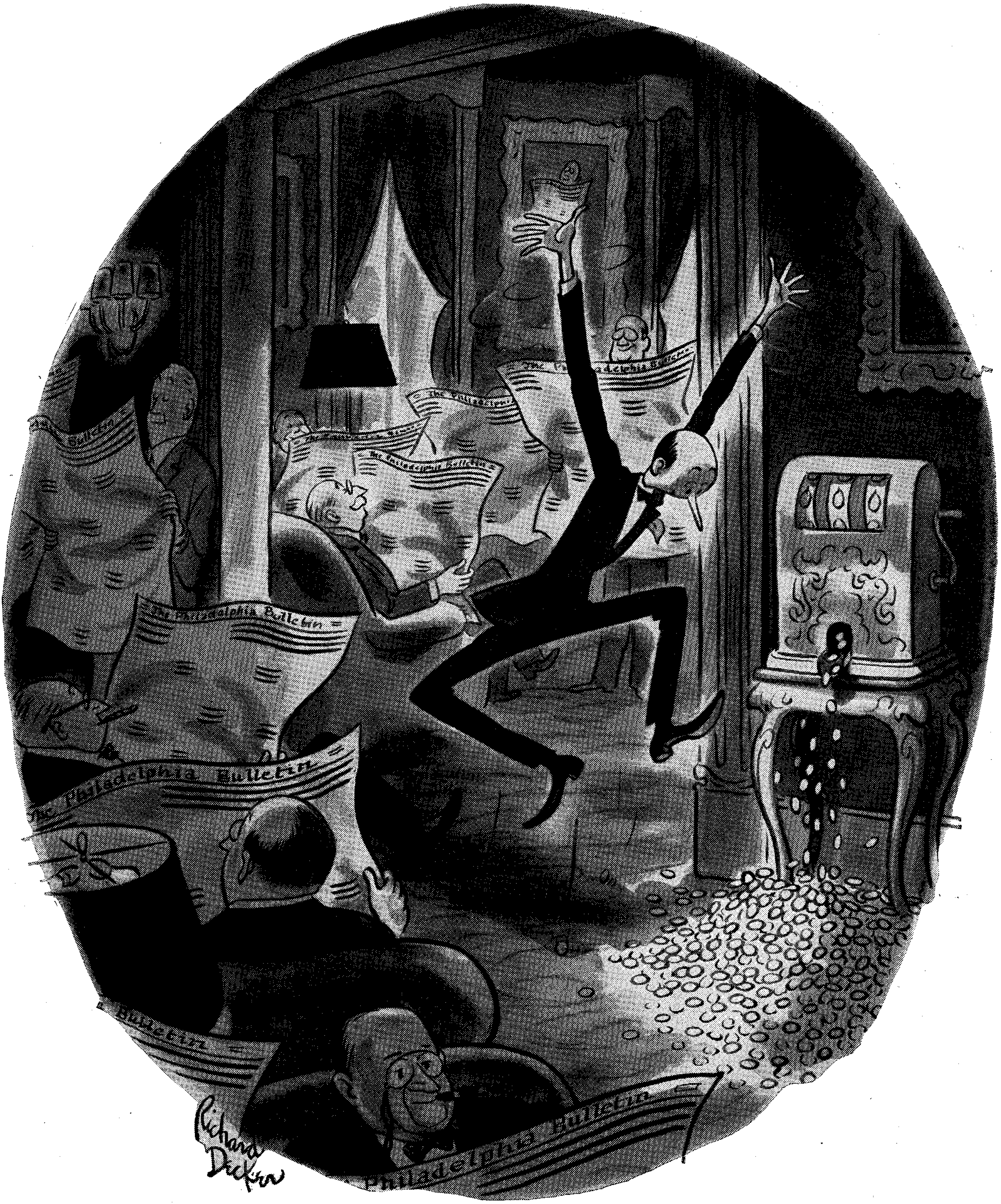
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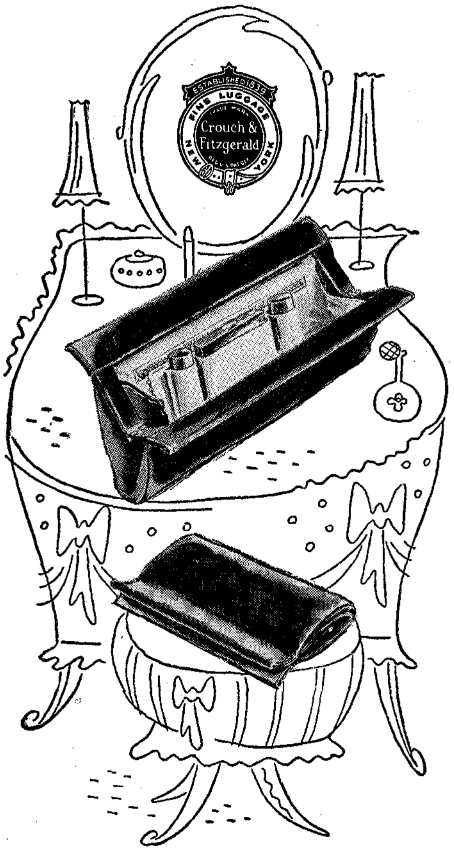

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and you can't imagine how cheery it is to have it. I've always loved fireplaces—"

"Yes, it's lovely," I said, "but why is he around here so late?"

"He always brings an armload of wood up about this time," Eleanor explained, "so I can keep the fire going through the night and have enough left for morning."

"But, for heaven's sakes, aren't you frightened here, just the two of you, all alone in a completely open house, no locks on your doors, on the edge of an ammunition dump, beside a town full of angry Germans?" My voice grew shrill during this all-inclusive query.

"Well, gee, I don't know," Eleanor replied thoughtfully. "I guess it just never occurred to me."

Presently Mary came in, having finished her packing. Eleanor was through with hers by then, too, and we fell to drinking gin and grapefruit juice, which indicated that they were nearing the end of their liquor ration. I began to calm down. While they talked about Switzerland, I talked to myself. "Silly to alarm them," I said. "They don't seem the least bit afraid here, and why sow seeds of doubt? I'm only going to be here two weeks; they have to stay here for who knows how long. No sense in getting them jumpy about it."

MY heroic resolutions were interrupted by a shot. I hadn't had first-hand experience with shots, but, like any good American who attends the movies, I knew a shot when I heard one. Furthermore, the object that whistled cleanly out of the fireplace and bored a neat hole through the glass of the bedroom window was unmistakably a bullet. It passed right between Mary

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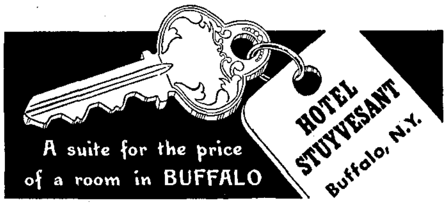
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and me, and would have been known in some circles as a near-miss.

I was stiff with fright; Mary and Eleanor were, at most, startled.

"Funny thing," Mary said in her gentle voice. "That's happened before. I guess the bullets must get lodged in the wood."

"No!" I cried. "*Live* bullets don't get lodged in wood. Dead ones do sometimes, maybe, but not live ones!"

"Well, I don't know much about that," Eleanor reflected. "Anyway, there've been several of them."

For a moment, there was silence. Then Eleanor looked up brightly from her drink. "Do you remember, Mary, that week when we decided to switch to coal?" Mary remembered.

"What about it?" I asked.

Giggling like schoolgirls, they said that Heinrich had told them coal would be easier for them to use, so they'd said O.K., and Heinrich had brought them several bucketfuls, and they'd had a *nice* fire for several nights, and then, one night, just as Eleanor had been about to throw on a shovelful, she'd noticed that one of the pieces wasn't coal. Not only was it not coal but it was a hand grenade. This little reminiscence sent them into spasms of laughter, and I couldn't pry out of them whether it was they or Heinrich who had decided to revert to wood.

"Look here," I said, by now thoroughly upset. "What makes you think these things are just funny accidents?"

They looked blankly at one another. "Perhaps it has something to do with the fireplace," Mary said.

"For God's sake," I shouted. "The fireplace is *brand-new!* There might possibly be a bullet in an old hunting lodge, in a century-old fireplace, but not in a just-built fireplace! And not hand grenades, either! What on earth kind of protection have you got in case something is going on here?"

This time, Eleanor's retort was scornful, filled with "Don't be silly" and "Who could want to harm us?" "Why, if anything happened, I could go to the window and shout for one of the guards," she finished. One of the guards patrolling the compound, I supposed, or one of those watching over the furniture. I went to the window but I couldn't see any guards in either direction; I did see the waterfall, which was right behind the house. It was a good-sized waterfall.

"Do you think anybody could hear you over that roar?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mary said. "Maybe

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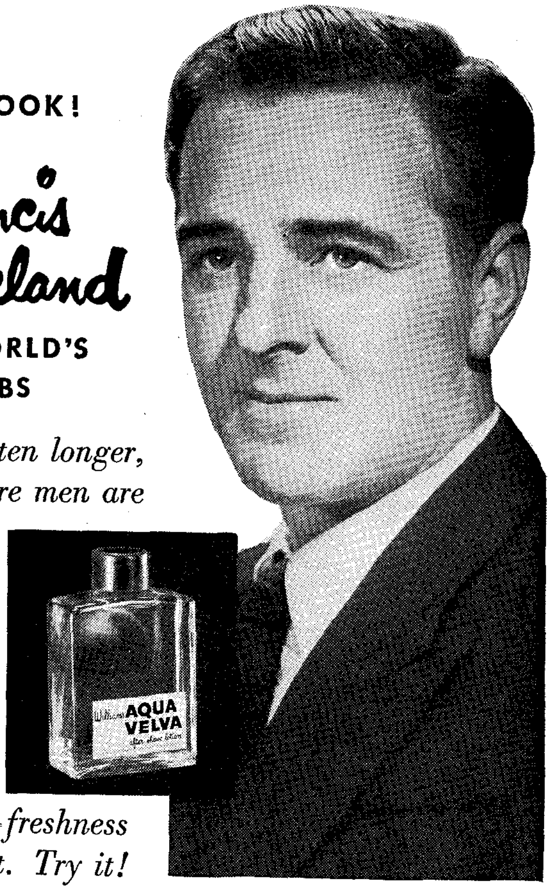
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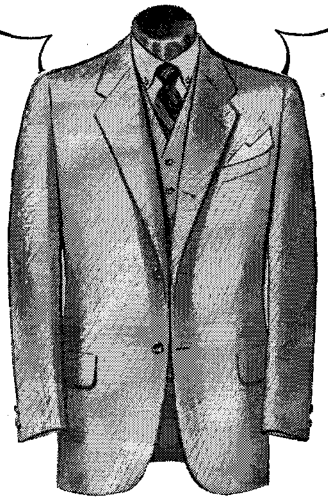

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they couldn't. Anyway, we both have guns."

"Good!" I said. "Now we're getting somewhere. Where are they?"

"Mine's in my bureau drawer," Eleanor said.

She went to her bureau, opened drawers, riffled through underwear and scarves and sheets of music, and, in just over two minutes, produced her gun.

"Fine," I said. "Quick on the draw. Where's yours, Mary?"

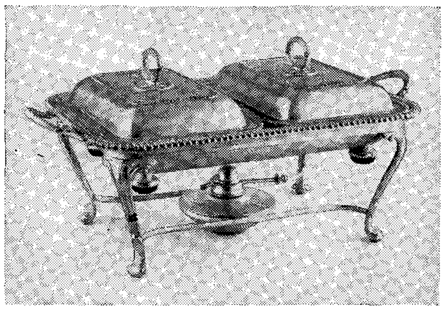
"I know *exactly* where mine is," said Mary, disappearing into her bedroom. "Oh!" she called out, after a short silence. "It's gone. And it's loaded, too!"

She came back into the room looking puzzled. She was positive about where she kept it, and equally positive that she couldn't have put it anywhere else. They agreed with each other that its disappearance was strange, very strange—in fact, downright peculiar—and then dismissed it from their minds. For my part, my imagination was so overwrought I was sure Heinrich would return with the gun any minute and polish off the job the bullets and the hand grenade had failed to do.

We finished the gin, and the girls repaired to their beds, where, undoubtedly, visions of Switzerland danced through their heads until morning. Bedded down on a thin mattress on the floor of Mary's room, with Eleanor's gun beside my pillow, I passed a long, miserable night. My fancies and the hammering of my heart were enough to keep me wide awake. Combined, as they were, with a never-ending succession of creaks, bangings, and other suspicious though unidentifiable noises, there was no possibility of my falling asleep. There were moments when it sounded as though most of the population of Wildflecken was creeping stealthily around the ground floor. Daybreak found me limp but resolved. Frau Knoll was not the only one who would rather be fired than spend her nights in that house.

MARY and Eleanor got off in a jeep to a good, early start, and I was waiting on the doorstep of the office of the commandant when he arrived there after breakfast. He was affable enough, but he believed nothing of what I told him. If these things had been going on, why hadn't the girls come and told him themselves? However, I did convince him that I would not stay in the house, and he agreed to find a little spot for me somewhere within the compound.

A storeroom right in the center of the



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long, narrow barracks was cleared out at his direction. It had one window, about a foot square, that overlooked a storage space for mops and garbage pails. A cot was put in the room, and that was where I slept for the two weeks. I loved it, and used to think, as I dropped off to sleep, of all the protective layers around me—first the walls of the room itself, then the two hundred soldiers, then the walls of the barracks, then that nice, high fence, then the nice boys walking around the fence. The soldiers were intrigued at having a girl living in the barracks, and my presence furnished a whole new area of conversation. I didn't mind what they said; I had been in Europe long enough for their ripe language, which I couldn't help hearing as it echoed up and down the corridor, to have lost its shock value. In Washington, during our training before being sent overseas, we had been constantly urged to get *close* to the G.I.s, and I felt that my teachers would have been proud of me if they could have seen me.

While the girls were away, I got the G.I. who was assigned to work at the club to put good, solid locks on their bedroom doors. One day, I ran into Heinrich and questioned him about the wood he had been bringing the girls. Did he know that a couple of bullets had gone off in the fireplace, and that it looked as though they must have been brought in with the wood?

"*Ja, ja*," he said with some annoyance. "I have heared about it."

"Where do you get the wood?"

"Wherever I can find it."

"Do you look it over carefully before you bring it in?"

"What can I do? If one lives around the ammunition dump, there is always the chance—" He shrugged.

Heinrich may or may not have been directly responsible for the explosions (I

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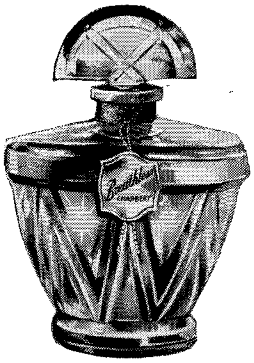

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think he was), but in any case he seemed uninterested in preventing a recurrence. I arranged that when the girls returned, the wood for their fireplace would be fetched by the trusted G.I. who had put the locks on the bedroom doors. I also acquired a likely-looking police dog named Hans, whom I kept temporarily at the club. It seemed to me that if Hans were braver than Frau Knoll and I, and would consent to spend his nights down at the house, and if the girls would teach him to sleep in the hall between their bedroom doors, and if they'd keep those doors locked, and accept wood only from a friendly American, they might stand a chance.

Mary and Eleanor returned at the end of the two weeks, full of mountain air, high spirits, and culture. I stayed on a day, explaining to them what I hadn't done in their absence. They were even more starry-eyed than when they had left, and plunged back into the Work with boundless ardor. The boys seemed delighted to have them around again. The somewhat unusual modus vivendi, whereby the girls spent a good part of their time thinking up "activities" that the two hundred flatly refused to participate in, was happily resumed.

Absorbed in getting a dozen new projects started all at once, the girls paid only grudging attention to my plans for preserving their lives. They liked Hans, though, and promised to take him down to the house with them at night. They supposed the locks on the doors were a good idea, but they became impatient when I urged them to keep their bedrooms locked in the daytime as well as at night. I pressed the point, arguing, rather dramatically, that while they were both up at the club during the day, any old Wildfleckenite could enter their rooms to remove the remaining gun or plant time bombs, and they finally agreed, though obviously just to humor me.

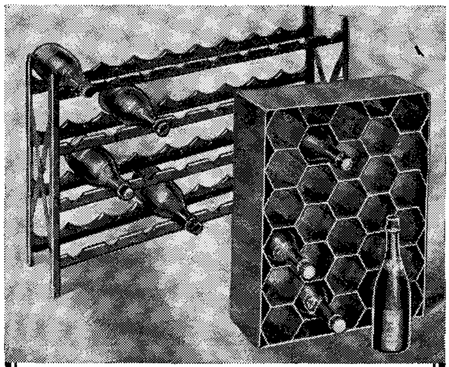
The morning I left, the three of us were sitting in the club office when Mary remembered that they hadn't given me a present they had brought from Switzerland.

"I'll go down to the house and get it," she said. "It's in your room, isn't it, Eleanor? Have you got the keys?"

"We'll have to wait until Heinrich gets back from town," Eleanor replied. "I gave them to him, so he could get himself a set of duplicates."

"Oh, no!" I protested, feeling suddenly very discouraged.

"Why, certainly! He has to have a



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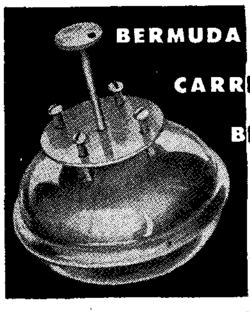

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set to be able to work down there," Eleanor said.

IT seemed to me unlikely that Mary and Eleanor were destined to survive, and I thought about them, off and on, during the rest of my stay in Europe. I probably would have heard about it if they hadn't come through, so I suppose they did. Some months after I left them, I read in the *Stars & Stripes* that a couple of the *Herrenvolk* had broken into the Wildflecken compound and shot up the Red Cross club. Nobody had been hurt, so they didn't get them *that* time. I wouldn't have been surprised if the girls saw no connection between the shooting and the earlier disappearance of Mary's gun. Probably that peaceable creature looked at the damage and thought, Here's a good chance to redecorate. —ANN WARREN GRIFFITH

•

DEAR HOME COUNSEL:

I have a problem that is a little too much for me. It concerns my husband. He is well liked by both men and women and is very good to me. We seldom quarrel and if we do we make up right away. My problem is this. Around home my husband is very effeminate. He wears women's clothes. I have asked him why he wants to do it and all he says is he likes to. He has a closet full of dresses and a drawer full of lingerie and hose. He never goes out in public dressed as a woman, just in the house. I will never leave him as I love him and he is very good to me. Takes me out whenever he goes and at least twice a week to dinner, but I am puzzled.

PUZZLED.

ANSWER—Your husband's urge to dress as a woman when at home is peculiar, to say the least. Yet, since you are perfectly satisfied, where is your problem?

—*Washington Times-Herald.*

Yes, what's the matter with you, anyway?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Bloomington* (*Ind.*) *Daily Herald*]

MILWAUKEE (U.P.)—The John Cofrins belong to a supper club and when it was their turn to entertain, decided to do something special, but their plans didn't turn out as expected.

Mrs. Cofrin let a big muskie fish thaw out during the day after getting it from the freezer where it was kept for a special occasion, and baked it most of the afternoon. She also baked a dozen potatoes.

Cofrin arrived home from work and polished the cocktail glasses, checked the olives and cherries, mixed the drinks and everything was ready by 6:30 P.M.

By 7:30 P.M. no guests had arrived. Mrs. Cofrin made a discreet telephone call and found why.

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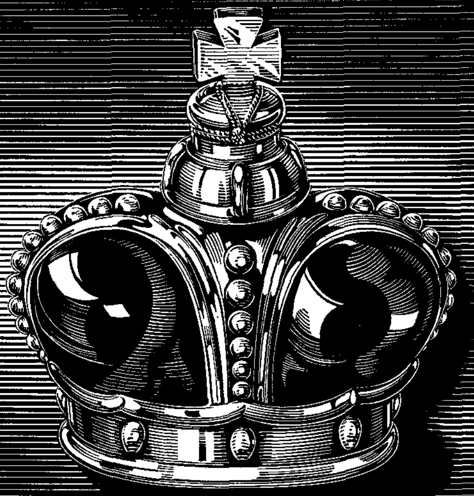

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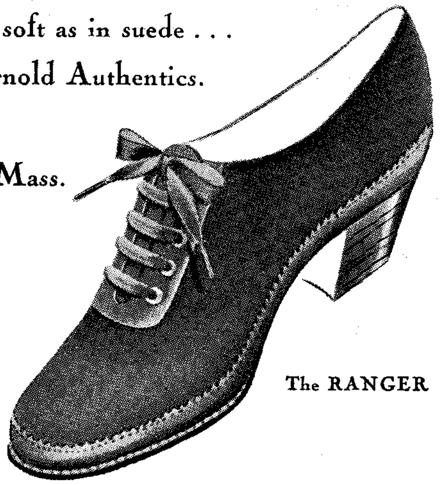
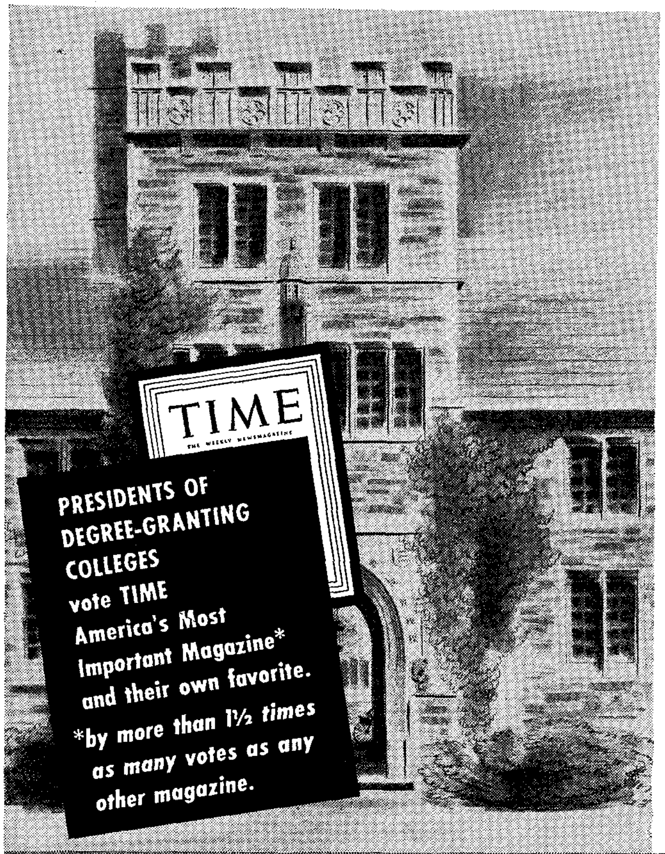


The RANGER

People Who Have to be Informed Vote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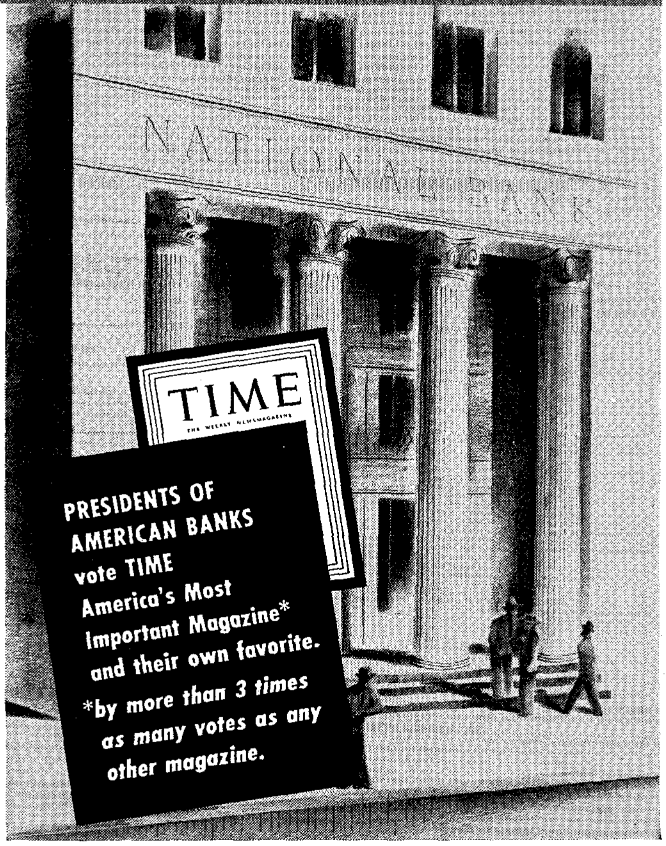
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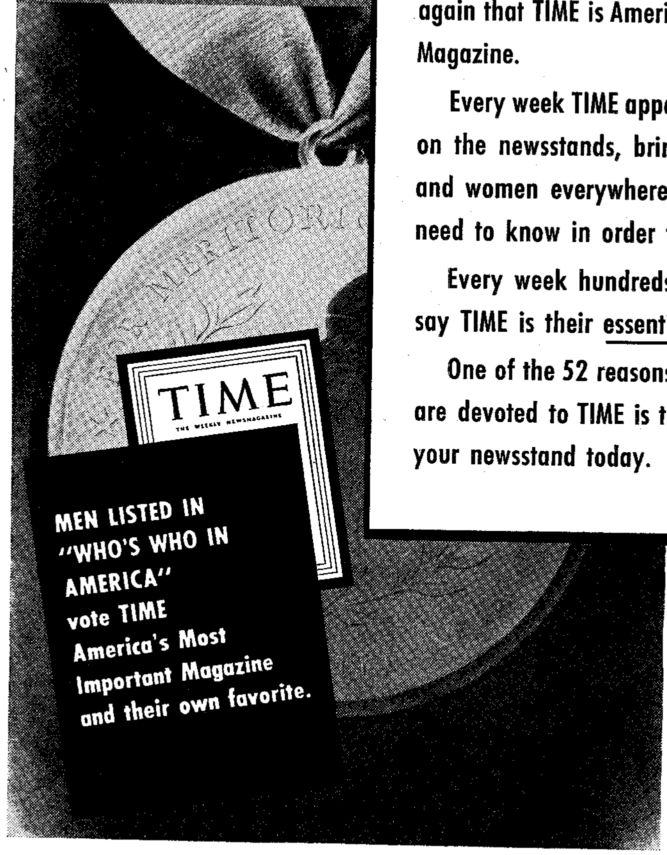
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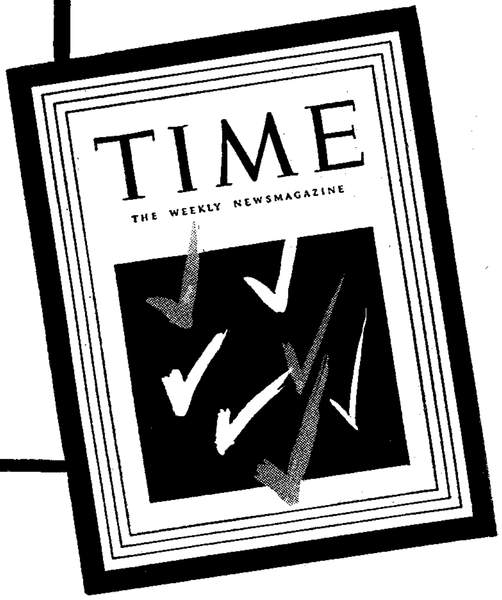
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

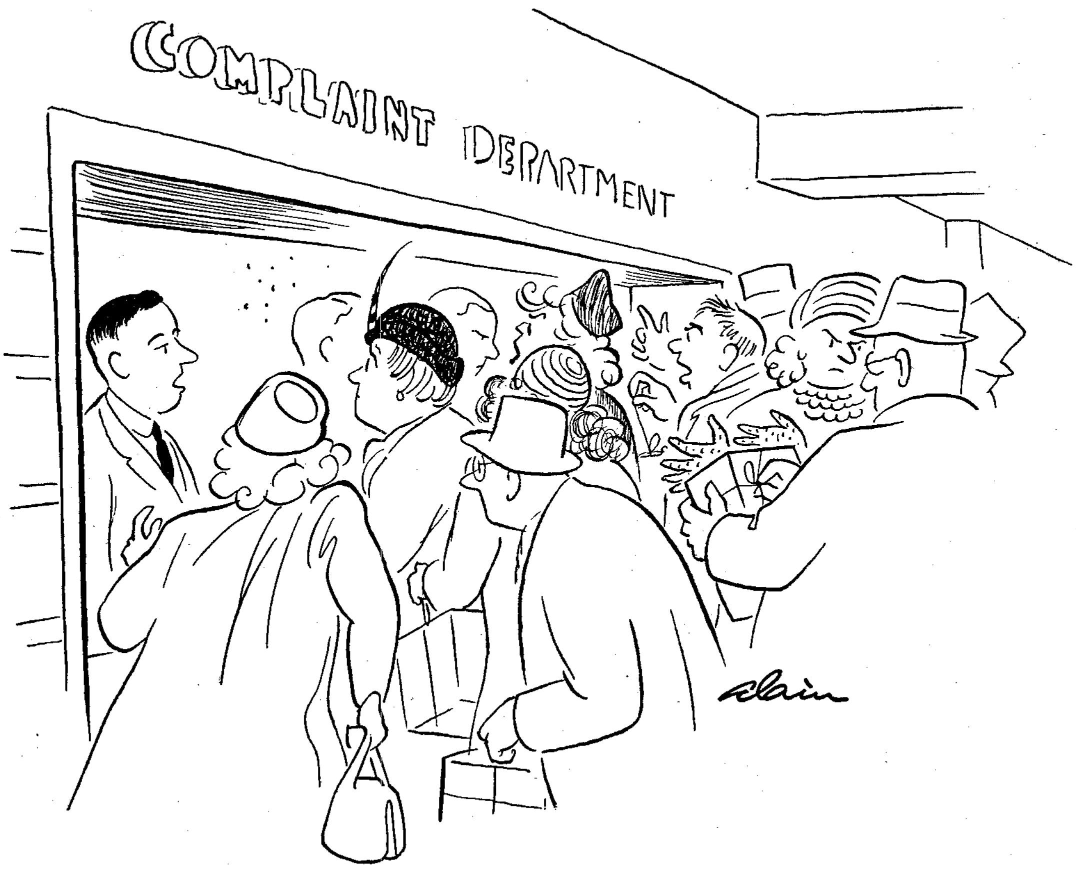
MARKETS AND MENUS

FOR anyone in search of strictly escapist reading matter these days, I can advise no surer relief from the grim intelligence conveyed in the morning papers than a perusal of almost any reputable wine merchant's catalogue. People who have even the mildest interest in such literature will find that the good, familiar names, coupled with the good, familiar years and good and entirely unfamiliar low prices, make as cheerful reading as the presses are likely to turn out this season. For one thing, there are more friendly and inexpensive clarets on hand than have been seen since before the war, and although the earlier vintages have grown very scarce, the past decade has yielded three such exceptional harvests that the absence of the older years is less calamitous than it might have been. It is, indeed, in relation to the years 1943, 1945, and 1947 that working one's way through the catalogues and then tasting one's way among the recent imports is particularly rewarding. Ordinarily, I am not inclined to take for gospel the experts' pronouncements on whether harvests are good, bad, or indifferent, but there can be no disputing their high appraisal of these particular vintages, and one can make an entertaining, and even exciting, business of recognizing and comparing the pronounced characteristics of the wines.

BEFORE I let my enthusiasm get out of hand, as I fear I will, about the new clarets, I shall mention some white wines that, for one reason or another, are worthy of consideration. To begin with, I have news of a rather jubilant nature for bargain hunters with good palates; it concerns a Kallstädter Horn of 1937 from the Bavarian Palatinate, a wine that got me most pleasurably and economically through the summer. Most German wines of this age are dangerously hoary, which is perhaps why M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (64th), is asking only $15 a case for it; it may not last another year. However, those who know more about Palatinate vintages than I do say there is no suggestion of encroaching feebleness, and certainly I can detect none; if you care at all for Rheinpfalz wines, with their distinctive bouquet, you won't find anything better, or perhaps as good, at the price.

It is, I know, the fashion among those who write about wines, if not among those who drink them, to sing the charms of the Alsatian and minor Moselle vineyards from June to October and then, from the moment the first leaf falls, to shut up and not let a word on the subject pass their lips again until Harry S. Truman throws out the first baseball of the season. Unquestionably, these pleasant light wines go especially well with the pleasant light menus of summer, but since few of us will live exclusively on venison and mutton chops during the next six months, and since roast chicken and *Wiener Schnitzel* and scallops and scrod will turn up with some regularity in most family menus, it is, I think, a pity to neglect certain unpretentious white wines just because the days are dark and they are very light. Lehmann has a sprightly Alsatian Riesling of 1947, from the Klipfel vineyards, at $15.95 a case, that should appeal to anyone looking for an inexpensive and most agreeable wine for everyday drinking.

Two white Loire wines that even in their native land have little more than a local fame, and that I have never before seen on a wine card or offered for sale in this country, have recently turned up and, to my surprise—my knowledge of the lesser wines of the Loire being inconsiderable—prove to be altogether charming. One of these, a Pouilly-Fumé (not to be confused, of course, with the more serious Pouilly-Fuissé) of 1948, from the Château Nozet vineyards, is so fresh and clean that surely it must confound the critics who lump together all the wines of Pouilly-sur-Loire in their disparagement. Although it has long been an article of faith with the French that most of the wines of the Loire Valley do not travel—a tenet that I am not one to question—this Pouilly-Fumé has stood its voyage with valiance; its lightness, which escapes being thin, and its softness, which escapes being sweet, should make it extremely pop-



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ular. It's to be had at Sherry Wine & Spirits Co., 679 Madison Avenue (61st), and at Vendôme Liqueur, 415 Madison (48th), for $2.22 a bottle.

The other new arrival from the Loire, which is very similar, is a Sancerre Sauvignon of 1949, from the cellars of Maxim's Restaurant, in Paris; it is sold by A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (87th), for $1.95. If I remember rightly, this is somewhat less dry than the popular Sancerre Sauvignon that has washed so many of Prunier's fine, coppery oysters down American gullets, but anyone who recalls that engaging and serviceable little wine will at least recognize the same clean and gratifying freshness. Luria also has, at the same price, a Sancerre Chavignol of the 1949 vintage. (Everybody is agreed that the minor wines of the Loire must be drunk very young.) I haven't got around to tasting it, but I should imagine it has much the same characteristics as the other.

Vouvray, of course, needs no introduction in this country, but there may be customers who, like me, find the great years in this most famous of Loire wines too golden and luscious, and altogether too much what a great Vouvray is *supposed* to be, for it to be drunk throughout a meal with any satisfaction. To anyone who feels that he would be happier with Vouvray if it were even halfway compatible with, say, a chicken pie, I recommend two delightful wines of the 1948 vintage; one can be found at Sherry Wine & Spirits and the other at Luria. The year 1948 was an off year—not a poor year at all, but one in which the Vouvray harvest did not attain its rich, fruity perfection. The result—in these two instances, at least—is a wine that has much of the softness of the best Vouvrays but is considerably more at home with bread and meat. The Sherry specimen sells for $1.69 and the one at Luria's for $1.95.

More than a year ago, I spoke with some fervor in these columns of a Chassagne-Montrachet, Les Ruchottes, of 1945. Recently, I have tried this wine again, and I find that in the interval it has taken on a depth and richness that make it even more admirable than it was then; if you liked it twelve months ago, you will like it a great deal more now. It costs $3.25 at Colony Wine & Spirits, 801 Madison Avenue (67th), and can also be obtained, at various prices, at other stores, including Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (74th).

That a Montrachet, from the same

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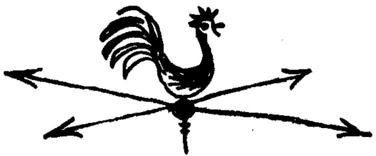

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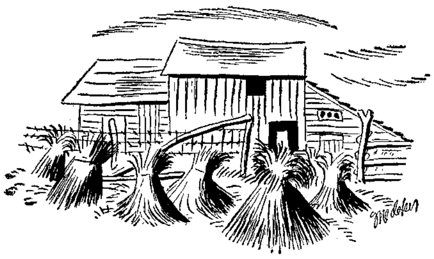
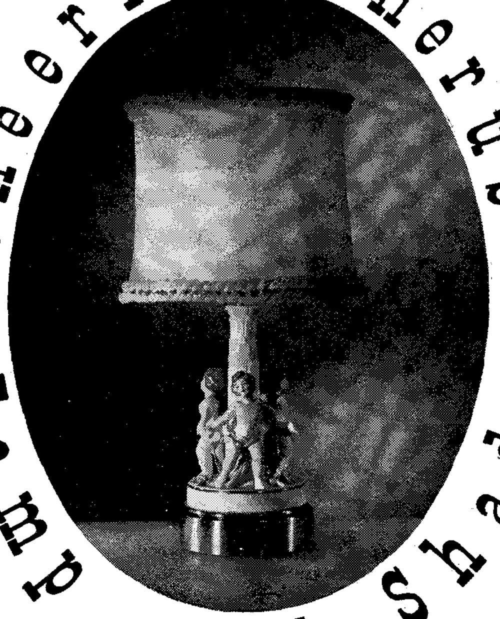
vineyard, of a harvest as recent as the one of 1947 is already a full and noble wine may seem incredible if you are unfamiliar with the remarkable way the wines of that great year are developing; it will probably mature even more fully, but right now it is to my taste the equal of the '45. It's sold at Sherry Wine & Spirits, Colony Wine & Spirits, Vendôme, and Ellis-Meadows, for less than $3 a bottle.

I recently encountered two other splendid white Burgundies of this splendid year—a Puligny-Montrachet, for $3.59, at Lehmann, and a Chevalier-Montrachet, for $3.25, at Colony Wine & Spirits—and they afforded me such pleasure that in speaking of them I am forced to abandon the cautious idiom of the connoisseur and pronounce them plain heavenly.

AS I stated at the beginning of this exercise, first-rate clarets with prices that make sense are not difficult to find. Sherry Wine & Spirits and Colony Wine & Spirits, for example, have a 1943 Château Lynch-Bages at around $1.75—a modest enough price for this sound little Pauillac, which, by the way, is appearing in this country for the first time since before the war. Budd's Liquor Store, at 28 East 74th Street, has, for $1.35, what was to me an unknown St. Estèphe of 1945—Château Andron Blanquet. It is a vigorous, full-bodied wine of no particular distinction, but it goes handsomely with certain forthright foods. Lehmann offers a 1943 Château Beychevelle, at $1.74, that has the delicate flavor and bouquet of all good St. Juliens. At Luria, you will find, also for the first time since the war, a Château Rausan-Ségla '43, at $1.90, that is one of the better Margaux. Colony Wine & Spirits has the only Château Calon-Ségur I have been able to lay my hands on (1945), at $2.20, and both Sherry and Lehmann have a wonderful Château Palmer of 1943, at $1.79. It is, indeed, among the 1943 clarets that anyone who is merely picking up a bottle for tonight's or tomorrow's enjoyment can find the most advantageous buys. This vintage is not, of course, anywhere near as great as that of either '45 or '47, but it is closer to being





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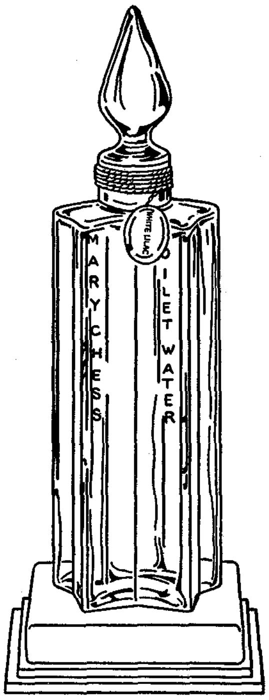

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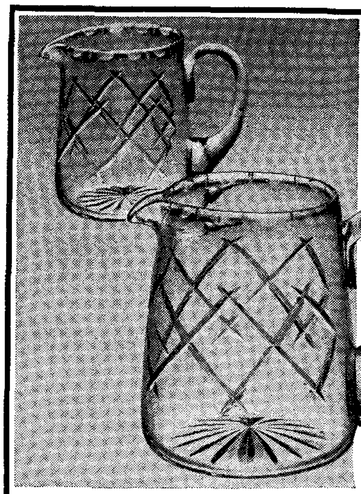

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ready to drink than the red wines of either of the other years, it is almost uniformly good, and the prices it is fetching are far more reasonable.

That I have dwelt somewhat lengthily on the clarets of this less imposing harvest does not mean there aren't plenty of '45s and '47s around. On the contrary, most of the shops I have mentioned have such impressive collections of the grander names in these years that you will need no tips from me as to what's what. Both Sherry and Lehmann have extraordinarily comprehensive lists of the more famous châteaux in all three years; buying a bottle from a great vineyard—Château Cheval-Blanc, for example—in each of these vintages and comparing their merits is as good a game as any I know.

SINCE this is, or started out to be, a report on enjoyable wines that are moderately priced, I should bring to your attention a couple of Beaujolais of 1947 that I recognize as outstanding, even though I have no great zeal for Beaujolais in general (they strike me as rather more sensible and wholesome than a light red wine has any business being). One of these, at Sherry, is a Beaujolais St. Amour, and the other, at Lehmann, is a Juliénas, which is usually accepted as one of the best growths of the Beaujolais district. Either bottle is $1.49. —S. H.

•

7.50 reward for return of light green suit pants lost in girls gym during mens rush week. No questions asked. Phone 4489. Stanley Jones. —*Adv. in the Kansas State Collegian.*

One moment, Jones. *We* have a few questions.

•

To the Editor of the Spokesman-Review: Mr. J. A. Smith, in your Sunday issue, expresses his doubts about the Crusade for Freedom because it seems to him to be led by "intellectuals," although two of the three men he names are and have always been stanch Republicans.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Guess that disposes of *that* objection.

•

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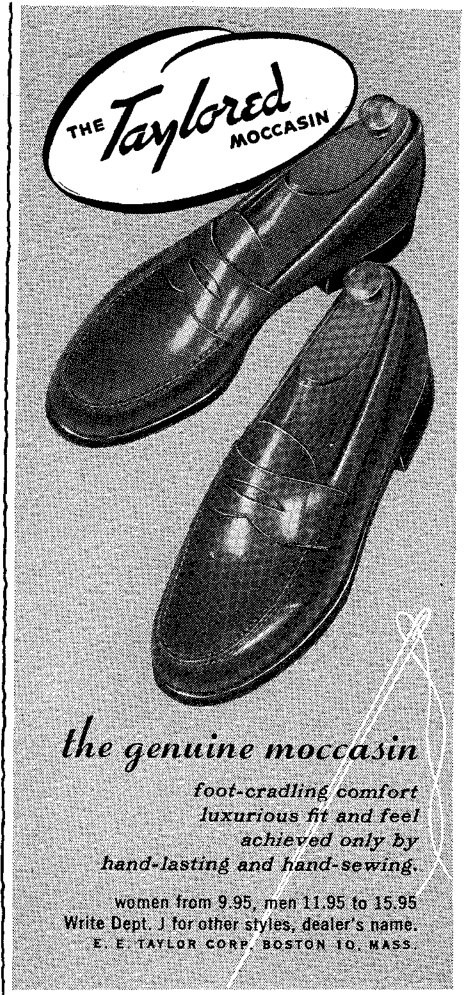
[*From the Herald Tribune*]

The Count of Lugar Nuevo is a descendant of Laffitte, who was minister for Louis Philippe. On his mother's side he is descended from Herman Pulgar, conqueror of Granada under Ferdinand and Isabella. His sister is married to the Count of Campo Alange, who is a grandee of Spain. Formerly with Saks Fifth Avenue, he is with Hattie Carnegie, Inc.



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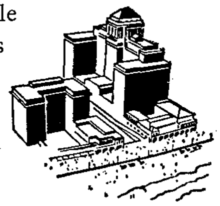

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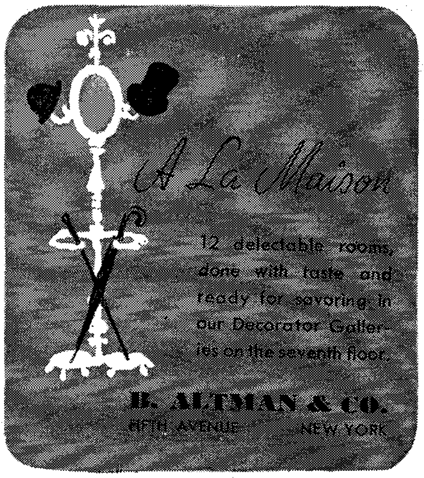

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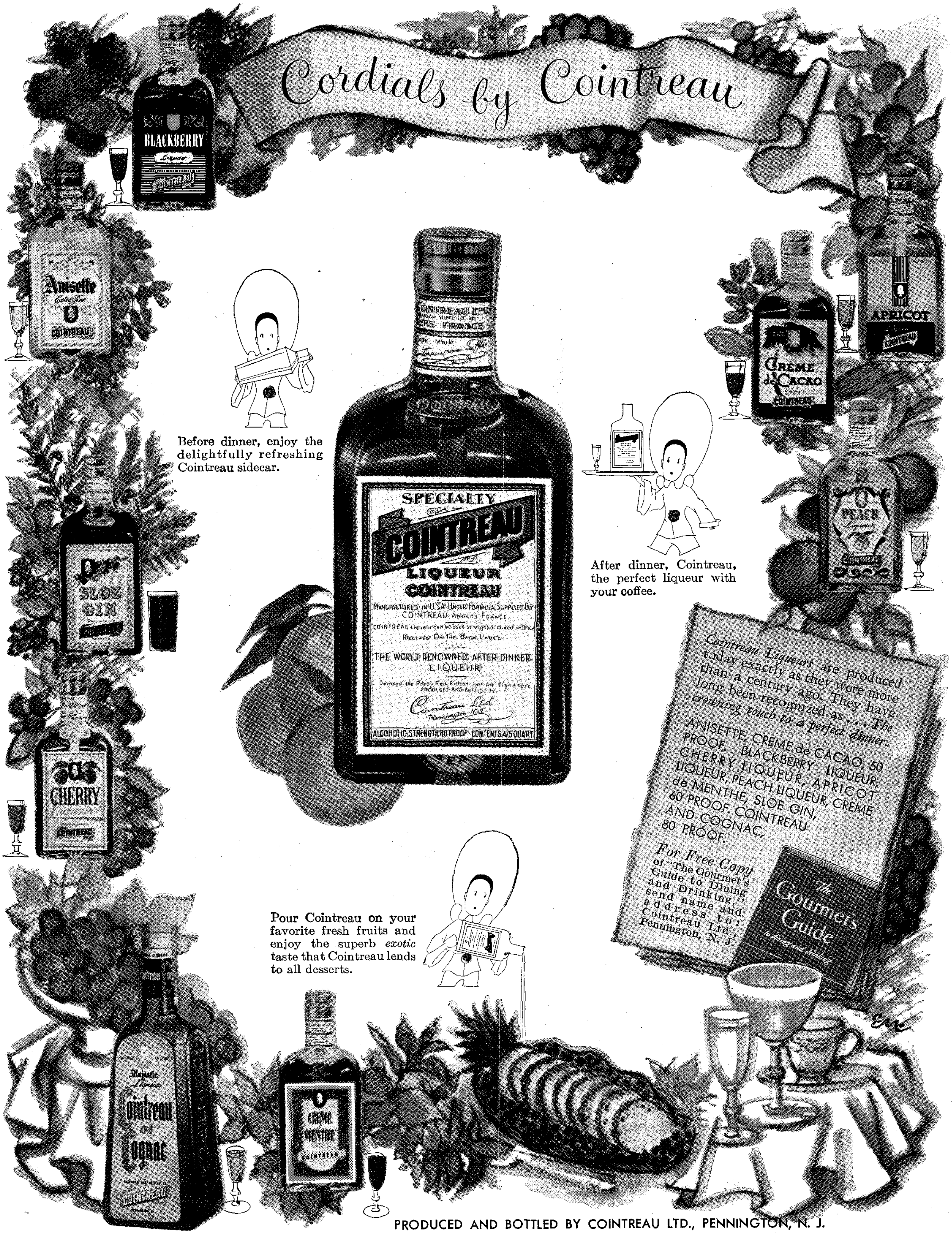
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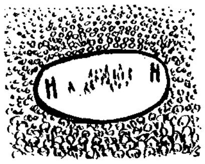
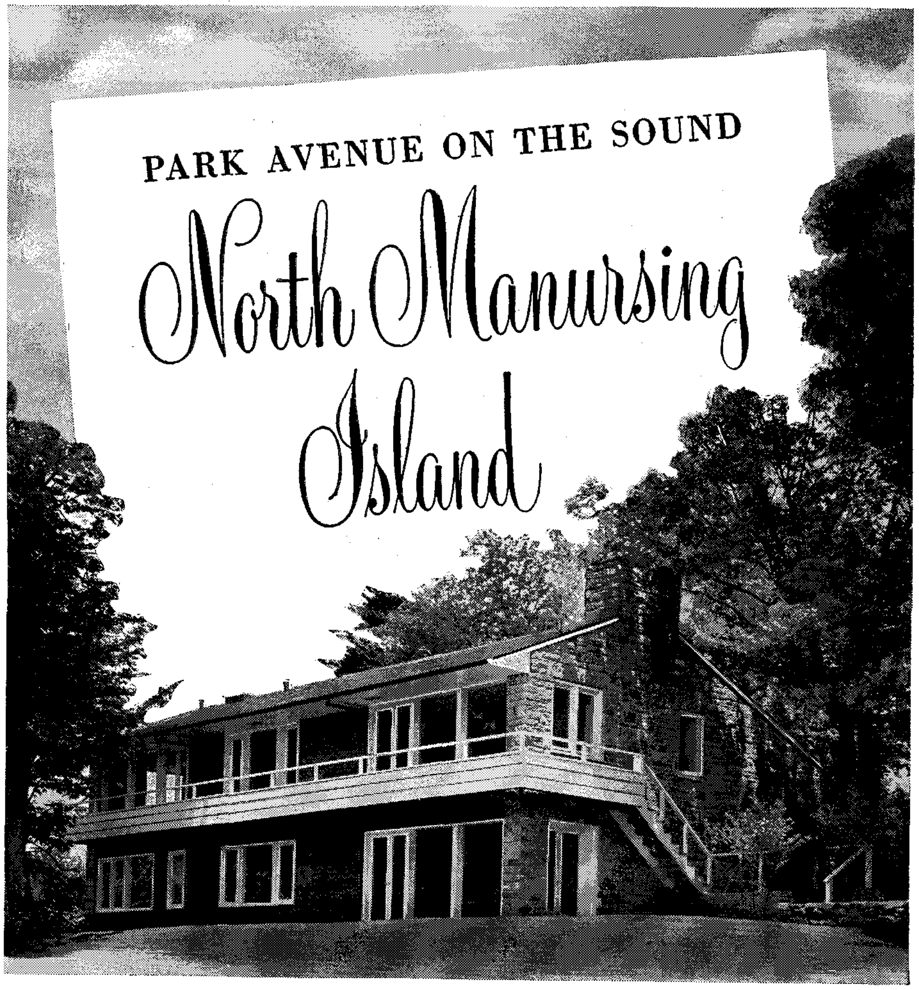
FOOTBALL

Up-and-Coming



IT is hard to say whether Yale, Navy, or Bagnell is the most improved performer of the season. Yale, visiting Ithaca to play a Cornell team that is formidable indeed when it isn't busy fumbling the ball—and Cornell didn't fumble once last Saturday—managed to lose by no worse than 7–0. The Yale line shut off a couple of other Cornell touchdowns and blocked a Cornell punt, and the officials shut off still another touchdown for an infraction of the rules. (Cornell must have missed half a dozen touchdowns this fall on this last count.) Yale, playing without its pet quarterback, Tisdale, who has been drydocked for repairs, wasn't up to cracking the Cornell defense, though. Down in Baltimore, Navy had a splendid afternoon at the expense of Southern California, winning, 27–14, with what looked to qualified observers like the greatest of ease. Navy, in fact, had a lead of 20–0 before Southern California belatedly got under way. Bagnell, the third performer in this list of nominees, is, of course, Pennsylvania's celebrated halfback. Last year, he was used mostly as a passer, owing to his annoying inability to run with either speed or deception. A fortnight ago, however, he blossomed forth against Dartmouth, and by now everyone must have heard how he accumulated a record total of four hundred and ninety yards in runs and passes.

Bagnell was on view locally last Saturday, when Pennsylvania met Columbia at Baker Field. Since the occasion was more social than athletic, and the weather was coltishly springlike instead of brusquely autumnal, he was not as prominent a participant as he might have been, and after it had become obvious that Columbia didn't have a chance, he was prudently withdrawn from the proceedings to be saved against two rainier days (Army and Cornell). Baker Field, with its old-fashioned little green wooden stands and its backdrop of the Harlem River and the wooded heights of Inwood and Spuyten Duyvil, is the pleasantest spot within miles to see a football game, and it looks its best when, as on Saturday, there is an alumni luncheon party nearby, spread across the grass in a setting of varicolored pavilions and banners. The game incidental to this happy fête was won by



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Pennsylvania, 34–0. It revealed that Columbia, aside from a slightly hesitant passer named Price and a most resolute passer named Tracy, plus a set of determined and agile pass receivers, hasn't much of an offensive, and that its line is willing but not especially efficient. Against such opposition, Bagnell had things fairly easy. He has developed a fine turn of speed. He runs cleverly, using his interference for all it is worth and shifting direction without losing momentum. He holds the ball casually with the tips of his fingers and constantly shifts it from one hand to the other. Perhaps this mesmerizes his opponents; at any rate, on Saturday they weren't noticeably sure where he was going next. He is now an accomplished faker, too; several times Columbia was convinced that he had the ball while his teammate Corbo, a worthy successor to last year's Dooney as a plunger, was industriously lugging it through big holes in the Columbia line. Corbo, by the way, was the author of the prettiest play of the game. Ramming, head down, at the Columbia line, he stopped short, leaped into the air, and launched a pass to his compatriot Deuber, who was loafing about far down the field. The play covered fifty-three yards before Columbia was able to bowl Deuber over.

DARTMOUTH, operating against little Lehigh last week, found the going too hard without Roberts, its best plunger, who was damaged in the Penn game of the weekend before, and lost, 16–14. People who should know tell me that Dartmouth with Roberts and Dartmouth without Roberts are two quite different teams. Princeton, operating against Brown, found the going very simple, even without Davison, its best plunger, who was rather used up by the Navy game of the previous Saturday. Princeton, beating Brown, 34–0, withdrew a large number of its regulars after the score began to climb, and during the second half of the game it was represented mostly by junior executives. Army overwhelmed Harvard, 49–0, which looks terrible in the records until one stops to realize that Pollard, who scored twenty-five of his team's points, has, in the course of his considerable career, probably played more football than the entire Harvard varsity.

—J. W. L.

•

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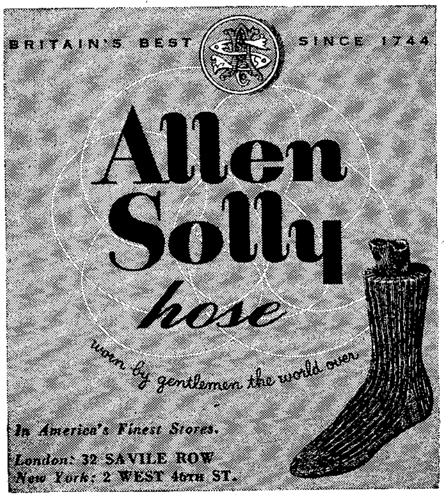

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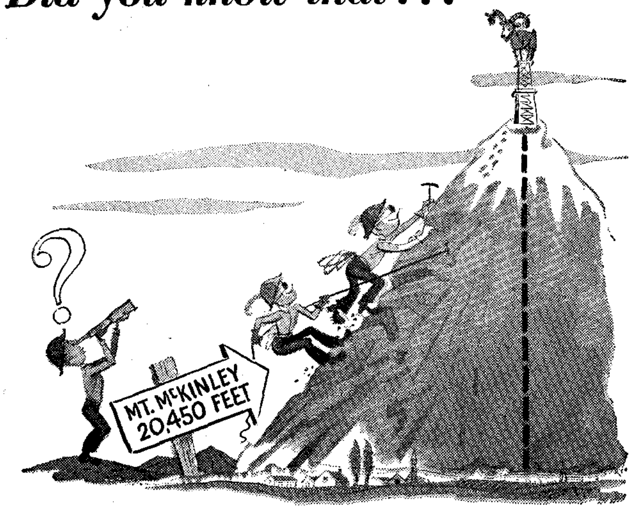

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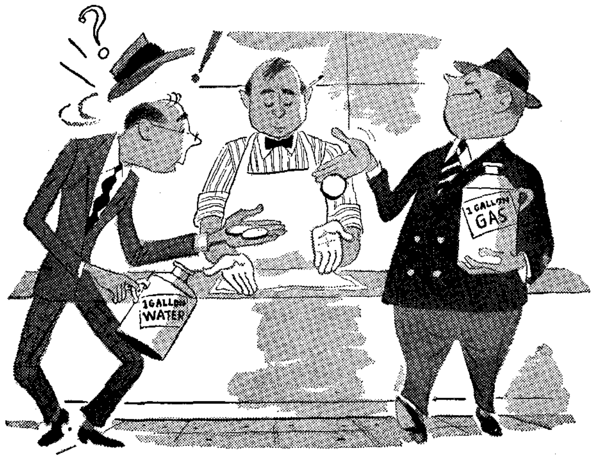

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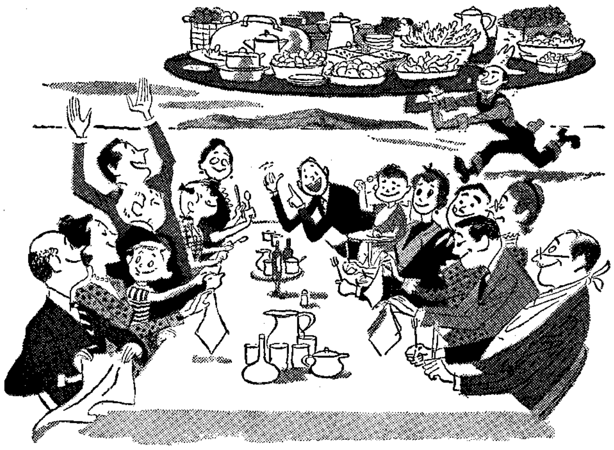

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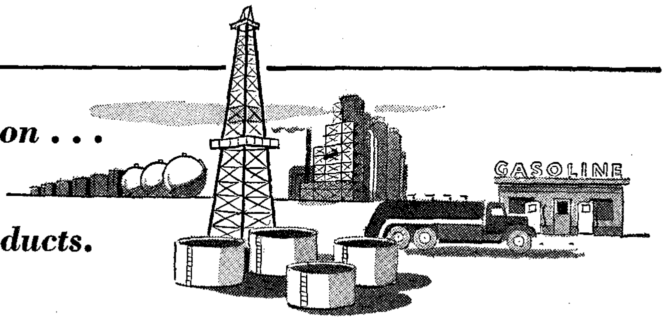

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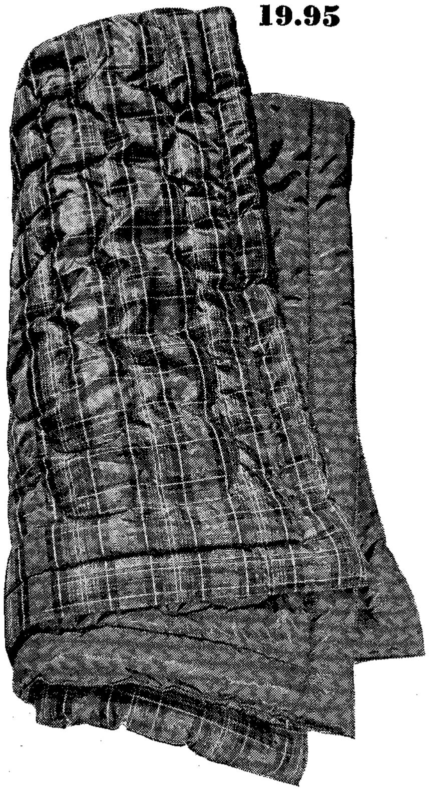

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TELEVISION

Houseparty

A BRASSY, fast-talking comedian named Jerry Lester presides, with brilliance, over a wonderfully relaxed, high-spirited, and shapeless hour called "Broadway Open House" on N.B.C. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from, so help me, eleven o'clock until midnight. (The program also turns up at the same time on Mondays and Wednesdays with Morey Amsterdam in charge of the proceedings, enabling me to get to bed early on Mondays and Wednesdays.) I know of no other hour on television that passes quite as swiftly as "Broadway Open House" when Mr. Lester is on hand; at the close of one of his programs I often find it hard to believe that he and his group have been hanging around the house for a full sixty minutes. On the whole, they are as extraordinary a batch of zanies as one could hope to encounter at that time of night anywhere in town, and they delight me almost beyond measure. I should explain that nothing of real consequence ever happens on "Broadway Open House." As far as I can make out, the participants follow no script. If they do, they skillfully manage to disguise the fact. They seem to drift along in a happily irresponsible and haphazard manner, and whatever bent they follow seems to be the product of moment-to-moment inspiration.

Although I have watched this program a good many times, I find that, faced with the problem of describing what goes on during it, I cannot recall many details. All I know is that Lester comes out on a stage and begins to talk about anything that pops into his head, and that a minute or two later a fellow named Milton De Lugg, who plays the accordion and has the face of a boy prodigy, comes out on the stage and begins to talk about anything that seemingly pops into *his* head, and that within a matter of minutes Lester and De Lugg are surrounded by five or six young people who look as if they are having an extremely good time just being on the stage. Next thing you know, a slim young man named Ray Malone arrives and joins in the conversation. Mr. Malone has a high-pitched speaking voice that, for some reason or other, I find funny. He is, furthermore,

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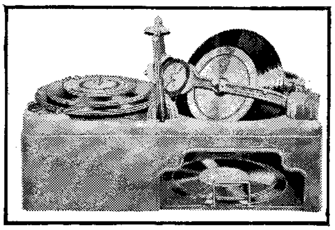

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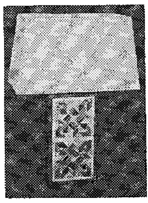

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a dancer of grace and style, and the chances are he will do a dance turn or two during the hour. From time to time, Lester climbs over the footlights (the program appears to be broadcast from a theatre) and engages in verbal skirmishes with members of the studio audience. He rarely fails, as he makes his exits from the stage or returns to it, to stop in front of the camera, stick his face as close to the lens as possible, mumble something like "I'll be back in a couple of days," and wiggle one of his cheeks with demoniac rapidity. I'll be damned if I know exactly why I'm a fall guy for Mr. Lester's particular brand of lunacy. I think that the mobility of his face has something to do with it; it is the face of a great clown, and although the eyes, the eyebrows, the mouth, and the wiggling cheek would seem to belong to four or five different fellows when they are all in operation—and they are all in operation most of the time—they function in a curiously harmonious and comical manner. His wit is bright and unforced, and I also like the fact that all the people working with him on "Broadway Open House" obviously enjoy their work. An attractive blond singer named Joan Lorry, for instance, has the time of her life night after night. Similarly, while Mr. Lester's nonsense dialogues with Mr. De Lugg defy description, I am convinced that the two men find each other highly amusing, and the results are infectious. Even the commercials—Ruppert Brewery and the Anchor Hocking glass people foot the bill for the program in the New York area—are presented with taste and modesty, and they are spectacularly brief, melting in every fifteen minutes and promptly melting out again. As a production, "Broadway Open House" is simplicity itself: no elaborate sets, no big scenes filled with costumed dancing girls, no trick lighting—in short, no pretension of any kind. Mr. Lester and the people in charge of the show are aware that television entertainment requires no frills. They know that television is an intimate medium of entertainment and that the successful television entertainer must reach out to his audience and establish personal contact with it. Through some magic, Mr. Lester and his group have done just that—with me, at least—and while they are performing, I have the feeling that a collection of old friends have turned up for an hour of fun.

Perhaps the most remarkable member of Mr. Lester's troupe is an unusually tall, solemn, young blond woman who on the show is called Dagmar. For

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all I know, she is the most remarkable young woman on television today. Her precise contribution, like that of everybody else on "Broadway Open House," is difficult to determine. For a good part of the hour, she sits on a high stool at the back of the stage, with a haughty erectness that can be quite unnerving. She observes the ridiculous proceedings going on about her with the air of a girl from a finishing school who is being forced to spend a social evening in a fish market. At times, she becomes abstracted and appears to be lost in a misty, aristocratic dream world of her own. The full complexity of Dagmar's character, however, is not revealed until she opens her mouth to announce that she has "a concussion to make," or to discuss various aspects of "Prinkton University," or to complain about a college where one must join either "a sorority or an eternity." On each program, Dagmar reads a short essay she has written (or is said to have written) on some topic of interest to her, and as she reads this essay from a sheet of paper, it becomes clear that there are almost no limits to the depth of this strange girl's ignorance or to her easily wounded pride. Dagmar is played by Jennie Lewis. She must be seen, as the saying goes, to be believed, and I hope that she lives forever.

—Philip Hamburger

•

A commander of the British Royal Navy told us a story of a sea captain who kept in his ship's cabin a supply of fine rum and a parrot he was very fond of. One day the parrot's incessant chattering annoyed him. Irate, he threw a banana at him, knocking the bird off his perch and out cold.

The Captain, feeling badly, picked up the unconscious bird and to revive him, gave him two swigs of his precious rum—promptly the parrot died. Said the Captain, "Who would think that my rum would do this to any living thing." Moral, never try to revive a bird with alcohol unless it is diluted with water.—*Westport (Conn.) Town Crier.*

Or throw bananas.

•

OUR FORGETFUL EDITORS
(WATCH THAT NEXT TRAFFIC LIGHT DIVISION)

[*From "History of Modern Painting," Volume II, edited by Albert Skira*]

Thus, here, with the object of expressing anguish on this actor's face, he [Van Gogh] envelops it with green... green being for him the colour-equivalent of "those terrible things, men's passions."
—*Page 6.*

Here the pageboy's red uniform is purposeful; thus for Van Gogh red signifies "those terrible things, men's passions."
—*Page 129.*

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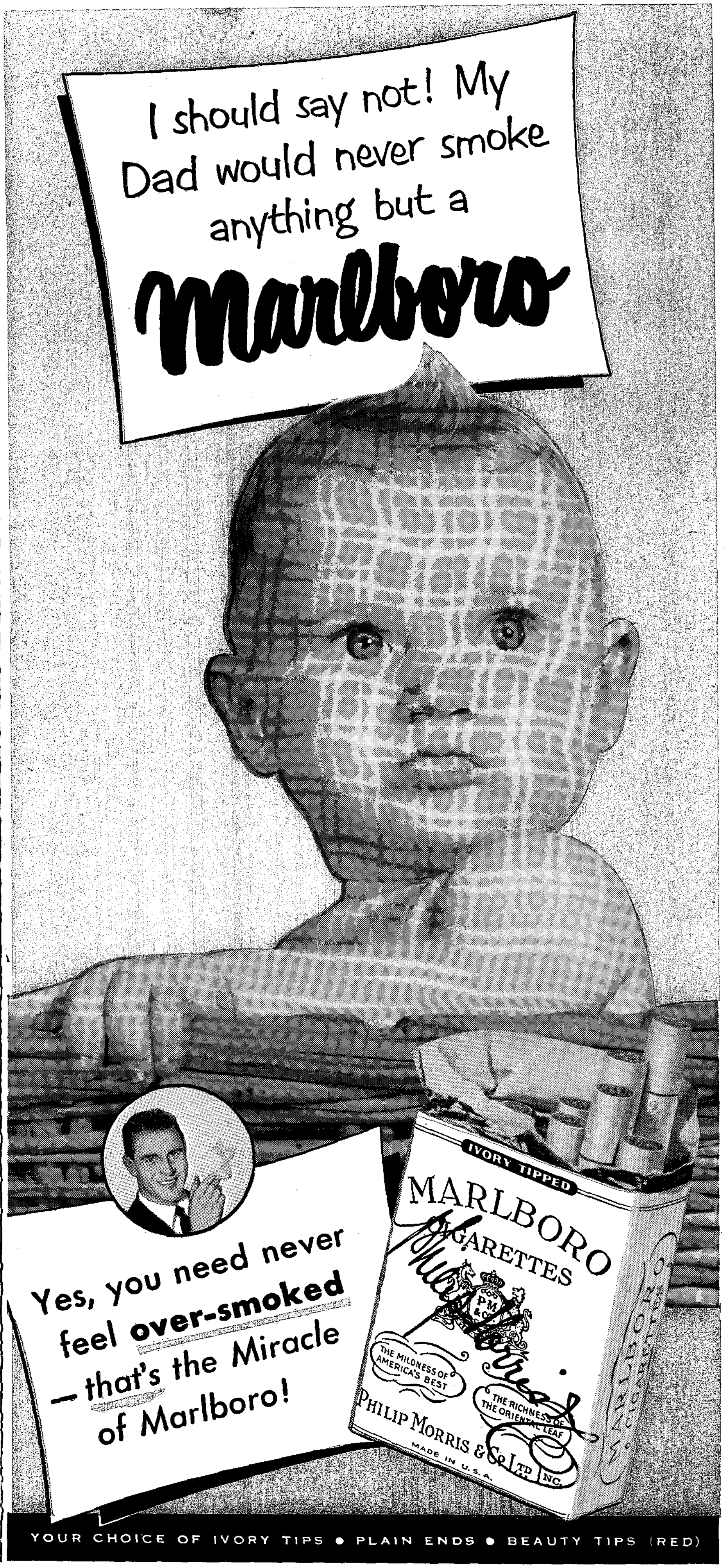
THE RACE TRACK

Autumn Days

THE conventions dictate that this department lead off with an account of the Demoiselle Stakes at Jamaica last Saturday, and awed references to Arcaro's skillful riding there last week, but for my money the best thing about the week was the delightful Indian-summer weather on Long Island.

As for the Demoiselle, it would be too much to say that Aunt Jinny's performance in winning the race moved her up among the better two-year-old fillies. Most horse-watchers are inclined to reserve judgment on her until after she runs for the Selima Stakes at Laurel this weekend. I might as well come right out and say that almost everybody was amazed by her victory, since she met much the same field in the Matron Stakes at Belmont last month and was beaten by more than twenty lengths. The reason she showed up so poorly then, it was said, was that she knocked herself dizzy against the starting gate. In any case, the jockeys around Jamaica took such a poor view of her chances that Duval Headley, who owns her, had to call on half a dozen before he found one who would ride her. The boy who took the mount was Nick Wall, an old-timer who used to be especially good at handling two-year-olds but hadn't won a stakes race in years. He didn't have much to do; Aunt Jinny led all the way, racing Atalanta silly before they reached the stretch turn and holding her advantage without any trouble from there on in. Vulcania was second and Rose Fern third. Aunt Jinny, who is named after a friend of the Headley family, is a smooth, medium-size dark-chestnut filly. She was bred by Headley (her dam was a wedding present to him) and is, of course, trained by him. At Jamaica one afternoon early last week, somebody asked him why he wasn't at the Keeneland meeting, which is usually Old Home Week for the Headleys. "I would be if I didn't have some business here," he said. That business, as we well know now, was winning the Demoiselle Stakes and its $30,700 in prize money.

Horseplayers had nothing but admiration for Arcaro last week. No doubt about it, he was hot. He didn't ride on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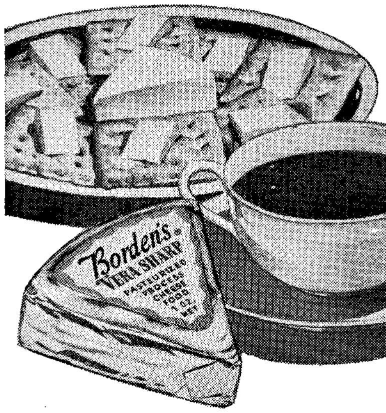

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Monday or Tuesday, and on Wednesday he had only two mounts, winning on one and finishing third on the other. On Thursday, though, he had four firsts out of five tries. He took Friday off, and on Saturday had four winners out of six mounts, most of them at short prices. Just to show you how much a popular jockey affects a horse's odds, I give you Boot All in the Demoiselle Stakes. She had started twice and won once—not a very impressive record, if I may say so—yet because Arcaro rode her, the crowd backed her so heavily that she was the favorite over Atalanta. She finished seventh. Let that be a lesson to you.

THERE is more in Repetoire, the winner of the Remsen Handicap at Jamaica last week, than meets the eye, and I don't mean merely his name, which, I presume, ought to be spelled "Repertoire." He won quite easily from Rough'n Tumble, who was third to Battlefield and Big Stretch in the Futurity at Belmont, and a number of other useful colts, and perhaps should be remembered, for he has a good turn of speed and a smooth way of going. Speaking of Big Stretch, from all accounts he had no trouble winning the Breeders' Futurity at Lexington last weekend. It was the first time the event, which is Keeneland's most important race for two-year-olds, was run at seven furlongs, and Big Stretch did the distance in 1:23⅗—not a record, but first-rate. I daresay his next start will be in the Pimlico Futurity.

PARDON me for harping on the question of whether Next Move is better than Bed o' Roses, or vice versa, but the controversy has brought up a story worth passing along. It seems that shortly before Alfred Vanderbilt shipped his stable to California this fall, he commissioned Frank Voss to paint a portrait of both fillies. They will be shown together on a racecourse, with their riders up. The other day, Vanderbilt told Guerin, his stable jockey, about it, and asked him which filly he'd like to be painted on. Guerin thought it over and said, "Well, I rode them both, so why can't he paint me on both?"

—AUDAX MINOR

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
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[*Hedda Hopper in the News*]

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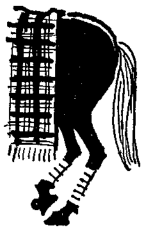

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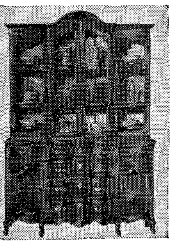

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THE ORACLES OF MARS~CONTINUED

HANSON W. BALDWIN, the military expert of the New York *Times*, is not what Max Werner, the military expert of the New York *Daily Compass*, might call a tank-spearheaded power type. Werner hammers away inexorably (to use one of his favorite words) against the nerve centers and Fowler's "Modern English Usage," throwing in wave after wave of words in revolutionary, unorthodox tactical formations until he achieves the strategical *anéantissement*, as Colonel de Grandmaison would have it, or *Vernichtung*, if you prefer Oberst Foertsch, of one or the other of the two armies he is writing about. (Both Baldwin and Werner, and, for that matter, any military expert, can and do cite even more sonorous authorities for their dicta.) This doctrine of the offensive *à outrance*, as Hood found in 1865, Nivelle in 1917, and Graziano in 1946, has its consequences as well as its rules. Hannibal was a big man after Cannae, but where was he after the elephants backed up on him? Similarly, Werner, who seemed spectacularly oracular when, in 1941, he picked the Russian Army to win, seemed the victim of a double envelopment by his own predictions when the North Korean Army collapsed.

This will never happen to Baldwin, who is a Maréchal de Saxe, or *Times*-editorial, sort of expert, moving carefully among fortress groups of balanced maxims and counter-maxims. "There is an old military maxim that he who commits his reserves last wins the battle," Baldwin wrote on August 9th, and promptly illustrated it by adding, "And there is another—still true, with reservations and modifications, as it was in Napoleon's time—that God is on the side of the big battalions." Later in the Korean campaign, he wrote, " 'There are only two powers in the world, the sword and the spirit,' Napoleon said. 'In the long run the sword is always defeated by the spirit.' " He now had Napoleon covering both flanks.

"Thus much of the Naktong River line at the moment is in that state of precarious balance that so often comes in battle," Baldwin, in an incisive mood, began a paragraph early in August. "A breach has occurred and other bridgeheads have been established but, with reserves, the breach could be sealed off, the bridgeheads contained. But—has the United States the reserves?" On August 30th, he wrote: "The hard core of the North Korean Army is composed of fanatical, well-trained veterans of either the Russian Army, the Chinese Communist armies, and/or the Japanese Army. . . . North Korean morale, on the other hand, might well be volatile; it could conceivably crack under hard military adversity, although, because of the Communist core of veterans, this seems unlikely." On September 3rd, Baldwin put the same problem so: "Korean morale is best described as volatile—in victory ruthless and aggressive, but in defeat perhaps uncertain. The North Korean Army is, however, bolstered by a hard core of fanatical Communists—some of them veterans of many battles, some of them possibly Chinese, Japanese, or Asiatic Russians—and there may not be much opportunity for lowered morale to express itself in the hard and practical terms of disintegration, even if the North Korean Army should endure massive defeats. Still, no man may gauge the moods of battle; the North Korean will-to-fight may wane." On September 17th, after the Inchon landing, Baldwin still had not committed his psychological-warfare reserves: "Asiatic, and particularly Korean morale, is known to be volatile—up when victory is in the air, down when the going becomes very tough. But the framework of the North Korean Army is built around a hard core of Communist fanatics and experienced veterans of Russian, Japanese, and Chinese Communist armies. Have enough of these been killed to permit dissolution; will the volatile Korean morale 'go to pot' and encourage the quick disintegration of the enemy forces?" Baldwin steals no bases on the Dodona circuit, but, on the other hand, he will never hit into a double play.

The *Times* oracle is an unconventional expert in at least one way: he supplies his readers with a considerable amount of information. The *Times* was the only newspaper in New York in which a reader last summer could learn the characteristics of the weapons in the news—weapons like the Tiny Tim rocket, the 105-mm. high-explosive anti-tank projectile, and the 3.5-inch bazooka—or get sane estimates of the amount and nature of Russian arms in use by the North Koreans. "Instead of obsolescent Japanese equipment plus a small amount of Soviet matériel," Baldwin wrote on August 16th, "the North Koreans have proved to be armed with sizable quantities of good Rus-

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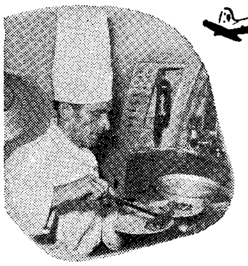

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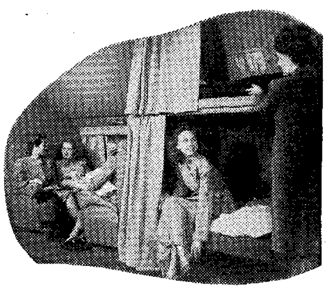

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sian World War II arms, some of them better than our own. The Russian T-34 tank, the SU-76, or self-propelled 76-mm. gun, the towed 76-mm. anti-tank gun, the 82-mm. and 120-mm. mortars, and the 122-mm. howitzer, as well as a Russian submachine gun or machine pistol, have appeared in quantity in Korea and have proved to be very effective weapons." The 122-mm. gun, he noted a week later, outranged our 155-mm. howitzer by five or six thousand yards. He also impressed me on August 16th with a geographical-meteorological dissertation on such places as Sovetskaya Gavan ("home base of the Russian Seventh Fleet . . . ice-locked from December to April") and Petropavlovsk ("base of the so-called Kamchatka Flotilla . . . relatively ice-free except in very severe winters . . . icebreakers keep the harbor open with no great difficulty"). "Vladivostok, home base of the Russian Fifth Fleet," he went on to report, "is ordinarily frozen for about eighty-six days each winter, although icebreakers keep it open for essential traffic." While Werner, at approximately the same stage of the Korean war, was anticipating a quick decision or even a knockout—"NEXT 3 DAYS CRUCIAL," "SPACE, TIME ARE SHRINKING"—Baldwin was equipping his subscribers for a winter campaign.

Being a former naval officer (Annapolis '24, resigned '27 to enter newspaper work), Baldwin got Admiral Mahan, the apostle of sea power, into the campaign early. "Concentration to Admiral Mahan, famed military strategist, was the 'ABC of strategy,' " he informed his readers on July 24th, in a piece headed "STRATEGY OF COMMITMENT." Then, possibly with some thought to unification of the services on the broadest possible basis, to include the Confederate ground forces, he recalled that "to General Forrest, it was 'to git thar fust with the most.' " "Git thar fustest with the mostest," is the way the mostest military writers quote Forrest. Baldwin was holding a couple of syllables in reserve.

From these maxims, Baldwin did not draw the inference, as Werner might have done, if he had bothered to quote them (the *Compass* strategos usually cites more exotic authorities, like General Brusilov), that the United States should throw its full weight against the North Koreans as fast as possible. Instead, he wrote: "Concentration means a clear view of the objective toward which a nation's main effort should be directed; it means economy of force, or

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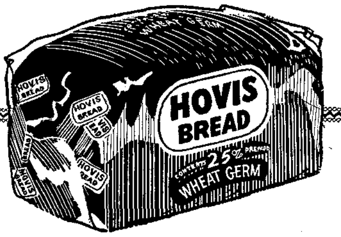
reduction of peripheral or side-show commitments to a minimum. . . . Viewed against the yardstick of these principles of strategy, Korea is a side show. . . . If Russian Communism could be sent reeling to the eastern reaches of the Pripet Marshes and behind the Dniester, the victory would be far more decisive than any retreat of the Northern Korean Communists to the Thirty-eighth Parallel." The circumstance that we weren't fighting Russia made a Dniester victory difficult to achieve at that moment, but the *Times* military expert was concerned with the big picture. While Werner was being awed by the combination of "tank-spearheaded mobile warfare and stubborn infantry battle" being waged by the North Koreans "with all scientific-tactical conclusions," the perils that preoccupied Baldwin were farther-flung. "Formosa is by no means secure," he warned. "Iran is another trouble zone. . . . What about Yugoslavia? . . . And what about Western Europe, where perhaps our strength is needed more than anywhere else in the world? . . . In other words, we must keep our eye on the ball. . . . More manpower is needed. This manpower can come only from two principal sources—Japan and Germany. . . . The Japanese should be given the responsibility of the defense of their own islands, with the right, reserved to us, to retain bases. A Western German police force or army, under allied control, should be formed. And foreign legions of Germans, Japanese, and other foreigners under United States or allied high command could well be organized and offered to the United Nations, to oppose conquest by proxy wherever it is tried."

At this point, it occurred to me that Baldwin might have forgotten two of my favorite stockpiles of military maxims, "Mercenaries of the Hellenistic World," by G. T. Griffith, and "Les Recherches et Antiquitez de la Province de Neustrie, à Présent Duché de Normandie," by Charles de Bourgueville, Sieur de Bras. De Bourgueville recorded that the lansquenets, the German mercenaries of his time, declined to bleed seriously in the cause of their employers, and instead robbed and bullied the civilian population of Caen until the citizens had to chase them with rocks. Griffith noted that the mercenaries of the fourth and third centuries B.C., while they fought well, had the unfortunate habit of taking over the states that had hired them. The lesson seems to be that ineffectual mercenaries aren't worth having and that the only safe way of handling effective ones is to maintain a



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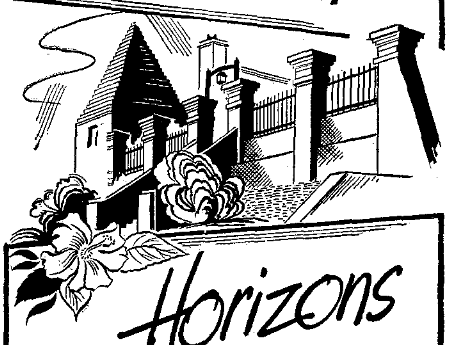
In his next piece, on July 26th, Baldwin probed Stalin's aims, and concluded: "Our intelligence has been wrong in the past; it could be again. . . . The hour of crisis will come when and if our troops face an Asiatic Dunkerque, or when we have concentrated in Korea the maximum possible strength we feel we can commit there. . . . That time has not yet come, but it may soon come." After that, on July 28th, Baldwin presented an informative roundup piece on mobilization, and, on July 31st, one on air power, which he said would have an increasing influence on the campaign. It wasn't until well into August that Baldwin returned to a detailed analysis of the peripheral imbroglio in Korea, in which, he said, he discerned these two problems: "1. Are we going to be able to concentrate sufficient ground troops to accomplish our objectives in Korea? 2. What limit should be set upon the number of troops it is strategically desirable to commit there?"

With Baldwin so uncommitted and Werner, apparently hypnotized by the foe's *mystique de l'offensive*, descrying every day a new deathtrap set for our forces, the Korean affair took on a pretty sombre aspect. On August 20th, Baldwin announced the result of a further squint through the battle smoke. "RESERVES ARE THE KEY TO OUTCOME IN KOREA," the heading over his piece that day proclaimed. And on August 23rd he was still poised for advance or retreat. "In one sense both pessimism and optimism are justified, but a balance ought to be struck between them," he wrote. "War knows no realism save the toll of dead and wounded. We have certain advantages in Korea and the enemy has other advantages. . . . It is still possible that he may call on powerful reserves, and in any case it is premature to do any 'whoopin' and hollering.' For as Napoleon said, 'the change from the defensive to the offensive is one of the most delicate operations of war.' "

NEARLY two weeks later, on September 3rd, Baldwin revealed the statistical basis of his misgiving. "The enemy now has some sixteen identified divisions in or near the fighting front," he wrote, "and four others have been reported tentatively in process of forma-



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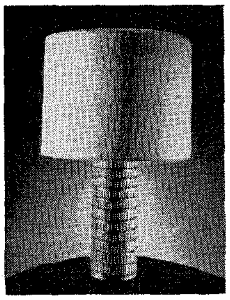

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tion in rear areas. . . . A three-to-one superiority in combat effectiveness—some think even a six-to-one superiority—is, if not essential, advisable to insure success. . . . We should, to be safe, gird ourselves for a long struggle." These figures, I immediately recognized, since I read all military experts with equal avidity, and have reason to believe they read each other, were meant as a corrective for any public euphoria based on an *expertise* cabled from Tokyo by Joseph Alsop, whose home base is Washington, and printed in the *Herald Tribune* on August 23rd. "Certainly, unless the Pentagon is getting ready to unveil its once famous secret weapons," Alsop had written, "there seems to be nothing in the facts to justify such a hopeful Tokyo. It is not sustained by the facts, which are all too simple and all too bleak. In brief, no less than thirteen North Korean divisions are surely in the field. Two more are probably in action, and the intelligence indicates that four new divisions will be ready before long. . . . But the classical ratio of strength, declared by all prudent commanders in order to assume the offensive, is at least two to one. On the basis of this ratio, we should need at least twenty-six American and South Korean divisions to undertake a big push northwards."

It had been clear to me when I first read this that Alsop, in urging us to an attack with only twenty-six divisions (fourteen of which we didn't have, in Korea or anywhere else), was taking dangerous liberties with his own two-to-one ratio. Two days later, Werner quoted Alsop's statement of the classical ratio. But, earlier, Werner had said that the North Korean government could probably muster *fifty* divisions. Now I began to measure the trap into which an Alsop-coached army might fall. On the basis of the Alsop and Werner columns, I could see that not twenty-six but a hundred divisions were necessary for what Napoleon called one of the most delicate operations of war. Never during the Second World War did the United States possess more than ninety divisions, and it was plain to me that we were going to have to cut deep into the ranks of our essential workers this time in order to scrape up more than that. But the Baldwin column that followed the Alsop and Werner pieces showed how grim our plight really was. Striking an average between Baldwin's ratio of three-to-one superiority for combat effectiveness and the six-to-one ratio the expert said some thought, if not vital, certainly advisable, I arrived at the ratio

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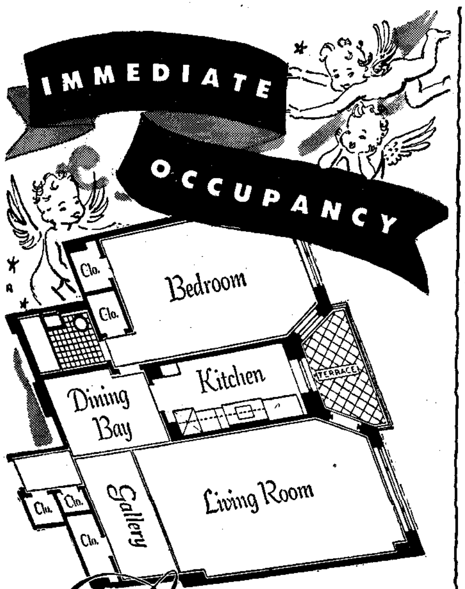
of four and a half to one, or, in betting terms, nine to two. Accepting Baldwin's estimate of twenty available enemy divisions, we would need ninety, which was considerably more than Alsop's inadequate—and mostly nonexistent—twenty-six. On the basis of the scientific Werner's report of fifty North Korean divisions, it now became apparent that, by my adjusted ratio, we might need two hundred and twenty-five divisions or even three hundred divisions (if Baldwin's "some" were right). Going into a kind of mental arithmetic I used to do a few years ago—three divisions, forty-five thousand men, plus corps troops, make one army corps, seventy thousand men; two army corps, a hundred and forty thousand men, plus army troops, make one hundred and eighty thousand men—I could see that three hundred divisions, with corps and army units, would amount to at least nine million men, while supply troops, replacements, and a proportionate increase in the Air Force might amount to eight million more, and it would take years to build the shipping to carry them, even if the shipyards found an exclusively female personnel reasonably efficient. It seemed too long a struggle to gird ourselves for, and I perceived only one way out—surrender.

THERE was no quit in Baldwin, however, even though he remained essentially conservative. "To avoid the mountains, a landing . . . would be logical," he wrote on September 10th, "but again, until troops are available and supplies ready, such a move, unless limited, would be pretty risky. Clausewitz, the great advocate of ground power, put the pre-conditions for a strategic offensive succinctly in his 'Principles of Warfare,' a hundred and thirty years ago. They have not changed. . . . In any case, we should not expect unlimited assault, quick decision, or rapid victory."

A week later, on September 17th, after the landings at Inchon, Baldwin wrote, "No prediction as to the ultimate outcome of these landings is possible at this time, for there are too many intangibles to permit accurate calculation." On the twenty-seventh, he acquiesced in our apparent good fortune, but only for half a column or so. "One of the boldest gambles in modern United States military history—the Inchon invasion—has fully paid off and a large part of the North Korean Army has been cut up and battered and seems to be in the process of dissolution," his story started off on that day. But the second half of the column began, "Two great



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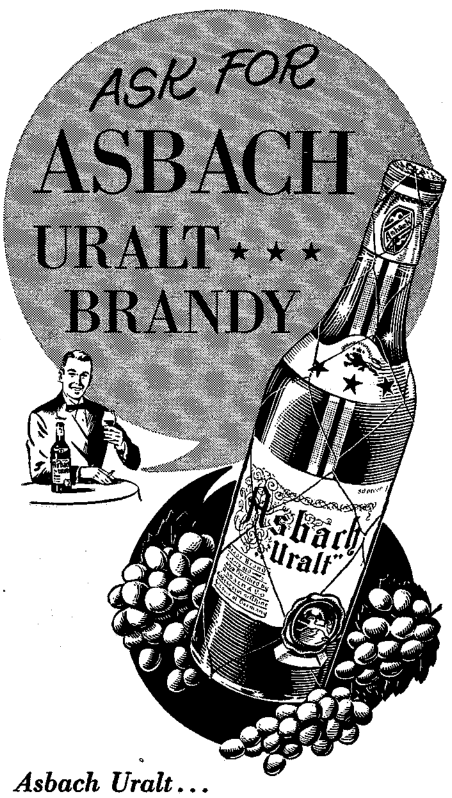

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questions now dominate the Korean picture. (1) What has happened to the North Korean Army; in other words, what are the exact dimensions of its defeat? (2) What do we do next; do we move north of the Thirty-eighth Parallel?" With respect to the latter question, Baldwin stated, "We are in a 'damned-if-we-do and damned-if-we-don't' situation."

MR. BALDWIN has since gone to Korea to do a bit of reporting; in flight his plane may well have crossed that in which Mr. Alsop was flying home to Olympus after a ten-week stint of war reporting. I had occasion last week to distinguish between the reporter, who writes what he sees; the interpretive reporter, who writes what he sees and what he construes to be its meaning; and the expert, who writes what he construes to be the meaning of what he hasn't seen. The shifting roles of Baldwin and Alsop will, I suspect, bring these distinctions into sharper focus. Joseph Alsop and his brother Stewart, who until Korea pretty much confined themselves to being experts and interpretive reporters, call their syndicated column "Matter of Fact," even though it often contains a high percentage of opinion. For more than a year before the North Korean invasion, the Alsops carried on an almost continuous attack on the policies and personality of the then Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson. Their major charge was that our armed forces had, for reasons of economy, been trimmed much too low for safety, and, in the light of this, the first weeks of the Korean war proved that on occasion experts can be abundantly right.

Instead of staying home and indulging in a long syndicated gloat, however, Joseph Alsop chose to have a close look at the war, and he did a pretty readable job of battlefield reporting. This interfered with his oracular activities,

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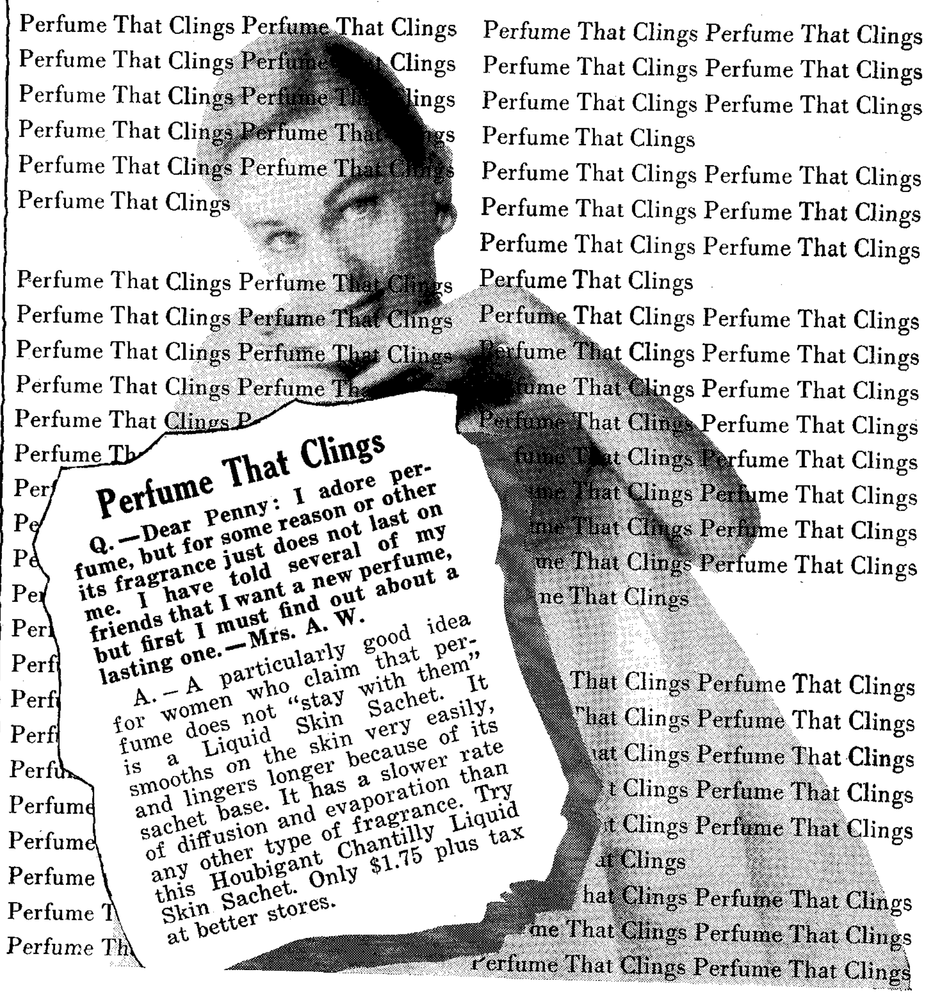
Perfume That Clings

Q.—Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.

A.—A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only $1.75 plus tax at better stores.
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and it is perhaps unfair to allude to him any longer as a military expert. The classical-ratio interlude cited above may be excused as a temporary lapse, and anyway he wrote it in Tokyo, not at the front. But even while he was within range of the gunfire, he added at least one to the list of authorities quoted by the more conventionally located experts in New York and Washington. “That evening, glancing through a pocket edition of Plutarch,” Alsop wrote about himself at a battalion headquarters, presenting an appealing vignette of the cultured correspondent, “this reporter found a description of the troubles of the Roman republican general Metellus with the wild Iberian tribes in Spain. Nearly 2,000 years ago, the historian wrote as follows: [The excerpt told how the Iberians had scrambled around among the rocks while the legionaries stuck to the roads.] In the foregoing passage, you may simply substitute the name of Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker for that of his Roman predecessor, Metellus. You will then have the most succinct possible statement of one of our main difficulties in Korea today.” Here is an example of the essential technique of military writing: *one attacks by leapfrogging citation over explanation, then pinching out the citation,* and beginning all over again. The pocket Plutarch was apparently Mr. Alsop’s mobile reserve of maxims. I am glad he never had to commit any more of it.

While at the front, Alsop even acquired the field reporter’s anti-oracle complex, which he expressed in the following lines on August 23rd: “In the matter of the main problem of how we can take the offensive in Korea, all correspondents notice the same singular phenomenon when they make necessary trips from the front to the command post to forward headquarters to this dreary city, in order to send off copy. The farther from the front you get, the more hopeful grow the forecasts, until you reach Tokyo and they talk of victory by Christmas. This makes you wonder just who has gone mad.” (Here was one time when the rear may have known something.) On September 1st, back at the front but having perhaps been infected by headquarters fever, Alsop wrote, “In short, we *might* get out of this mess in Korea rather more quickly than seemed likely when catastrophe still imminently threatened.” But on the eighth, still at the front and cured of the fever, he was down again. “Some may argue that General Walker ought to have short-

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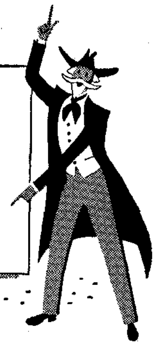

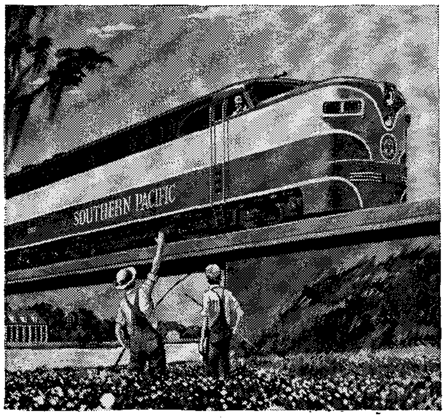

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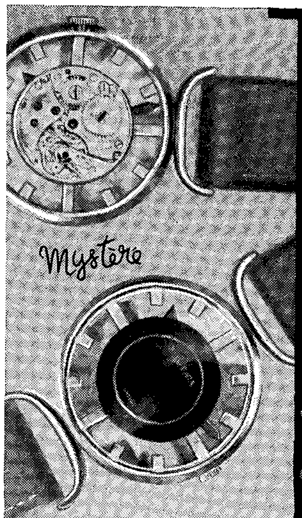

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ened the whole defense perimeter," he wrote. "Certainly he was strongly encouraged not to do so by the Pentagon, so hungry for blame-erasing victory, so fearful of the political repercussions of retreat. If he fails now, it will not be his fault. In plain words it will be the fault of those who defrauded the American people, claiming they were making America strong when they were making America weak." In a dispatch published on the thirteenth, Alsop, back in Tokyo, was moderately hopeful again. "A relatively small increment of force should give us enough to achieve a breakthrough, or could even conceivably be landed in the North Korean rear," he wrote, as if lightly touched by the wing of some prophetic bird. On the twenty-seventh, his column bore the subhead "THE CONQUERORS."

I somehow wonder whether Joseph Alsop will ever be able to function as a full-time oracle again. Down, moderately up, way down, not quite so up as the first time, and, finally, way up, all within the space of a month or so, is not the way for a Priest of Eleusis to be. Perhaps he will retain a suspicion that out of combat, as in it, confusion is fairly normal.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

ON RETURNING FROM THE STATION

Who closed the shutter?
Who drew the curtain?
Who dropped the blind?
Who knows for certain?
How still now the rooms are,
The rooms of this life—
Lonely the lover,
Loveless the wife.
A landscape in charcoal,
A heaven in chalk;
Dead leaves caper
Across a bare walk.
Rivers run coldly,
The wind smells of rain;
At sunset there's dark
On the windowpane.
The brown lane is endless,
The lake without bottom;
Who shall answer for
This unhappy autumn?

—DOROTHY HUNT SCHOFIELD

•

In 1620 when the Pilgrims traveled to Plymouth, no member of the New England Hotel Association was waiting with open door and warm hearth to welcome and care for their wants.—*Adv. on a road map.*

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THE PONY

IN the late nineteen-twenties, when I was in grammar school, my family lived in an upstairs flat on Detroit's East Side. Our neighborhood of boxlike two-story, two-family houses was bounded on one side by a number of automobile factories and on another by the Detroit River. My father and mother both worked, and, being an only child and having a good deal of time alone outside of school hours, I spent most of it involving myself in a variety of imaginary adventures. For one long period, I saw myself as a boy detective and kept my right hand constantly in my coat pocket grasping my cap gun. Later, I took to walking pigeon-toed, because I had read that woodsmen walked that way and I was preparing for a career as a Canadian trapper. Generally, one cycle would fade out easily and naturally and be replaced by another. But the business of the pony was different.

It began one afternoon when a new issue of the *American Boy* arrived. Junior Carpenter, who lived three houses away, was with me, and we were lying across the bed in my room engaged in a game we called "reading racing." The object was to see which of us could finish each page of the magazine first. I often unscrupulously skipped whole sentences, but I suspect that Junior employed a bolder system and skipped paragraphs, for he nearly always won. When he did, he would either emit a series of small, patient sighs or keep asking "Finished yet?" while he waited, his finger under the edge of the page.

He beat me badly that day, and I sent him home. Then I sat down with the magazine to subject it to a leisurely analysis, studying every picture, story, and advertisement. Presently I came across an advertisement inviting all boys to enter a contest, conducted by a Chicago company, and win a Shetland pony or one of a number of lesser prizes. Apparently, all one had to do was find nine faces concealed in a drawing the advertisement included.

Out of routine curiosity, I tried to find the faces, and, to my astonishment, I located all nine in a few minutes. The thought that I was virtually the owner of a genuine, live Shetland pony ripped through my mind like a grass fire, and I was off on horseback to the Far West, to Canada, to my grandmother's, in Pennsylvania. I had not returned when I sat down to dinner that night. I had decided there was no point in spreading word of the forthcoming event too early. My parents were usually unenthusiastic about my ideas on pets, and I was sure that if I mentioned it to Junior, he would somehow wind up owning the pony. So, after dinner, keeping everything under my hat, I simply asked my mother for a stamp, disappeared into my bedroom, filled out the entry blank, and went out and mailed it.

At that time, I kept a Sears, Roebuck catalogue under my bed and checked through it every night before going to sleep, lingering over the various items in which I was currently interested, such as guns, steel traps, and athletic equipment. On that particular night, of course, I studied the sections on saddles, bridles, and bits.

FOR the next week or two, I was on hand every afternoon to meet the mailman when he made his delivery. I thought the company would most likely notify me by letter that it was shipping the pony, although I had at least considered the possibility that they might send it without advance notice. After about two weeks, a letter did come, and along with it a package. The letter didn't say that I had actually won the pony, but I was greatly encouraged by its contents. It appeared that for having deciphered the puzzle I had been awarded eight hundred and fifty out of a possible one thousand points in the contest. In addition, I had been given fifty points for promptness, making a total of nine hundred. The first contestant to achieve a thousand points would receive the pony, complete with saddle and harness. There were several other entrants with nine-hundred-point totals, and they and I were to be allowed to compete for the additional points by selling packets of seeds, at five cents each. These—one hundred and fifty of them—were in the package that had arrived with the letter.

I started selling that afternoon and pursued the job thereafter with great diligence. It was then approaching winter, and thoughts of gardening must have been remote from everyone's mind, because after a week of steady canvassing I had sold only five packets. Every night after school, I covered a couple of blocks on the way home, ringing doorbells and presenting my sales talk. I was still keeping my own counsel as far as my family was concerned, however, and I always went home in time to hide my merchandise away in the basement before my mother got back from work. Later I discovered that relatives who could be trusted not to divulge the project to my parents were my best market. I made quite a few sales to them, and occasionally got outright donations, with which I bought seeds myself.

After a time, I was down to twenty packets, all sunflower seed, which from the beginning had been my poorest item. An admirer of one of my younger aunts finally put me over the top with a contribution of a dollar, and I sent the total proceeds off immediately.

From the first, I had made a confidante of the grandmother of the Serbian family that lived downstairs. She had come from the old country, and spent most of her time cooking in a kitchen her family had made for her in their half of the basement. I frequently consulted her about my problems, and I went to see her after I had sent off the seed money. She was standing at a table cutting dough, rolled very thin, into fine noodles.

"Would it be better for a pony to live in a garage or in a basement?" I asked.

"I don't know how to answer," she said, handing me some raw noodles to chew. "In my town in Serbia, lots of people kept animals in their houses."

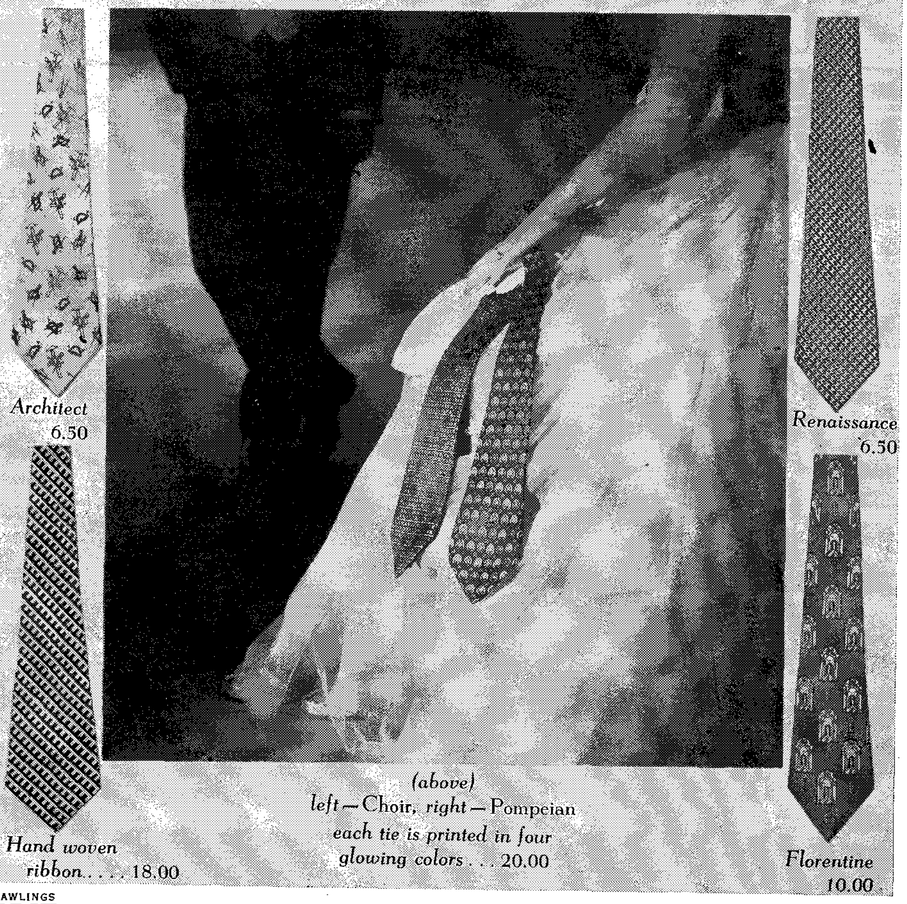
"In the winter, it would be warmer in the basement," I said, "and there wouldn't be cars coming in late at night to wake him up."

"I think maybe Louie might not like it," she said. "He doesn't like anything that's old-fashioned." Louie was her oldest son. He ran a barbershop downtown and was the owner of the house.

"I could keep him in our half," I said, munching the noodles. "When Louie sees him, he'll like him."

"As for me," the old lady said, "I wouldn't mind. It might be like company."

A FEW days later, I received another letter from the company, and another package. The letter said



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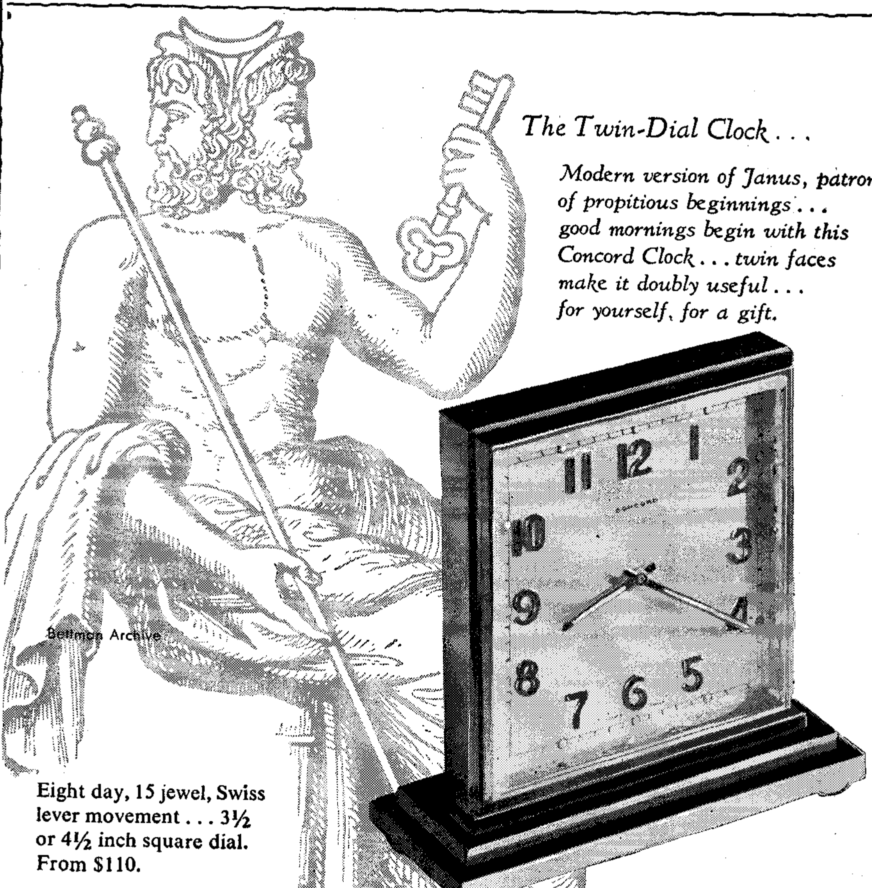

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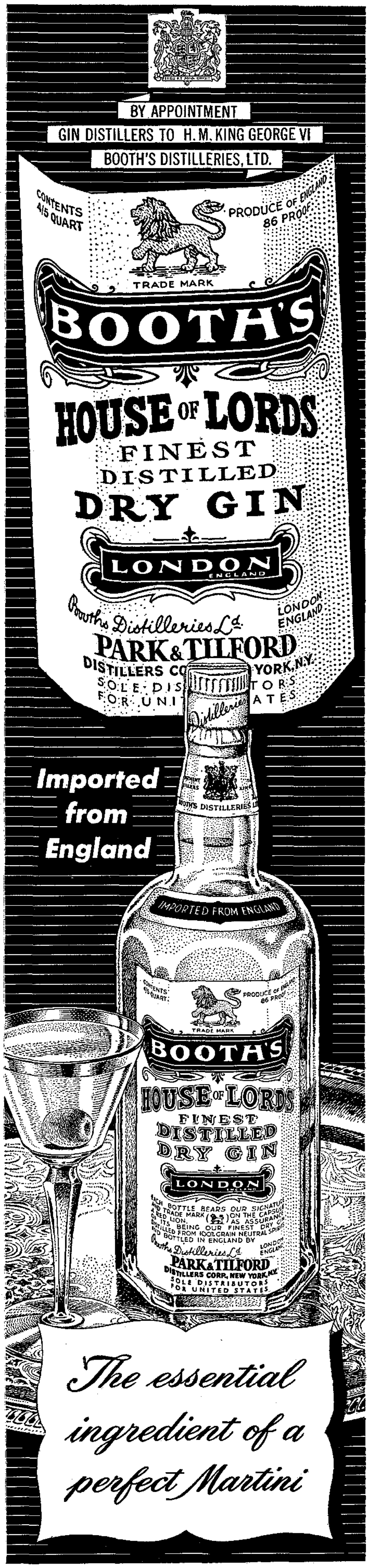
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that as a result of my sale of the seeds and my prompt delivery of the money I had been awarded fifty more points, giving me a grand total of nine hundred and fifty, and I was now ready for the next step in the contest. I was to distribute an item that, at fifty cents, would all but sell itself; namely, a set of twelve "art pictures," with which I was to give away free an ostrich-plume desk pen.

I had rather hoped the marketing part of the contest was over, but I was by no means discouraged. My first move was to canvass the blocks between home and school again. Apparently, I had exhausted that market, for I didn't sell a single set of pictures there. I tried new territory, with no luck, and I tried putting in more time at the work. I tramped the streets every night after supper as long as my family would allow me to stay out, and all day Saturdays. I tried relatives and family friends again, but by this time my parents had partly caught on to my activities, and my father announced to visitors at our house that he would redeem out of my allowance any purchases I goaded them into making.

When several weeks had elapsed and I had sold only four out of twenty-five sets, I thought I had better send off what money I had collected, in order to get at least some credit. I carefully wrapped the ostrich plumes and pictures, together with two one-dollar bills, and sent them off to Chicago. Soon a third letter came. The company generously congratulated me, despite my showing with the pictures, and said that I had been awarded fifteen more points, making my total nine hundred and sixty-five. All I had to do for the remaining thirty-five points was sell fifty twenty-five-cent subscriptions to a four-page magazine called the *Home Lover's Helper*. The letter went on to assure me that my chances of winning the pony were excellent, and it emphasized that speed was essential. A large brown envelope containing sample copies and subscription blanks came in the same mail. The magazine was printed on rough paper and was devoted almost exclusively to advertisements for muscle-building courses, gasoline-saving devices, home lessons in ventriloquism, and the like.

That winter was a snowy one, and I shovelled sidewalks grimly from mid-December until the end of February, converting the money I made into subscriptions. I mailed off three or four a week, filling in the order blanks with

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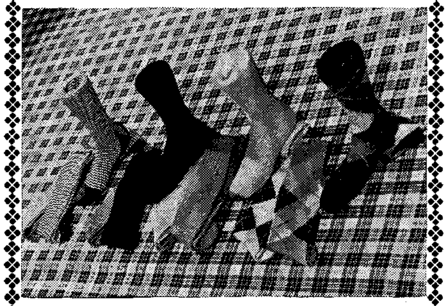

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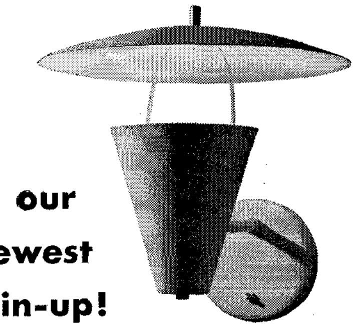

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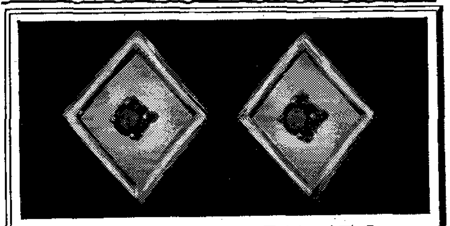

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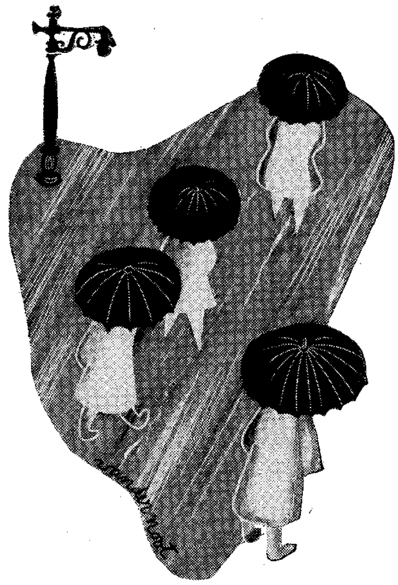
the names of various relatives and friends. By early March, with the help of some Christmas money and a slight advance on my allowance, I was able to fill my quota, and with some confidence and a world of hope I sent off my final subscriptions.

By this time, thoughts of the pony filled my entire life. I called him Duke, and whenever I was alone in the house or walking along the street, I talked to him. Going to school in the morning, I envisioned myself in the saddle. At noon, I pretended to move the pony to a shady part of the schoolyard and I had great trouble keeping the other children from feeding him candy. When I ran errands, when I took hikes along the river, Duke was with me.

I began making preparations in anticipation of his arrival. I found a can of neat's-foot oil, which I put aside for keeping the saddle in good condition. I gathered a stack of boards, with which I planned to build a stall, and I accumulated several baskets of straw. There were other things, too, that I had gleaned here and there—a wire brush, some pieces of leather strap, and one spur.

Weeks went by. I met the mailman every afternoon. I made up hundreds of explanations for the delay. A tormenting one was that the stamp on my last letter had become unstuck and that the letter had never reached Chicago. Finally, on a May afternoon, a letter came. I grabbed it out of the mailman's hand and tore it open. "Dear Sir," it began. "Congratulations!" The contest, it said, was over. It had been very difficult to pick the winners. Nevertheless, the decisions had been made. I had been chosen for one of the second



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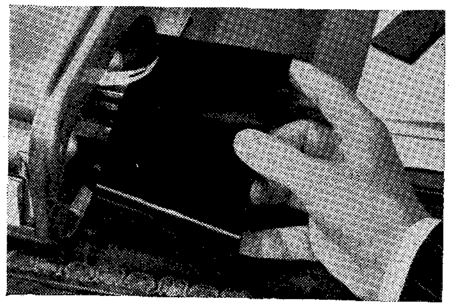

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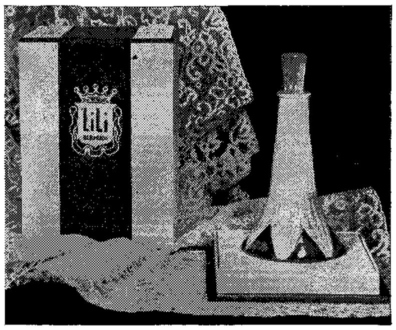

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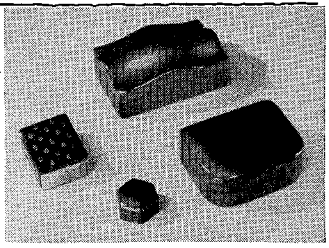

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I READ the letter over again, and then examined a picture of the winner of the first prize, which was enclosed—a blurry photograph of a boy in some town in Iowa, standing beside Duke. I went down to the basement and sat with the neat's-foot oil, the baskets of straw, and the other things until it got dark and my mother came home. Perhaps my illusions were too strong to be knocked down all at once, or possibly there were some unreasonable small strands of hope remaining. At any rate, for some reason, I didn't cry. I just sat.

That night, I didn't eat much dinner, and afterward I went to my room and got out the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. For the last time, I looked over the saddles, bridles, and bits. In an effort to work up some enthusiasm for the dirigible, I checked the index for aviators' equipment. I found only helmets and goggles, and both turned out to be very expensive.

I lay in bed later and wondered what a person could do with a dirigible. In summer, I thought, you could drift around up in the air, where it was cool, and perhaps go out over the river. It might not be too bad to coast along at the height of the second story of houses and look in windows. I decided that Robert Harris, who lived on our street, might go with me, and I ruled out Junior Carpenter, who would want to fly it himself. But none of this really seemed to matter very much. A dirigible wasn't at all the same thing as a pony.

The dirigible came the next day. When I opened the package, I found a long, cigar-shaped tissue-paper bag with a light wooden ring, crossed by two pieces of piano wire, set in an opening in the underside. I looked in the box for the additional parts I thought must surely be there, but I found none—no tail fins, no propellers, not even a cardboard gondola to fasten underneath; nothing but a sheet of instructions and two balls of excelsior that seemed to have been dipped in something gummy. These, the instructions said, were bombs. You fastened a bomb to the crossed wires and lit it, and the heat inflated the balloon and carried it aloft. There was no mention of how you got the balloon back after a flight.

I went to the kitchen, took some matches from the box on the stove, and carried the dirigible into the back yard. I fastened an excelsior bomb

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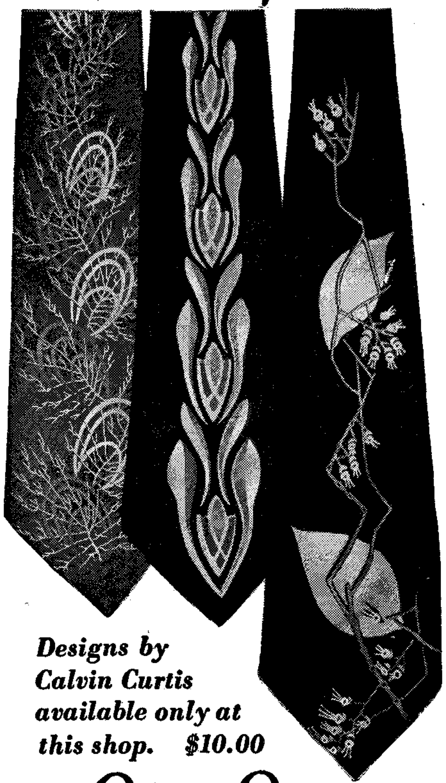

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to the wires and lit it, after some difficulty. The fire immediately caught the tissue paper of the balloon, which vanished in a single puff of flame. The bomb continued to sputter and smoke for a few more seconds. A scrap of ash from the tissue paper blew across the yard and away, and it was only then, I think, that I realized I would never get the pony.

—WALDEMAR A. NIELSEN

•

WHAT GENERAL D'YA READ?

On the afternoon of November 30, Lieutenant General Bob Eichelberger reported to General MacArthur at Government House for instructions.

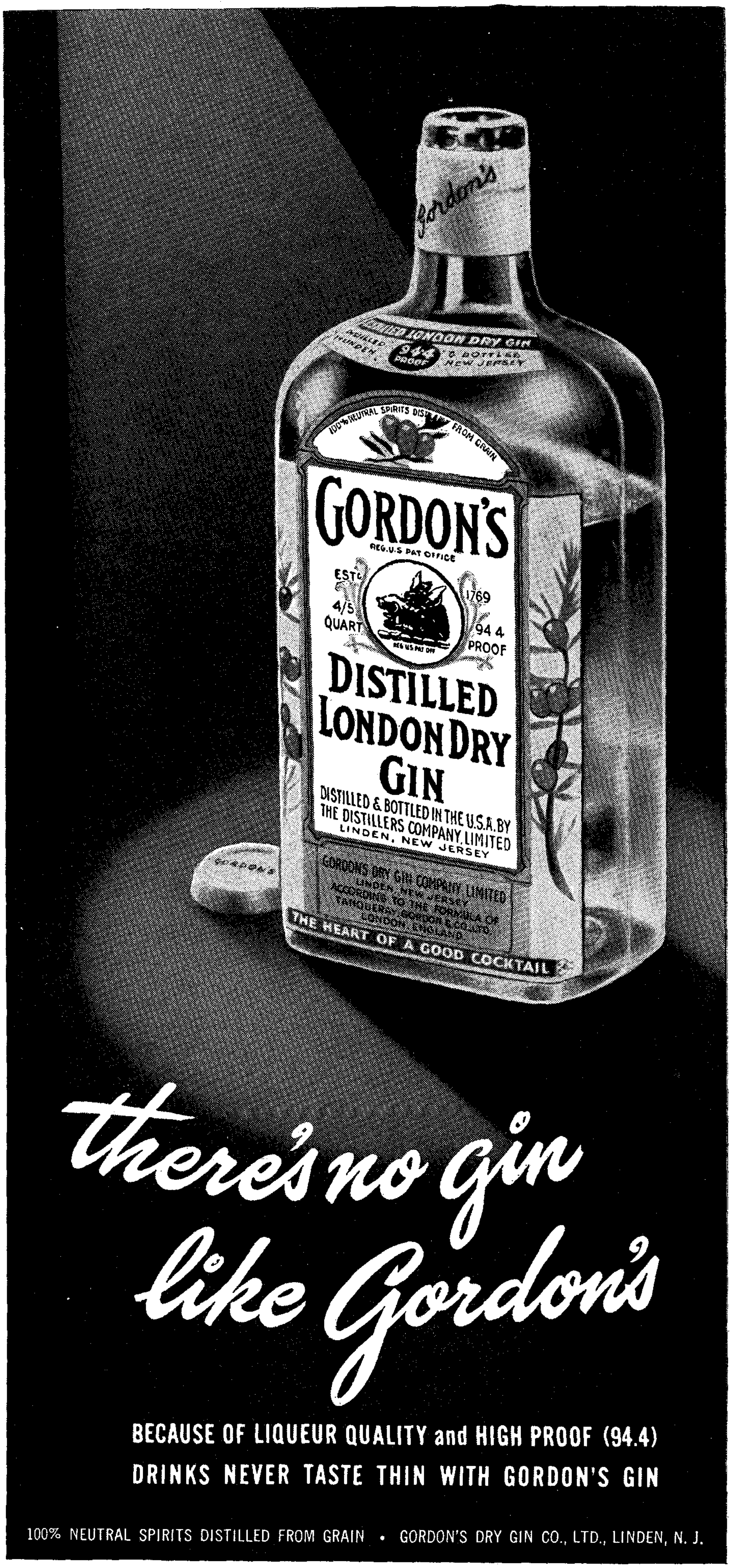
General MacArthur calmly gave Bob a resume of the situation. He said he couldn't believe that those troops represented the American fighting man of this war. He would be discouraged if he thought so. He believed that they needed leadership to galvanize them, to give them back the fighting, aggressive spirit of the American soldier. He said he knew they were not trained for this type of warfare, the climate was wearing them down, and they were sick, but that a real leader could take those same men and capture Buna. "Bob," he said, "that is the job I'm giving you—go get Buna." He went on to tell him that this was Bob's opportunity of his career, that he believed in him and was confident that he would come through, but then he said, "Now, Bob, I have no illusions about your personal courage, but remember that you are no use to me—dead." *—From "General Kenney Reports," by General George C. Kenney.*

Byers and I were conducted to a sweeping veranda where General Sutherland sat at a desk, grave-faced. He had just flown back over the Owen Stanley Mountains from Dobodura, and it was plain that his report on conditions at Buna was responsible for my abrupt summons. General MacArthur was striding up and down the long veranda. General Kenney, whose planes were to do so much to make the ultimate victory possible, was the only man who greeted me with a smile. There were no preliminaries.

"Bob," said General MacArthur in a grim voice, "I'm putting you in command at Buna. Relieve Harding. I am sending you in, Bob, and I want you to remove all officers who won't fight. Relieve regimental and battalion commanders; if necessary, put sergeants in charge of battalions and corporals in charge of companies—anyone who will fight. Time is of the essence; the Japs may land reinforcements any night."

General MacArthur strode down the breezy veranda again. He said he had reports that American soldiers were throwing away their weapons and running from the enemy. Then he stopped short and spoke with emphasis. He wanted no misunderstandings about my assignment.

"Bob," he said, "I want you to take Buna, or not come back alive."*—From "Our Jungle Road to Tokyo," by Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger.*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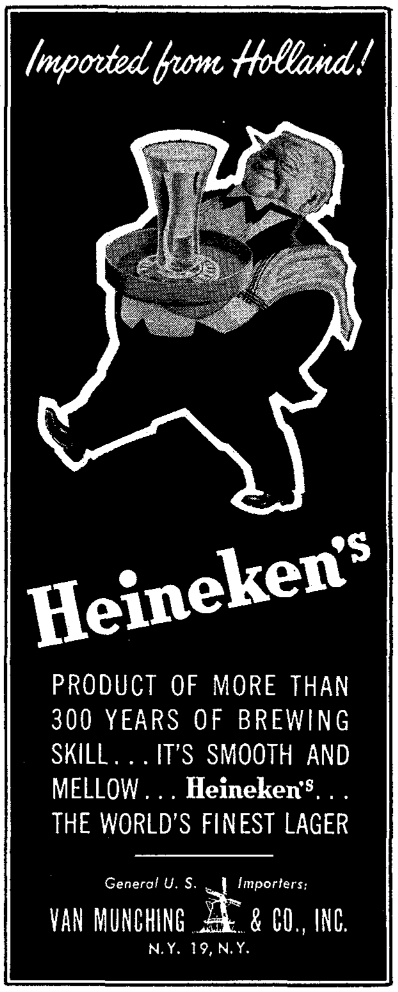

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LETTER FROM VIENNA

OCTOBER 18

VIENNA, a city islanded ninety miles behind the Iron Curtain, is connected with the Western world by two official corridors, each one containing a railroad line and a highway. In accordance with an agreement drawn up between the Western Allies and the Soviets, American and French citizens must travel through the Russian Zone of Austria via Linz, the Enns River bridge, and St. Pölten, and British citizens via Semmering and Wiener-Neustadt. (American-British married couples have sometimes had to split up on entering or leaving the city, if they were without special Soviet permits.) The Russians, it hardly need be said, are difficult people to make a deal with, but they usually stick to specific agreements that permit only one interpretation. So far, they have stuck to a statement of principles evolved by the European Advisory Commission (of which the late John G. Winant was the American member) on July 9, 1945, which contained the recommendation that "personnel of the forces of occupation in Austria, including those allotted for the occupation of Vienna . . . have freedom of movement and communication throughout Austria in the execution of their duties or when travelling on leave, in accordance with regulations to be established." Two weeks later, the Allied Chiefs of Staff in Vienna formalized this recommendation and established the corridors on which the very lives of all the Westerners in Vienna now depend. There is no Allied airport in the city. Both the American airport of Tulln and the British-French airport of Schwechat are a long way out of town and inside the Soviet Zone. There could be no airlift to Vienna; nor could the garrison be evacuated by plane.

I have driven to and from Vienna several times during the last six months, and the routine of irritating formalities has been fairly consistent: At the American end of the bridge over the Enns River, which forms part of the border between the American and Russian Zones, a smart-looking American military policeman checks your passport and your Occupation Force travel permit, commonly known as a "gray pass," which is printed in English, French, and Russian, and hands you an order, signed by the United States Army Provost Marshal in Vienna, forbidding you to stop anywhere in the Russian Zone "except in an emergency." The M.P. makes a note of the license number of your car and phones it to Vienna, the idea being that if you don't show up after a reasonable period of time, the M.P.s there will start making inquiries. (Americans without Soviet authorization to leave the highway have been arrested by the Russians for driving no more than a yard off the road.) An Army ordnance truck tours the highway frequently to rescue Americans stranded by a flat tire or motor trouble. It is not true, as I have heard people who have never been to Vienna say, that it is dangerous to drive through the Russian Zone, but it is a fact that few Americans care to do so after nightfall.

At the Russian end of the Enns bridge, your car is stopped by a barrier. A Russian soldier with the collar markings of a private or a corporal emerges from a wooden shack to inspect your papers. Contrary to a widespread belief, the Russians are not given to holding passports upside down when they examine them; they know damn well what they are doing. They usually perform their duty in silence, but they may say "*Bitte schön*" and "*Danke schön*" to a pretty woman, and occasionally they may start a conversation. Many members of Vienna's foreign colony are convinced that these privates and corporals are not always what they appear to be. The general opinion is that if the soldiers try to engage a traveller in any sort of talk, they are likely to be captains or majors in Russian Army Intelligence. Not long ago, two American civilians who work for a government agency in Vienna were asked in halting German by an ostensible Soviet corporal on the Enns bridge whether they thought there would be a war soon. They replied, truthfully, that they certainly hoped not. The Russian nodded and said the present unhappy world situation could be credited to

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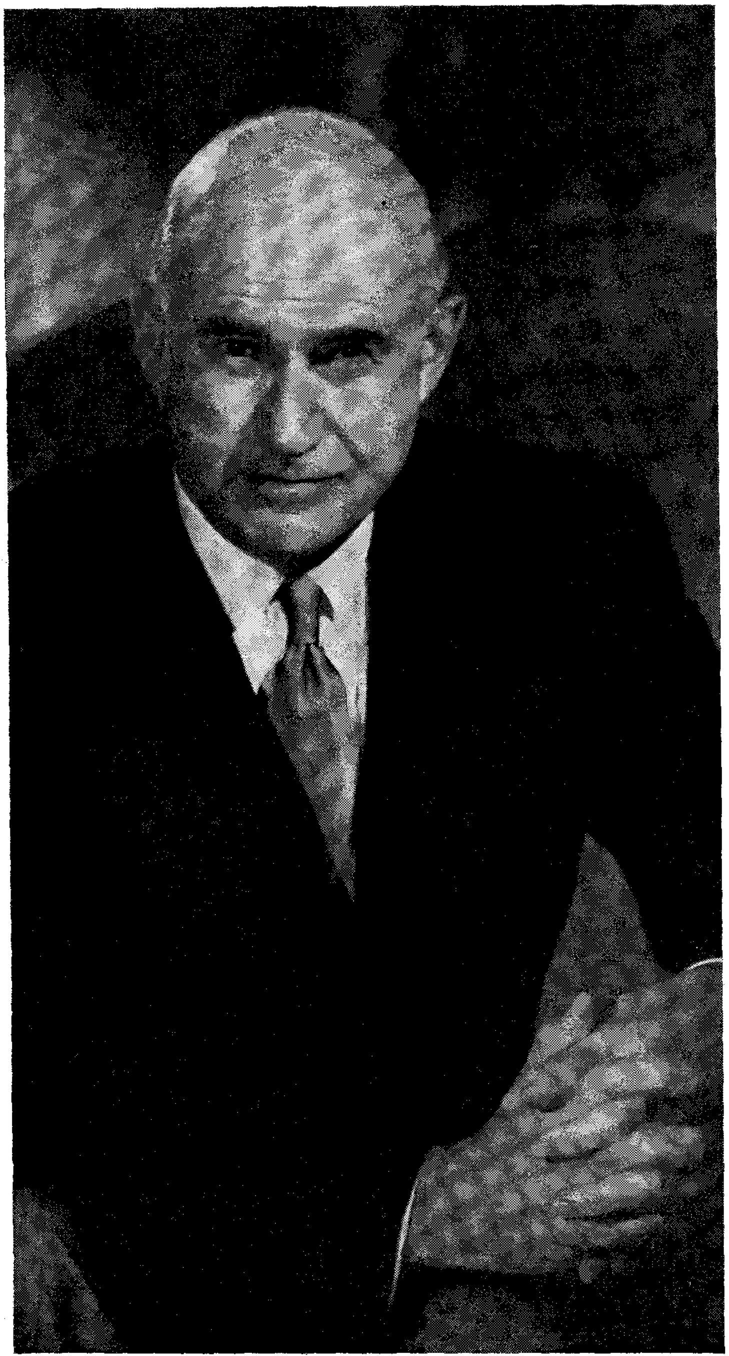

DISTINGUISHED motion picture producer, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, whose latest film, "Our Very Own," is currently being shown throughout the nation. Also noted as an international traveler, Mr. Goldwyn has just returned to America after four months in England, France, Germany and Italy. "Flying," he says, "is a wonderful way to combine business with pleasure. You can do so much and see so much in such a short time."

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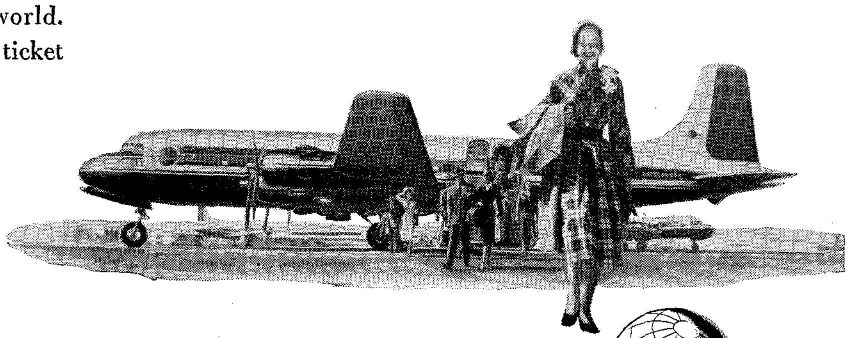

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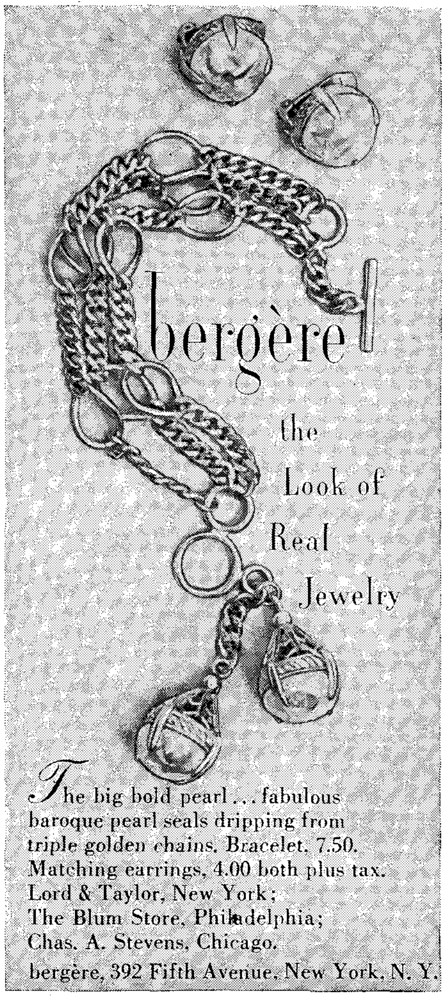
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vicious propaganda, which poisoned the minds of the people. The Americans expressed hearty agreement and drove off, delighted, they reported later, by the thought of what the Russian headquarters would make of *that* piece of intelligence.

There are no Soviet installations at the Enns bridge except the barrier and the wooden shack (but the second-story windows of the nearby village inn have heavy iron bars, an unusual architectural detail in these parts), and no Russian soldiers, other than the guards, are in evidence. The Russians love to play hide-and-seek. Driving through the Soviet Zone on the way to Vienna, you see few of the forty-five thousand Red Army soldiers stationed there. In such Soviet garrison towns as Amstetten and St. Pölten, the clearly marked through route, from which no deviating is permitted, skirts the center of town, taking you down narrow residential streets and past fenced-off apartment houses and deserted villas. The Russians are said to have most of their troops, as well as their airports and other military installations, concentrated in the vicinity of Vienna—in Wiener-Neustadt, Mödling, and the once attractive, elegant, and thriving spa of Baden. The last is where the Soviet High Commissioner, General V. P. Sviridov, has his headquarters. He lives in a villa once occupied by Crown Prince Rudolf, of Mayerling fame.

Outwardly, the Soviet Zone is not very startling. Perhaps there are fewer civilians and more policemen on the streets than in the towns you pass through in the West zones, and unquestionably there are fewer new buildings. Occasionally you overtake a Russian Army truck, loaded haphazardly with rusty machinery, scrap metal, old wheels, used tires, or broken-down furniture, but that is all. The heavy traffic of big, shiny American sedans, bearing the blue-and-yellow license plates of the United States Forces in Austria, which makes the Salzburg-Linz road in the American Zone look like a highway in central New Jersey, has been left behind. Driving along alone, you are apt to get the uncomfortable impression that you are the last man in the Western world.

IN Vienna, most of the three thousand Americans—soldiers, civilian employees, Embassy people, and their dependents—have the feeling that they are living in a limbo. "We are the forgotten outpost," an officer said to me, voicing a general complaint. "Back

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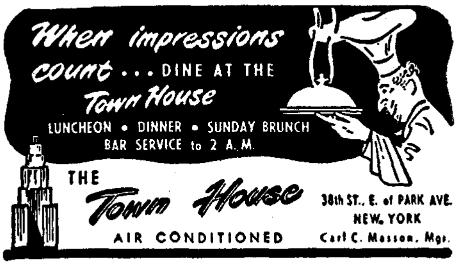
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home, they all talk about Berlin. They don't even know we're still here." They find that being completely encircled by Soviet territory and soldiers gives them a kind of claustrophobia, in spite of the ice-cream parlors, snack bars, soapbox derbies, pinochle clubs, bingo games, jam sessions, square dances, canasta clubs, movie theatres, bowling alleys, and other manifestations of American civilization, which have injected a breath of fresh air into the tired, decadent, baroque atmosphere of impoverished Vienna. Last February, the Russians, looking for a Red Army deserter, briefly sealed all exits from the city; within an hour, Vienna, with a population of nearly two million, was totally cut off. Because of our exposed position in Vienna, few important classified documents are kept here, and most American secret papers originating here are sent on at once to Salzburg.

Although the Americans in Vienna have long realized that they are in a trap that may be sprung at any moment, they displayed considerable coolness in the anxious days that followed the outbreak of the Korean war. There was no wholesale excitement. A few people got nervous, and one couple, who had to leave town for a few days, asked an acquaintance of mine to take their children to the United States Legation "if anything should happen," but most people went quietly about their business. (In those days, Americans in Paris and Rome were making panicky preparations for flight—rounding up extra cans of gasoline for their cars and getting visas to Spain.) Many Americans in Vienna spent a lot of time convincing their Austrian friends that the departure of several American military families, duly heralded in the local Communist press, was no "escape" but a routine transfer to the States, and that other officers and their families had arrived to replace them.

If the Soviets ever decide to take over Vienna, the new commander of the United States Forces in Austria, Lieutenant General Stafford LeRoy Irwin, a veteran of Kasserine Pass, El Guettar, the Battle of the Bulge, and the first assault crossing of the Rhine, will have a difficult decision to make, as will his British and French colleagues. Should they put up resistance, with plainly inadequate forces, and thereby risk annihilation of all the Westerners, as well as large-scale devastation of Vienna, or should they surrender and head the march into the nearest prisoner-of-war camp? Few people in Vienna have much hope for the future; most of them mere-

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ly wonder when the axe is going to fall. President Truman's decision to send more troops to Europe was received here with indifference. As far as Vienna is concerned, no increase in troops will change the dark picture.

The Russians are more in evidence here than they are in Berlin. In Berlin, each of the four powers has its own sector. To be sure, this is also the case in Vienna, but, in addition, Vienna's First District, the heart of the city, is an international area and is jointly administered by the four powers, which take turns running it, a month at a time. The Soviet-occupied Grand Hotel is only a block from the American-occupied Hotel Bristol, a block from the British-occupied Hotel Sacher, and five minutes from the French-occupied Hotel de France. There are old-timers among the Americans here who remember evenings in 1946 and 1947 when they were invited to the Soviet officers' mess at the Grand Hotel to feast on caviar and fine Crimean wines, and other evenings when they reciprocated, though with less prodigality. Nowadays, there is practically no social intercourse, and the Russian officers stick to their club, which is in Kaiser Franz Josef's old palace. Small groups of Russian officers attend the opera at the Theater an der Wien, especially when "Boris Godunov" is sung, in Russian, by George London, a young Los Angeles baritone, but they never show up in night clubs or restaurants. As for the Russian enlisted men, the Soviet rule against fraternization is so strictly enforced that they hardly ever show up anywhere, except, now and then, at the International Bookstore, off the Graben, where they buy books and listen wistfully to recordings of beautiful Red Army songs. Off duty, they can be seen hanging around their PX near Stalinplatz, and there are always a few of them, carrying tiny bags, at the East Station, starting out on a home leave or returning from one. The station was once one of Vienna's most crowded terminals, but now it is a desolate mass of ruins. The Russians seem to feel comfortable in rubble and destruction, and they haven't bothered to rebuild it. It is still roofless, and the jagged, windowless walls are adorned with big pictures of Lenin and Stalin and slogans on red banners. The platforms are fenced off with barbed wire. Only eighteen trains a day leave the East Station. One of them is a Soviet military train for Warsaw and Moscow, which pulls out in the middle of the night in an atmosphere of mystery, with no lights

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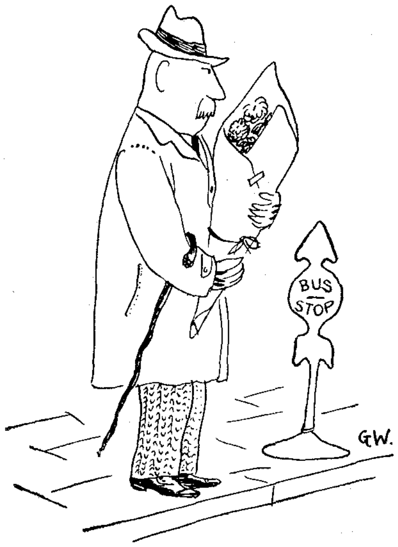
showing. On the other side of town, at the Franz Josef Station, in the American sector, the Mozart, an American military train for Salzburg and Munich, leaves every night at nine, amidst a noisy, cheerful confusion of seeings-off, shouted or murmured goodbyes, and arguments with porters.

The Russian mania for spy-thriller secrecy has turned the baroque palaces and medieval houses of Vienna's Fourth District (in the Russian sector)—once called the Wieden and considered the most aristocratic part of the city—into a gloomy labyrinth of barred ruins and deserted courtyards. This is the area in which the Russians have installed their M.V.D. interrogation centers and prisons. (Not long ago, the courageous Vienna Socialist daily, *Arbeiter Zeitung*, published a terrifying documented story of a man who was kept in one of the prisons, "by mistake," for more than a year.) At night, even those Viennese who still maintain that "the Russians won't do anything to you" steer clear of this neighborhood, which is only a few blocks from the bright neon lights of the Kärntnerstrasse, in the international district.

Some people here believe that the Russians have made no overt move against Vienna because of its value as an espionage center. For all one knows, the Russians may be extracting important intelligence from the city, which is very likely Europe's major rumor factory, if nothing more. From the Western point of view, I am told, the welter of conflicting stories makes the value of locally gained information debatable. Still, because the town is full of people with "reliable contacts" behind the Iron Curtain, and is the first stop for commercial travellers, refugees, and underground couriers from the "people's democracies," a great many



must you be well dressed?

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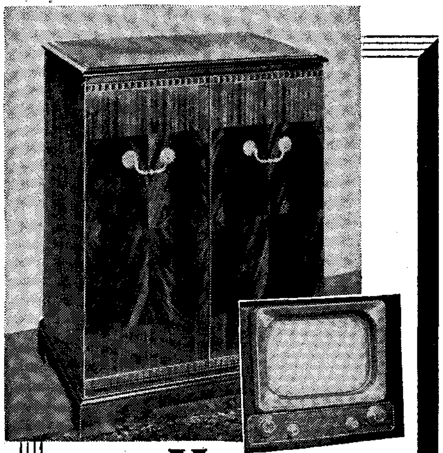

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nations feel obliged to keep intelligence agencies here. More than twenty-five such outfits are said to be operating. Each of the four occupying powers has its own network, the Russians reportedly employing more than a thousand agents. The Austrians have their State Police, and each of the three major Austrian political parties—the People's Party, the Socialists, and the Communists—collects data on its rivals. The Czechoslovak and Hungarian secret police operate in the Soviet Zone of Vienna as if they were at home. The Yugoslavs, the Italians, the Swiss, the Rumanians, the Poles, the Belgians, the Bulgarians, the Dutch, the Swedes, the Danes, the Iranians, the Vatican, and several South American countries are all believed to have "collecting agencies," as spy outfits are called by people in the trade, here. An American intelligence officer estimates that more than fifteen hundred Austrians in Vienna have full-time jobs as spies. Also, there are people here—of what nationality probably even *they* don't know—whom the Viennese, with their aptitude in semantics, call "torpedoes," because of the submerged lives they lead, and others called "*Hundertpässler*," or bearers of a hundred passports. In this game, no holds are barred. It is said that the Swiss, always correctly neutral, spy on all four occupying powers with equal diligence; that the Russian satellites spy on their fellow-satellites and on the Russians; and that the Russians, most suspicious of all, even spy on their own spies. Technical espionage—the acquiring of blueprints and such—is thought to have a high priority on everybody's list. The Russians have repeatedly refused to give up their censorship of non-domestic Viennese mail, long-distance telephone calls, and telegraph messages. Over two hundred agents read all outbound letters and telegrams and monitor all long-distance telephone conversations; if the monitor responsible for a certain language happens to be out for lunch, the call must be postponed.

It is possible that Vienna's importance as a rumor factory has been overshadowed by her function as a clearing house for much of the legal and illegal traffic between the Western and Eastern parts of the world. Vienna has become a gap in the Iron Curtain through which Western goods pass into the hands of the Soviets and their satellites. The American officials can only look on in frustration, because these transactions are carried on by foreign nationals, over whom they have no juris-

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diction. The trade is highly profitable—particularly so, it would seem, for the citizens of several small countries. I have encountered a Swiss businessman who carries two passports of his eternally neutral country—one containing the visas of Eastern European countries, the other the visas of Western European countries. Big American cars bearing Swiss and Belgian and Dutch license plates move freely all over Vienna's Soviet Zone and are conspicuously parked in front of the Soviet central offices. The chicanery that goes on generally springs from this set of conditions: No American manufacturer or export company is allowed by the American government to ship one iota of certain strategic materials behind the Iron Curtain, but such stuff, up to an established dollar value, can be shipped to Switzerland, say, or to Belgium or Holland, and there is nothing to prevent the Swiss or Belgian or Dutch importer from passing the goods along to Poland or Rumania. Possibly a Swiss or Belgian or Dutch bank finances the transaction, and the importer's forwarding agents in Vienna are responsible for the disposition of the goods while they are in the city, and for their transportation into the Soviet orbit. These Viennese forwarding agencies are part of a new international economic underworld, which in many instances is tied up with the criminal underworld but has an eminently respectable façade. A man in one such agency, whose activities are well known to the American authorities, is married to a Hapsburg; another agency has three Austrian princes and two Austrian counts on its payroll. The Viennese branch of the worldwide forwarding house of Schenker & Co. is directly affiliated with the Soviet transportation agency Juschnewtrans. Every article of American manufacture that gets inside the Viennese storehouses of Juschnewtrans is as good as in Moscow or Magnitogorsk.

It is believed by the Americans here that few, if any, items of armament are included in these shipments; as far as anyone on the outside knows, no tanks or elements of radar equipment are getting through. But plenty of strategic materials are—ball bearings, seamless steel pipe, oil-well-drilling equipment, heavy-duty truck tires, non-ferrous metals, machine tools, cotton, and rubber (and, incidentally, American cigarettes for barter in Germany). Because what are quaintly spoken of in Vienna as neutral countries jealously defend their right of free trade, it would be hard to stop this flow of

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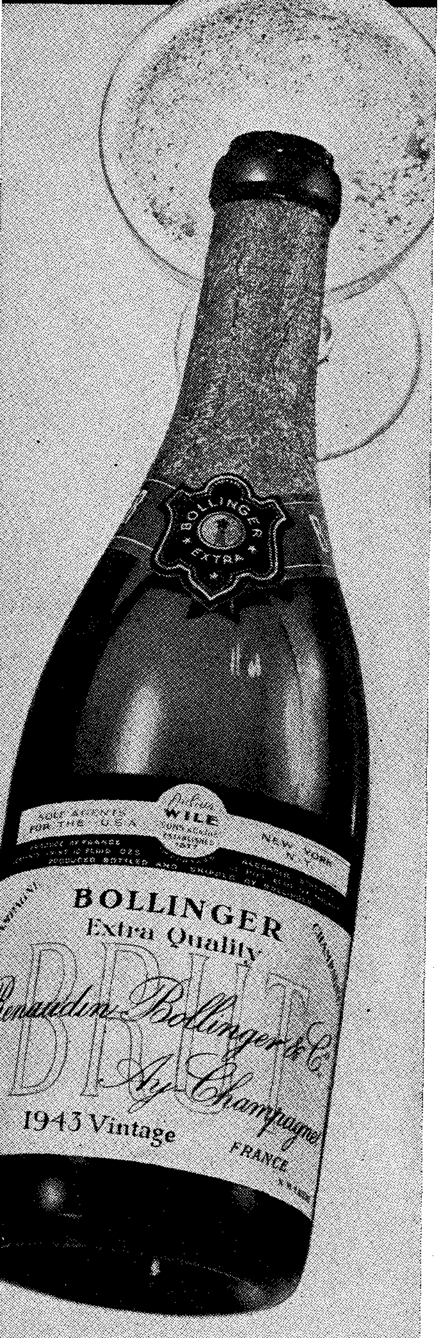

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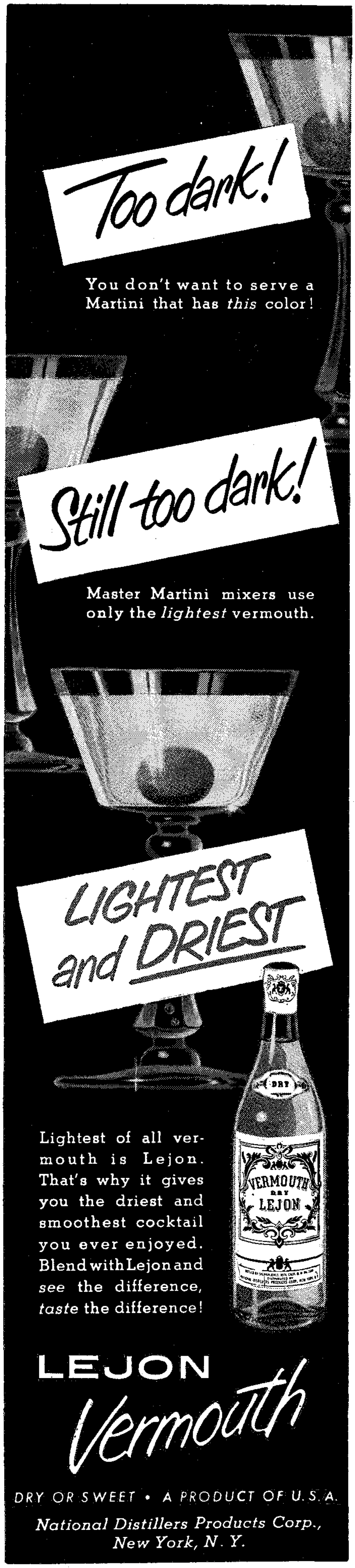

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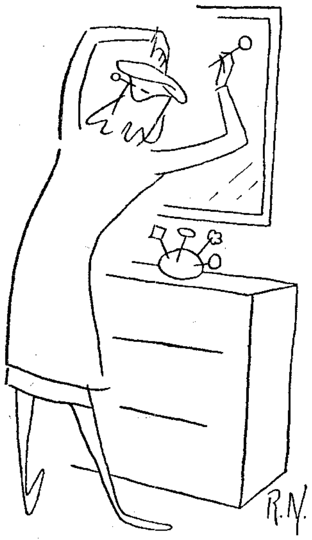
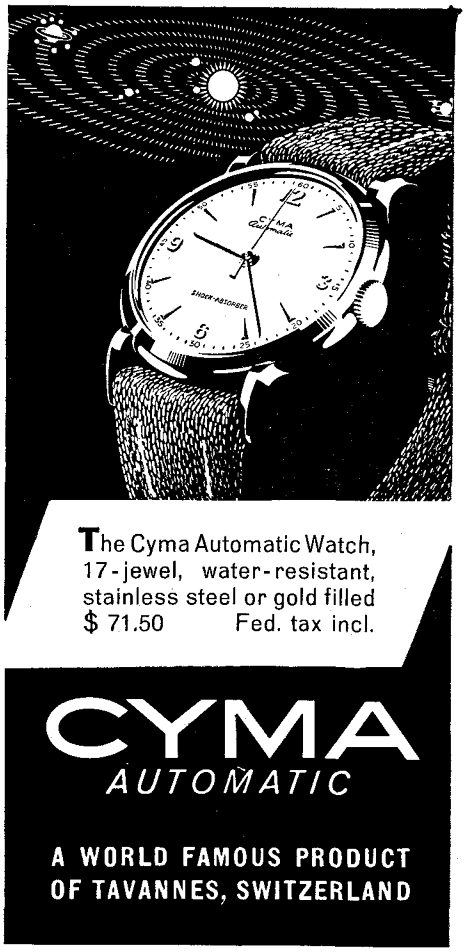
Vienna is also a main route for goods coming our way. The Soviets and their satellites, being short of hard currency, are eager to make barter agreements. Among the more recent barter deals our officials have traced was one in which Hungarian salami was exchanged for Western Austrian steel (produced with the help of the Marshall Plan), an exchange of Rumanian caviar for American penicillin, and a swap of Hungarian tomato paste for bicarbonate of soda. Some Americans here are convinced that one of the motivating forces behind such deals is the Soviets' realization that, for all their loud talk, they are no economic match for the West. On the other hand, these same Americans doubt whether it would be wise to plug the Vienna gap in the Iron Curtain, for in that case the West would have to declare a total embargo on shipments, and such a step would strongly intensify the strain on East-West relations.

The big Soviet trust in Austria is USIA, which controls more than three hundred formerly Austrian and German enterprises. Most firms in the USIA refuse to pay taxes, ignore the regulations of the Austrian government concerning social security and allocations of critical materials, mortgage their assets to the hilt, and use whatever profits they make to finance the Austrian Communist Party. Another Russian-controlled combine, INTRAC (an abbreviation for "International Trading Corporation"), is a channel for much of the international trade with the satellite states. The organization has "interest branches" in Zurich, London, Berlin, Tangier, and Budapest. The foreign-trade offices of the Iron Curtain countries are allowed to deal only with such outfits as these, some of which are likely





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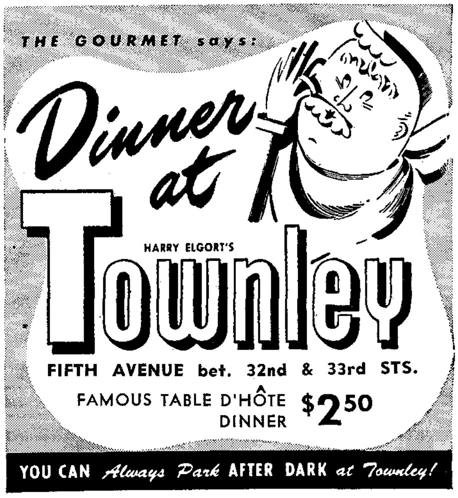

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to change their name, location, and telephone number every six months, though they keep the same Russian or Austrian Communist managers.

In the Potsdam agreement, there is a passage providing that Russian reparation claims "shall be met by removals from the zone of Germany occupied by the U.S.S.R. and from appropriate German external assets," meaning German assets in Austria. Since all Austria was once occupied by the Germans, the Russians now construe this passage to mean that practically everything in the country is theirs. The Allied Council—the supreme authority in Austria, consisting of the American, British, French, and Soviet High Commissioners—spends much of its time at its biweekly meetings bickering about restitution claims. The Russians have refused to restore properties that once belonged to Jews or other victims of the Nazis, on the ground that these properties were taken over by the Germans in 1938 and are thus German assets.

The Western representatives on the Allied Council are perpetually faced with a grave dilemma. On the one hand, they want to keep the Soviets on the Council in order to save some semblance of accord and unified action. On the other hand, they must keep certain Austrian assets out of the hands of the Russians if Austria's economy is to survive. In the case of a number of heavy industries, including the electrical industry, this aim was temporarily achieved by nationalizing them (and paying compensation to the Soviets), in spite of Russian protests. It was the first instance in history when the Western powers favored nationalization and the Soviets opposed it. The Soviets later refused to recognize the nationalization law in their zone. The Western Allies have now replaced their military High Commissioners with civilians, which should please the Austrians, who have had enough of military men. Perhaps it does, but Austrians in general have a talent for being unhappy and dissatisfied, and some Austrian officials have declared that they wish the American Army were back. Their strong feeling of insecurity may have something to do with this, too.

WITH the exception of the Austrian Communists, who got four per cent of the vote in the October, 1949, national election, the people of Austria fear and hate the Russians, and quite a few dare to oppose them. Austria's Federal Chancellor Leopold Figl, a member of the Catholic People's Par-

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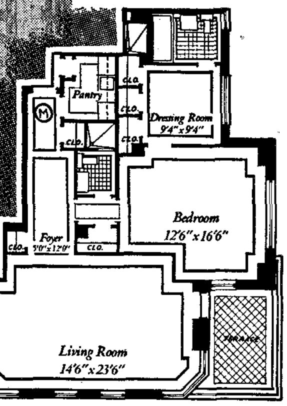

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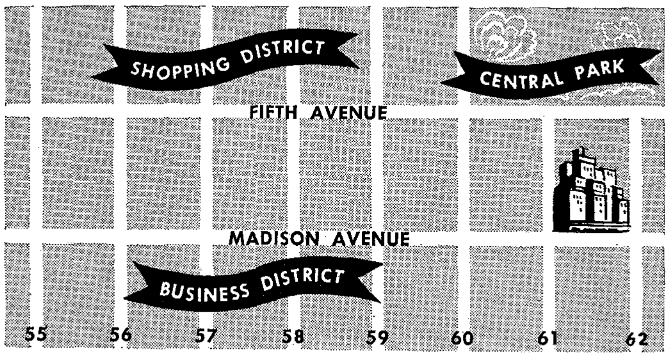

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ty, and Minister of the Interior Oskar Helmer, a Socialist who has managed to keep the Austrian police out of the hands of the Russians, have shown consistent courage in the face of Soviet threats. Both men are undoubtedly high on the Russians' blacklist, and they know well what chances they take, but they nevertheless travel all over Lower Austria, which constitutes the greater part of the Soviet Zone, making fierce anti-Russian and anti-Communist speeches, and otherwise bolstering the morale of the peasants and workers, who comprise ninety per cent of the zone's population. The peasants are traditionally Catholic and conservative; the workers have a long and honorable anti-Communist record. Figl's and Helmer's initial reaction to any and all Russian demands is always "no." After protracted pressure, they may say "maybe," and after another long interval, if the distasteful matter can no longer be put off, they say "yes." Figl, a slight, mustachioed fellow who looks like a Viennese trolley conductor, is endowed with the remarkable Austrian quality of *Sturität*, a mixture of feigned simple-mindedness and real obstinacy that progressively flabbergasts, frustrates, and infuriates the Soviets. Actually, Figl is a shrewd, vote-conscious politician who likes to play the little man, drinking *Heuriger* wine, going to church, and wearing a Styrian costume, because this is exactly what most Austrians, little men, like to do. Recently, the Soviet Kommandant in Vienna asked all industrial concerns in the Tenth District (in the Russian sector) to fill out questionnaires listing profits, stocks of supplies, names of technicians employed, numbers of machines in use, and so on, possibly with a view to incorporating these items into the Soviet industrial potential. Figl told the people to ignore the questionnaire and went over to General G. K. Ziniev, the Russian Deputy Commissioner, and made him rescind the order. It is men like Figl and Helmer who, by their delaying tactics, have saved the Russian Zone of Austria from the Sovietization that has proceeded so fast in East Germany. In fact, opposition to the Soviets is much stronger in the Soviet Zone than in the West zones, because the inhabitants of Lower Austria have had first-hand experience with Soviet methods, and plenty of evidence to reinforce their antipathy is passed along by people living just across the nearby borders of Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Few people in Austria still have any hope that the Russians will ever sign the long-discussed, always put-off Austrian

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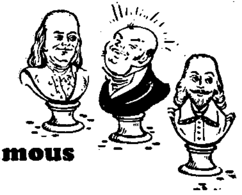

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peace treaty. Thus, the true battle for Austrian independence from the Soviets is no longer being fought at conference tables but in the small towns and villages of Lower Austria. It's a slow, grinding, continuous battle, and its heroes are the policemen, local officials, and gendarmery commanders who "misunderstand" Soviet orders, "postpone" arrests, "lose" questionnaires, and say "no" when they are asked to prepare lists of people who go to church on Sunday or have relatives in the West. It takes nerve to say "no" to a tough Russian captain who threatens to have you deported to Siberia, especially when quite a few people from your town have already disappeared. There are not so many kidnappings reported now as there were two or three years ago, but they still go on. Nowadays, it is said, such matters are taken care of by the Austrian Communists rather than by Soviet soldiers.

As in other Soviet-occupied countries, the Red Army has been more of a hindrance than an aid to the local Communists, and the Austrian Communist Party has had trouble increasing its membership. The Communist newspapers in Vienna, *Abend* and *Volksstimme*, have circulations of 15,000 and 40,000, respectively, while the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* has a circulation of 200,000, the Catholic People's Party's *Kleine Volksblatt* 180,000, and the American-controlled *Wiener Kurier* 140,000. Perhaps as a consequence, Russian propaganda activities are being stepped up. Ravag, the official Austrian radio station, now broadcasts a daily "Russian Hour," which features instruction in the Russian language and bulletins from the Soviet Union. The Russians arrange frequent low-priced concerts by Soviet artists at the Konzert-

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haus, and they countered the first Vienna showing of the American picture "Ninotchka" with a festive première of "The Fall of Berlin," the two-and-three-quarter-hour Soviet epic, which is unbearably crude and silly in some parts and just as powerful and terrifying in others. "The Fall of Berlin" affords the most revealing view of the supreme level of Soviet leadership that has ever been shown, containing, as it does, fascinating detail about the official life of Stalin and the other members of the Politburo. The deification of Stalin, who is given sole credit for making the decisions that ultimately led to the defeat of the Germans; the reverential, almost abject attitude displayed toward him by the other members of the Politburo, who stand around at seemingly permanent attention while the Great White Father lectures; the usual Russian oversimplification of issues, squeezing them into convenient clichés—all these may be brushed off by many Westerners as stupid propaganda. But the fact is that this picture was made for the Soviet people rather than for the West; it is a complete bible of Stalinism. Students of Soviet affairs have noted that in the film Molotov, not Malenkov, is portrayed as the No. 2 man at the Kremlin; that Molotov, Malenkov, Beria, and Voroshilov (and the late Kalinin) are closest to Stalin; and that the Soviets have never got rid of their suspicion that a secret deal was in the works between Hitler and the West. The Western villain is Churchill, who is shown as a cigar-smoking, octopus-like imperialist; Roosevelt is portrayed, briefly, with dignity. It is interesting to realize that the picture was started back in 1947, when many people in the West still thought that we could get along with the Russians. It is equally interesting to note that while Hitler and his henchmen are shown to be as loathsome as rats, tribute is paid to the bravery of the average German soldier.

Austria's neo-Nazi movement, which seemed to acquire new life when the extreme Right Wing party, the Verband der Unabhängigen, rolled up twelve per cent of the vote at the last election, has since taken a nose dive. The Verband has split into several factions, which fight each other savagely, and Vienna's two Nazi papers have gone out of business. The idea of Anschluss has always been the driving power behind Austria's Nazism, but only a lunatic would be attracted by the idea of Austria's joining Germany in its present chaotic condition. Among the petit bourgeois, who always formed the spine

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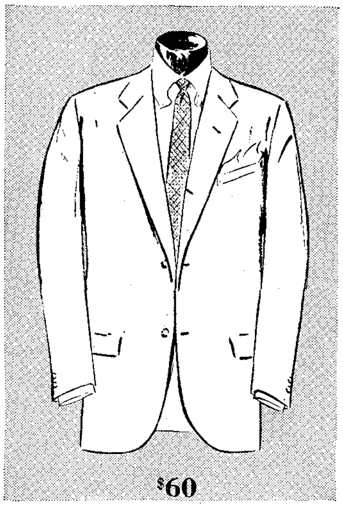
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of the Austrian Nazi Party, Anschluss has been further discredited by the realization that some of the German Nazis are going over into the Communist camp.

By and large, the Viennese are convinced that another war is inevitable and that it will be much worse than the last one, which was bad enough. Meanwhile, they try to put the nightmare aside, in the time-honored Viennese way. "As it can hardly be worse, it may all come out well" is a typical, forlornly hopeful comment. They sing at the new-wine festivals, drink coffee with whipped cream, and crowd into the opera and into the seven theatres of the city. Vienna's prevailing mood of fatalistic realism is reflected in a current joke about three passengers on a trolley car bound for the Danube by way of the Second District (Russian Zone). The first passenger asks for a ticket to the Schwarzenbergplatz, and is informed by the conductor that the square is now called Stalinplatz. The second passenger asks for the Reichsbrücke and is told that it is now called the Bridge of the Red Army. The third passenger, when his turn comes, shrugs and, pointing in the direction of the Danube, says, "Give me a ticket to the Volga."

—Joseph Wechsberg

•

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[*From "The Reporter and the News," by Will Irwin, in "Interpretations of Journalism," 1937*]	[*From "Newspaper Reporting Today," by Charles C. Clayton, 1947*]
But the reporter sees few of his comedies, tragedies, dramas . . . first-hand. . . . He must take his information second-hand from witnesses with untrained and imperfect eyes. The courts . . . have trouble enough . . . getting at the . . . truth; yet lawyers and detectives have weeks to weigh, sift, and correct by that circumstantial evidence which is often the best evidence, where reporters have but minutes.	The reporter sees few of the tragedies, comedies, and dramas with his own eyes. He must obtain his information from witnesses whose eyes are untrained and imperfect. Even our courts have trouble enough getting at the truth with weeks of investigation before a case is brought to trial, but the reporter is frequently working against a deadline of minutes to make his next edition.
This would be difficult enough were all the witnesses of the events which he sets about to chronicle disingenuous and truthful. . . . "Half the population," someone says, "is trying to keep out of the newspapers and half trying to get in." And both these classes lie consistently, or employ press-agents to do the lying for them. In unraveling these tangled things . . . the reporter's feet, like Patrick Henry's, are guided by the one lamp of experience.	To complicate the problem further, not all the witnesses are either sincere or truthful. Half the world, some cynic has observed, is trying to get into the newspapers and the other half is trying to keep out. Both are willing to lie consistently to achieve their end, or to hire press agents to lie for them. . . . In unraveling the tangled skein of evidence, the reporter, like Patrick Henry, must be guided by the lamp of experience.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

An Old Spell

THE Philadelphia Orchestra gave its first concert of the local season last week at Carnegie Hall, with Eugene Ormandy conducting, and the audience heard a wonderful orchestra in perfect form. Brahms' engaging "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" and Hindemith's vigorous, yet dull, ballet suite "Nobilissima Visione" were the more thoughtful pieces on the program, but it was the third, and final, offering, Rimski-Korsakov's familiar symphonic suite "Schéhérazade," that made the evening a triumphant one. "Schéhérazade" is a long tone poem, in the course of which short, sensuous melodies curl restlessly and unceasingly around each other without getting anywhere. The music is all on the surface, but it is a marvel of orchestration; the lights and shadows change, and the insinuating themes are lovely, so the work has an undeniable fascination. Given a quick and sensitive orchestra, such as this, the suite becomes dazzlingly evocative and accomplishes exactly what the composer intended; he once wrote that anyone listening to "Schéhérazade" "should carry away the impression that it is beyond doubt an Oriental narrative of some numerous and varied fairy-tale wonders." I was aware of its obviousness and occasionally bothered by its redundancy, but I yielded to its spell, just as, years ago, I lost myself in the Arabian Nights stories. There are four parts to the suite, originally called: "The Sea and the Vessel of Sinbad," "The Tale of the Prince Kalendar," "The Young Prince and the Young Princess," and "The Feast at Bagdad; The Sea; The Vessel Is Wrecked; and Conclusion." The composer eventually dropped these subtitles, lest they prove too confining. I can still hear Alexander Hilsberg, the first violinist, who was magnificent the other night, threading the parts together with pure silk.

Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione" starts promisingly, if rather heavily, with a fine "Introduction," but from there on—through a rondo, a march, a pastorale, and a passacaglia—it is muddy and unfathomable. Brahms' variations are done, of course, in a masterly style, and they were played with beauty and

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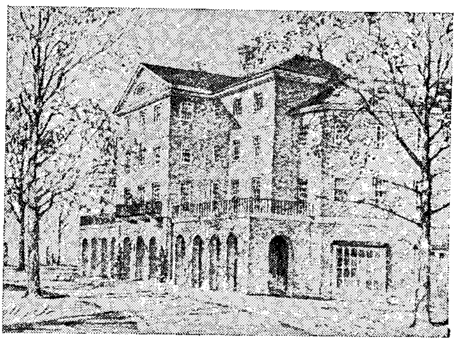

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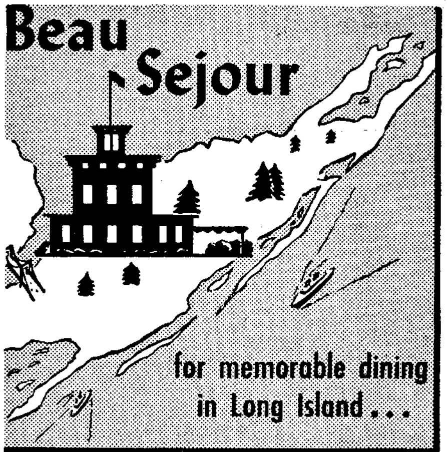

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clarity, as was everything else on the program.

A NIGHT earlier, Jeanette MacDonald, the Hollywood soprano, moved into Carnegie Hall to give a long recital before a large audience of her fans. One noticeable thing about the audience was that there seemed to be an unusually great number of young people in it; I would have thought Miss MacDonald's following was made up principally of romantics in their late thirties or early forties, who had seen "Naughty Marietta" and the other MacDonald-Nelson Eddy movies four or five times apiece. Maybe those people were around someplace, too. The singer came on quite late (it was almost nine o'clock when she got started), but she was worth the wait, for even though she didn't sound like a first-class soprano, she *looked* like one. She worked from the stage apron, standing in front of a portable shell, which was intended to help her small voice. The curtains were drawn to the sides of the shell, two soft spotlights were trained on her, and all the rest of the auditorium was in darkness. Her gown was white, crisp, and expensive-looking, and her hair, of a gleaming chestnut color, was surpassingly neat. She held herself proudly but with a gracious touch of humility. Her smiles, directed toward the audience and the accompanist, Collins Smith, were radiant and kindly. She looked as cool and indestructible as the woman you see at the far end of the long domestic rug in those carpet ads. Her program included no Sigmund Romberg or Victor Herbert; it was seriously planned, and she must have worked on it intensively. There were arias by Gounod, Bellini, and Puccini; songs by Brahms, Grieg, Wolf, Richard Strauss, Debussy, Samuel Barber, and others; and "The Last Rose of Summer," a piece of music I heard often, and learned to loathe, early in life. There was some skill in Miss MacDonald's delivery of these things—enough to excite a measure of admiration for her—but the evening was mostly a matter of listening to an unremarkable and not very pretty voice attempting things beyond its powers in a place too large for it, and of fearing that at any moment the burden might prove too much for it and bring embarrassment to that lovely person, its owner.

THE first of the season's Young People's Concerts, which are given by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, occurred last Saturday afternoon at

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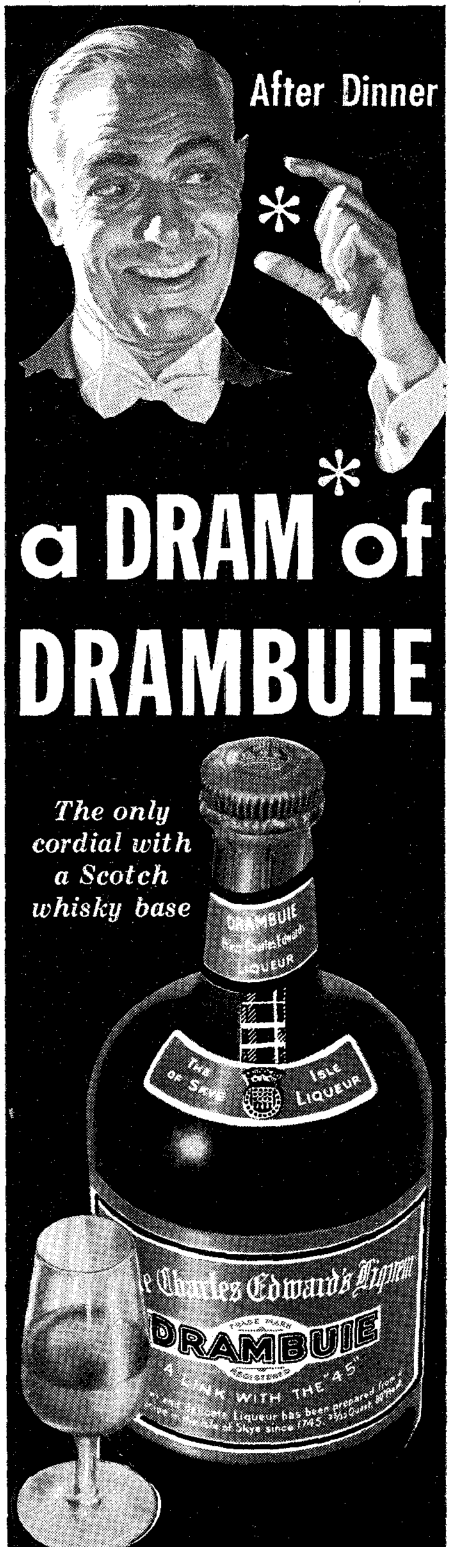

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Town Hall, and it was cheerfully evident that this particular group of young people could take it or leave it. The majority of them, it appeared to me, were between six and eight years old. They were attentive when amused, and talkative when not. I am sure that never, in their regular Old People's Concerts, at Carnegie Hall, have such sterling instrumentalists as Michael Rosenker, the violinist, and John Wummer (whose flute, I learned Saturday, is made of solid silver) played before so mercurial an audience, whose members could not be depended upon to be quiet or even to remain in their seats. The children kept themselves fairly well contained during the first half hour, while Igor Buketoff, the conductor (imposingly got up in cutaway and gray trousers), chatted about the woodwinds and led the musicians in illustrative bits from several orchestral pieces. Then the audience reached one of its two peaks of enthusiasm when, divided into four sections, it sang the round "Three Blind Mice." After that, it was handed "Peter and the Wolf," with Burl Ives as narrator, and quickly became bored—not with Ives, however. When he came out later, with his guitar, and sang "Mr. Froggie Went A-courtin' " and "The Blue-Tail Fly," leaving places for his listeners to join in, the second peak was reached. The children were delighted and demanded more of the same, but Mr. Buketoff explained that Mr. Ives had to catch a train. (He didn't say whether diesel, steam, or electric, though, or where to.) Then—somewhat foolishly, I thought—he led the orchestra right into Offenbach's overture to "Orpheus in the Underworld," without bothering to describe either Orpheus or an underworld. Such knowledge might have made no difference, anyway. Parents, sensing quickly that that was the final piece, and thumbing through their programs to make sure, soon began stuffing their charges into jackets and moving up the aisles with them. The game had been cinched by Ives, and there was no point in staying any longer. —DOUGLAS WATT

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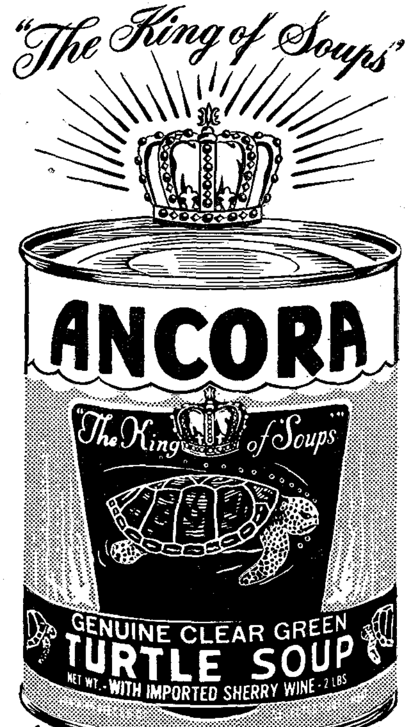
As for this puzzler: "Was it he you were talking to" or "was it him you were talking to," Mr. Lewis says the correct sentence would be: "Was it he to whom you you can also say "It was she I were talking." However, he adds, was thinking about."

Sex gets into the way of grammar, too.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Something gets into the way.



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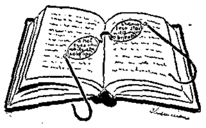
BOOKS

Gilbert Seldes and the Popular Arts

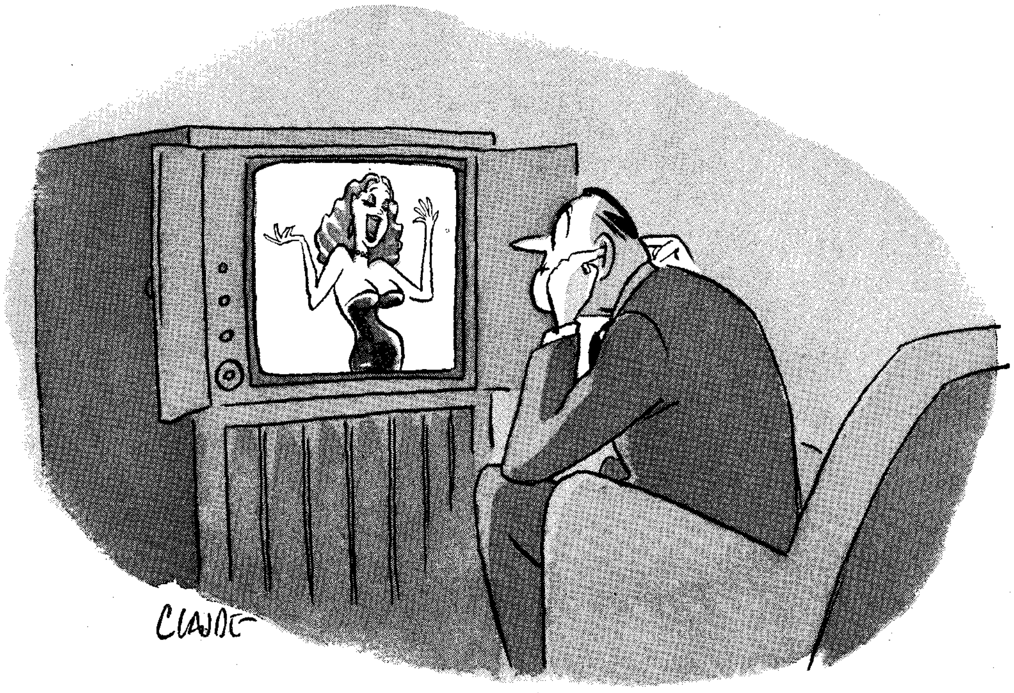


IN 1924, Gilbert Seldes published a book called "The Seven Lively Arts," the object of which was to show that the popular arts in America were remarkable for vitality and imagination and that the best they had produced was to be preferred to the "*faux bon*" of our respectable arts. There were chapters on vaudeville, movies, revues, newspaper humor, the comic strip, ragtime and jazz music, and Mr. Seldes' heroes were Joe Cook, Charlie Chaplin, Florenz Ziegfeld, Ring Lardner, Krazy Kat, Al Jolson, and Irving Berlin. That was the epoch, in the United States, of the liquidation of genteel culture, and Seldes' audacious book marked one of the steps in this process. He had at that time just resigned from the managing editorship of the *Dial*, a literary and artistic monthly that maintained very close relations with everything that was newest in Europe, and "The Seven Lively Arts" had its connections with the more general movement of which the jazz rhythms of Stravinsky and Edith Sitwell, the ballets of Jean Cocteau, and the premeditated delirium of the Dadaists were among the manifestations. Gilbert Seldes had then, in common with these, a touch of that upside-down snobbery of the café chantant and the music hall that probably stemmed from Toulouse-Lautrec. The Fratellini clowns of the Cirque Médrano figured among his favorites, along with Ed Wynn and Joe Jackson.

During the twenty-six years that have elapsed since the appearance of this early book, Mr. Seldes has been up to his neck in the seven lively arts, as well as a couple of new ones that had not arrived at that time. He has not only continued, as a critic, to follow and comment on the various phases of popular entertainments; he has served on the production end of several of them and got to know them from the inside. Be-ween 1937 and 1945, he was head of he Television Program Department f C.B.S., functioning also as producer, irector, writer, and m.c., and he has lso been associated with the radio side f C.B.S. and has intermittently written adio scripts and delivered series of roadcasts. He has collaborated on movie documentaries and he has sweat-d out his term in Hollywood on the riting staff of Paramount. Through all this, he has steadily worked—as a check on his activities shows—to realize the best possibilities, aesthetic and educational, of these new techniques of mass amusement; and he has now written a large-scale study of television, radio, and movies, with a section on comic books, summing up his conclusions about them.

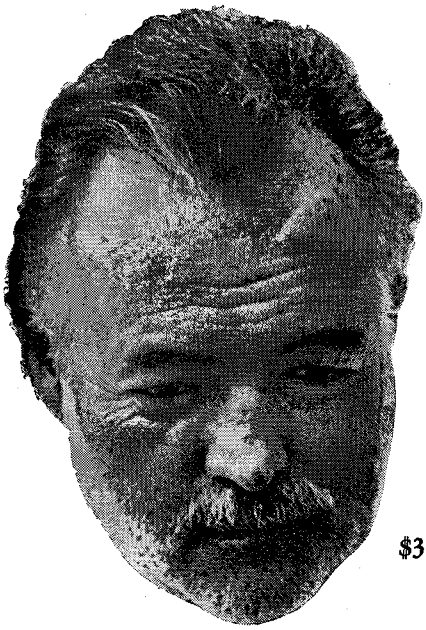
"The Great Audience" (Viking) is a book quite different from "The Seven Lively Arts," but it is a logical sequel to it which makes, also, a dramatic contrast. The early book was a series of essays celebrating distinguished artists. The new one has little to say about individual writers and performers; it uses them only as illustrations. It is a solid and sober report, authoritatively documented, of the industries with which it deals: a history of their development, an analysis of their economic and technical problems, a survey of their present condition, and an estimate of their probable future. It is also a critical essay, the most comprehensive and searching I know, on mass entertainment in the United States—an essay which draws conclusions that could never have been foreseen by the early Seldes or by anybody else at that stage. These analyses, predictions, and conclusions will undoubtedly provoke objection, but they cannot fail to carry weight. This is the first time, so far as I know, that a man of intelligence and taste, with a sound enough education to give him cultural and historical perspective, who has at the same time a practical grasp of the technical and financial aspects of the entertainment business, has set out to attack the whole subject: to describe it, to explain it, to assess it, to assign it to its place in society; and before one goes on to discuss the special questions that Mr. Seldes raises, it should be said that "The Great Audience" seems one of those "definitive" works that, taking advantage of a crucial moment, sum up and deliver judgment on some phase of human activity—that make us understand what has happened, that establish enduring assumptions, and that remain indispensable landmarks.

IT is not possible to summarize briefly the contents of Mr. Seldes' book, but its main conclusions are these: The movies have been losing their public. Between 1947 and 1950, a thirty-per-cent drop has taken place, and the movie-theatre audience is mainly made up of teen-agers; after twenty, people go less often, and after thirty, almost not at all. The films are mostly aimed at the young and, in consequence, have become, at the present time, repetitions of stereotyped myths that have no roots whatever in reality. Mr. Seldes is at his most brilliant in his descriptions of the imaginary worlds presented by the mass entertainments. He shows that the contemporary world of the films is one in which men and women are never allowed to have sexual relations. Extramarital liaisons are barred, and



even when people get married, the consummation is infinitely delayed by a series of unfortunate accidents. When the wives have acquired children by some parthenogenic process, the marriage may be threatened by a bad woman whose badness consists of an interest in sex, but Providence will always arrange that the couple shall be brought together by the injury or illness of a child. In the meantime, the hiatus left by the exclusion of sensual passion that is imposed by the censorship is filled by a strangely uncensored sadistic indulgence in violence. A woman may not be desired but she may be indecently spanked or given a sock in the jaw. And the hero and heroine never work; it is enough for the young man that he should marry the boss's daughter, or, in the case of a composer, that he should write "a great song or symphony in a single blinding flash of inspiration." Only the milkman and such people work, and these workers are invariably good-natured and respectful toward those whom they serve. The married couples remain immature till the children begin to grow up, whereupon they revert to the springtime of youth and are saved from amorous follies only by their bright, adolescent children. No one, says Mr. Seldes, ever really grows up in the movies, and that is the reason they do not interest adults.

While the movies were petrifying into these formulas, the radio was developing two new kinds of formularized commodity: the news broadcast and the daytime serial. The problems of free speech and good taste that arise in connection with news commentators and the commercial announcements of sponsors have been decided in different instances, the most important of which are recorded by Mr. Seldes, in a variety of ways, but, with the recent decline of radio, as television has been taking its place, the barriers against propaganda and the plugging of obnoxious products have been largely broken down. You can now buy time for almost anything: a laxative that is advertised at mealtime or a bigoted religious program. As for the daytime serial, it is a dreary and insipid story that is made to creep on from day to day in such a way that as little as possible will happen in any given installment and that that little will take as long as possible. The world presented here is one in which a decisive and self-dependent woman intervenes in the lives of others. She must never meet another character who is vigorous and determined, because that would precipitate action. Her husband



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is invariably hesitant, unready, and probably impotent. She herself is probably frigid. A check on radio audiences has shown that the listeners to these serials are housewives with impoverished lives, themselves lacking competence and resolution. The continual small anxieties created by the situations in the serials correspond to their own anxieties and afford the humble satisfaction of hearing them vicariously resolved. But it is probable, Mr. Seldes believes, that this interminable purveying of anxieties has the effect of maintaining the state it soothes, just as the playing down to immaturity, in the case of the young movie audience, has become perhaps the principal influence that induces them to remain immature.

And what about television, with which Mr. Seldes has been involved almost since its commercial inception and to which, though he does not say so, he has contributed his own best efforts with a view to directing its development toward a respectable art of its own? He admits that, at its present stage, TV has produced nothing really new, but he believes that since it has the advantage of letting you both see and hear its performers while their performance is going on, it should encourage a more natural relation between the performer and his audience than either radio or a movie does, and he hopes that in its handling of drama, it will approximate the regular stage in allowing us to see characters in the round. Unfortunately, the only examples that Mr. Seldes is able at this time to invoke to convince us of these possibilities are such features as Milton Berle and the puppets Kukla, Fran, and Ollie, about whose quality he makes it plain that he is not enthusiastic, and he has already chilled the reader's blood by heading his section on this subject "Pandora's Box: Television."

Mr. Seldes has tried to be as hopeful as the conditions will possibly permit; he does not want to accept dead ends. Television, if it only will, can, he says, give us real theatre in the living room. The movies can retrieve their slipping public by appealing to an untouched audience—that of mature men and women. He preaches to the public as a whole the need for non-official protest on the part of groups of citizens—though he has noted the discouraging apathy of the people who patronize the mass media. To the people who don't listen to radio, who don't look at television, and who rarely go to the movies, he insists that this will not save them. They must live in a common

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society conditioned by the effect of these things. Might not a man who had never turned on the radio find himself being trampled to death by a panic-stricken mob driven frantic by some such broadcast as Orson Welles' "War of the Worlds"? On the other hand, the remedy proposed for minimizing this kind of hazard seems a heavy price to pay for escape from even such a fate as this. In order to keep informed as to what is going on in these departments, the non-lover of television and radio would be obliged, Mr. Seldes suggests, to "suspend whatever he is doing and look for an hour or two at the best that is now offered." But "if a nation cannot survive half slave and half free, a democracy cannot endure if the forces making for free minds are apathetic and the forces of invincible ignorance are aggressive and brilliantly managed and irresponsible. If it is already inconvenient to attack them, it will be dangerous in five years, and it will be impossible in ten." If no pressure is brought by the public to have the level of these media raised, the result may be simply that the movies will be superseded by television, and that radio will go bankrupt in the attempt to finance its successor, before television has had the chance to outgrow its rudimentary stages. This would greatly facilitate the step that is Mr. Seldes' principal bugbear, as it may well be anyone's: the taking over of the mass media by the government and the use of them not for more or less legitimate informative and cultural purposes, as the B.B.C. has done, but for unscrupulous total control of a spineless, depersonalized public. The exploiters of mass entertainment, in aiming, for steady and sure returns, at the lowest common denominator, have in some departments been losing their audience, but they have also been stultifying those who share in this lowest common denominator and artificially extending its realm.

WE are almost as far from the Seldes who delighted in the "Ziegfeld Follies" and the vaudeville turns at the Palace as we are from the Toulouse-Lautrec who frequented the Nouveau Cirque or, for that matter, from the seventeenth century of his predecessor Jacques Callot, who amused himself at the *commedia dell' arte.* This book is about the audience, not about the artists. Mr. Seldes says he cannot take time to pay his compliments to the shows and the actors that have given him particular pleasure, but, after all, the films as we have them could

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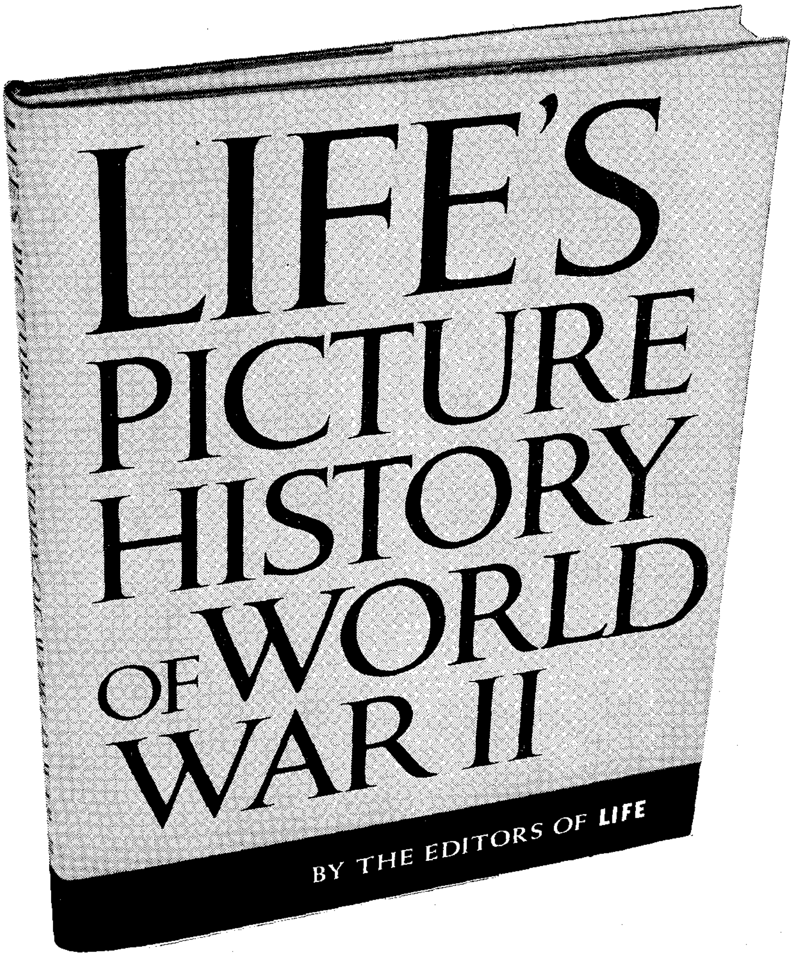
hardly launch a new Chaplin. Mr. Seldes has told briefly the story of Walt Disney's capitulation, in competition with the comic books and under pressure to pay off his financing, by producing long features in quantity. He might have added that of Durante, surely the greatest comic who has appeared since Mr. Seldes' first book, descending from the wild poetry of the Parody Club to the stereotyped personality gags of his work on the screen and air. Mr. Seldes mentions in passing that Li'l Abner may perhaps "to a degree" take the place of Krazy Kat, but he is occupied chiefly with the problem of curing the degenerate tendencies of the seven hundred million comic books that are now printed every year.

Mr. Seldes, since he left the *Dial*, has been cultivating certain conceptions that sometimes land him in a false position. He asserts that the more serious American writers have always been contemptuous of "the average man," that they have vilified American life and made no effort to understand America. He even goes to the length of implying that Walt Whitman was deficient in sympathy for ordinary American humanity and indifferent to the Civil War. It is a pity that Mr. Seldes should so long ago have taken up a position that has prevented him from becoming as well acquainted with the history of American thought as he is with that of our popular arts. Since this question, in his latest book, is raised only incidentally, it is not worth while to go into it here any further than to point out that the better American writers have given expression to a variety of points of view and that these points of view themselves have varied in response to varying epochs. Mr. Seldes' own point of view seems rather to belong to the category of what Frank Moore Colby meant when he called one of his books "Constrained Attitudes." This attitude is contradicted on almost every page of Mr. Seldes' book by what he thinks and says and is. Such occasional pokes as he takes at his antagonist, the straw-man "intellectual" who is supposed to disdain the popular arts, are quite inconsistent with the bitter complaints of "anti-intellectualism" that he brings against the radio and movies for their habit of representing schoolteachers as invariably either "angular spinsters" or "absent-minded professors," who are treated "the former without sympathy, the latter without respect," and their convention that all studious young people are absurd little prigs and bores.

The truth is, of course, that Mr.



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Seldes is nothing if not an intellectual himself, and, as "The Great Audience" proves, an exceptionally able one. He has come out of his twenty years of wrestling with the lively arts even less tolerant of mediocrity, of the facile, the false, and the trashy than he was at the time when he was editing the *Dial*, when their floods were not threatening to drown us. His whole appeal to the public is based on the hope—I believe quite justified—that there are still a great many Americans who share his intellectuality and are not satisfied with the programs and the films that the mass media are putting out. His "intellectual" and his "average man" are really demagogic devices, taken over from the very agencies against which he now protests; they have never been anything other than masks to mislead the simple. He shows them up at once when he comes to grips with his subject, as in his section called "Nine P.M. Tuesday," in which he tells us that "the average man lives at many emotional and intellectual levels," and when he declares, in "The Menace of the Years," that "the people desperately need arts that are serious." Intellectual that he is, he cannot help expressing a doubt whether, at this point, they are "capable of accepting" them; and no critic of our post-Civil War period or of the Mencken and Lewis era has ever taken a gloomier view of the results of American commercialism or issued a grimmer warning. The radio and movies, Mr. Seldes says, "are the great engines of democratic entertainment and culture," yet, through their imposition of uniformity, "they are committed to the destruction of democracy."

—EDMUND WILSON

VERSE

YOUNG poets, filled with seriousness and self-consciousness, are always on the point of forgetting that modern poetry does not need to sit and brood in Mallarméan fixity; it is also, thanks to the experiments of the post-Symbolists, capable of variations in motion and speed. The publication of "Selected Writings of Guillaume Apollinaire" (New Directions), translated by Roger Shattuck, who has contributed a critical preface, is a timely reminder of this truth. The influence of Apollinaire has seeped into poetry in English by dozens of channels, but this volume is the first to deal carefully with the Polish-Italian poet who died, a French citizen, in 1918, partly from the effects of a war wound.

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SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS, IMPORT DIVISION **Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.** BROOKLYN — NEW YORK have recently begun to view the work and career of Apollinaire with the warmest interest and affection. The poet's detractors, however, still ask if he was not the complete *"poète burlesque,"* for whom life was a series of surface adventures, to be manipulated for their surface showiness and shock value, and whether his assault upon the formalities of French verse resulted in anything better than a collection of amusing doggerel. Mr. Shattuck, in his sympathetic account of the poet's career, points out his chief virtue—his ability to express himself as a complete personality against the rather limited and artificial background of an urban bohemia, in a period already encumbered by commercialism, the power of the machine, and war. Poetry, to Apollinaire, was not a compensation for life; it accompanied and heightened every moment of his existence. It could be written on postcards and sent to friends, flower out of casual conversation, or be composed under fire in the trenches. And this poetry did not waver back and forth from morbidity to sentimentality, like Verlaine's, or indulge in Laforgue's "face-saving" irony, or deal roughly with reality in the manner of Corbière and Rimbaud. "A poetry of anecdote and memory," as someone has called it, it easily absorbed the contemporary scene and restored to French verse a humane lyric gaiety, nostalgia, and pathos. Continually filled with curiosity and always ingenious, Apollinaire was never trapped by his methods or his material. He exposed his conscious and unconscious nature with a perfect willingness to push frankness to the point of absurdity. His editor detects a kind of heroism in Apollinaire's passion for openness and wholeness. Mr. Shattuck's translations of the prose and verse are so dull that the reader's eye is drawn in time to the French, which, in the case of the verse, is given, and he includes a valuable bibliography of works by and about Apollinaire.

WALLACE STEVENS is the American poet who has based his work most firmly upon certain effects of nineteenth-century Symbolist poetry. The title of his latest volume, "The Auroras of Autumn" (Knopf), indicates that his powers of language have not declined; here is one of those endlessly provocative, "inevitable" phrases that seem to have existed forever in some rubied darkness of the human imagination—that imagination with whose authority and importance Stevens has been continually occupied in his later period. This

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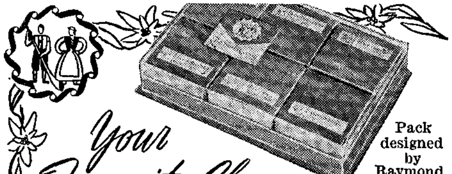

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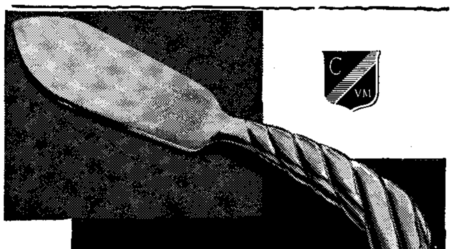

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preoccupation was once implicit in what he wrote; his images performed their work by direct impact. Stevens' later explicit, logical, and rather word-spinning defense of the role of the imagination has weakened or destroyed a good deal of his original "magic." The whole texture and coloration of his later verse is more austere; his subjects are less luxuriant and eccentric; even his titles have quieted down. What has always been true of him is now more apparent: that no one can describe the simplicities of the natural world with more direct skill. It is a natural world strangely empty of human beings, however; Stevens' men and women are bloodless symbols. And there is something theatrical in much of his writing; his emotions seem to be transfixed, rather than released and projected, by his extraordinary verbal improvisations. Now that he is so widely imitated, it is important to remember that his method is a special one; that modern poetry has developed transparent, overflowing, and spontaneous qualities that Stevens ignores. It is also useful to remember (as Apollinaire knew) that since the imagination is part of life, it must have its moments of awkwardness and naïveté, and must seek out forms in which it may move and breathe easily, in order that it may escape both strain and artificiality.

"THE SHAPING SPIRIT: A STUDY OF WALLACE STEVENS," by William Van O'Connor (Regnery), is the first long, detailed analysis of this poet's work to appear. Mr. O'Connor examines Stevens' methods and central ideas with scholarly care, and finds that his aesthetics relate "not merely to sensibility and intellect, but to belief, morality, and society."

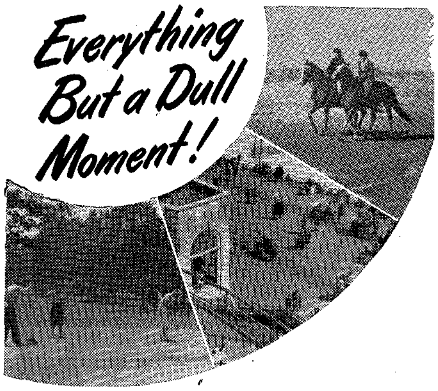
—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RANDALL AND THE RIVER OF TIME, by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown). The moral tale of young Charles Randall, his marriage, and his disillusion. The story is set in the years during and just after the First World War, and Mr. Forester draws his characters from the file marked "Examples (Good and Bad)" and takes his tone from his hero, a wily, righteous youth who likes to have the last laugh.

DARK GREEN, BRIGHT RED, by Gore Vidal (Dutton). A long but quite bored account of a revolution in a



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Central American country, written in a peculiarly fluent, superficial style that might be ironic or might be simply the result of overhasty work; it is hard to decide which.

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, by Compton Mackenzie (Houghton Mifflin). A cheerful story, recently made into a movie, about some thirsty Scottish islanders who manage to secure a decent supply of whiskey for themselves during the war—and enough to spare for relatives and friends—the shortage and regulations notwithstanding. In addition, Mr. Mackenzie produces a good husband for every unmarried girl in his story, perhaps feeling that having provided the whiskey he should also provide reason for drinking it.

CLEARING IN THE SKY, by Jesse Stuart (McGraw-Hill). Twenty-one first-person anecdotes of Kentucky country life, told in a garrulous, folksy manner that can only be taken a very little at a time.

GENERAL

MAO TSE-TUNG, by Robert Payne (Schuman). A biography of one of the most important men in the world today. The author, who wrote the penetrating analysis of dictatorship entitled "Zero," is an intellectual old China hand. He believes that our ignorance, manifest at all political levels, of the man who two years ago was hiding out in a cave, after twenty years as a guerrilla general, and who now holds power over four hundred million people as absolute ruler, is immensely dangerous. Mr. Payne here attempts to explain Mao in terms of his peasant origins and in terms of the origins of Chinese Communism, which, he says, except for some ideological window dressing, has little in common with Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy. To do this, he goes back into the early history of revolution in China and traces Mao's astonishing career from his student days in Peking, when he flirted with everything from anarchism to nudism, through his bitter years in the wilderness, to his final, triumphant emergence. The result is not altogether successful—Mao and the forces that made him are too complex to be presented properly in one book—but the author comes to certain conclusions that are plain enough. Mao, says Mr. Payne, is among the most intelligent of living political leaders; he will be in power for a long time to come; he is no Tito; he will wipe out the class

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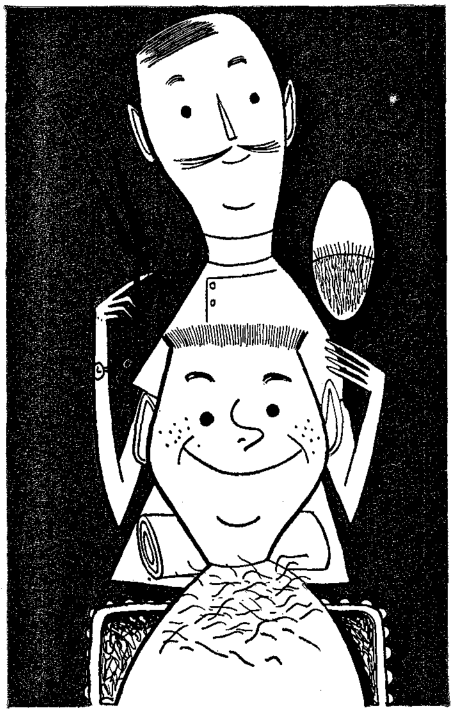

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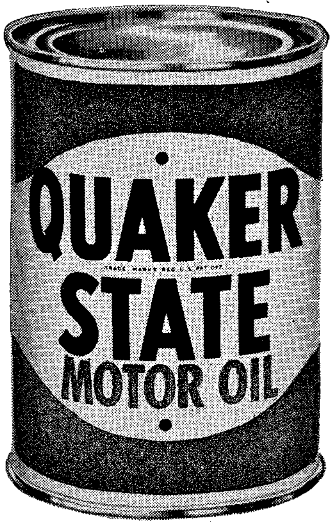

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system in China and work for world revolution; and from now on his actions and decisions will affect, very likely in an unpleasant way, the lives and destinies of the American people. Photographs and maps.

CALCULATED RISK, by General Mark W. Clark (Harper). One of the liveliest of the high-brass war memoirs, and very likely the one that will cause the most controversy. One of the reasons for the liveliness is, of course, that the author was a very aggressive general who risked his own neck many times and once lost his pants in the line of duty. As for the controversy, the general has some forthright and revealing things to say about such delicate matters as the "Darlan deal" in North Africa; the bombing of Monte Cassino Abbey (a blunder, he feels: "I said at the time there was no evidence the Germans were using the Abbey. . . . I say now that there is irrefutable evidence that no German soldier, except emissaries, was ever inside the monastery"); and the failure of the Allies to invade the Balkans ("one of the outstanding political mistakes of the war"). General Clark's account of the Darlan-Giraud episode makes most other accounts of that piece of expediency seem uninformed; even President Roosevelt, he says, admitted to him later that he had not known the facts and had got a very wrong impression. Clark goes over the whole of the Mediterranean conflict in satisfactory detail and, though mindful of the tragic cost of those years, with humor. Drawings, maps, and photographs.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, by Edmund Fuller (Scribner). A quiet and cogent discussion of some of Shaw's ideas and their dramatization in the plays. Mr. Fuller himself seems to be of a somewhat Shavian temper, often displaying the "luminous common sense" with which he credits the old gentleman, and his approach to the magpie's nest of Shaw's thought is always stimulating and often brilliant. If his plot synopses are sometimes heavy-handed and his generalizations (that all important artists decline in old age, for instance) sometimes dubious, if he here and there devotes space to such shabby nonsense as Shaw's opposition to vivisection, he has nevertheless given us, in a shrewd and witty book, the best guide yet available to this authentic great man, who, it becomes increasingly evident, is the closest thing to a Goethe or a

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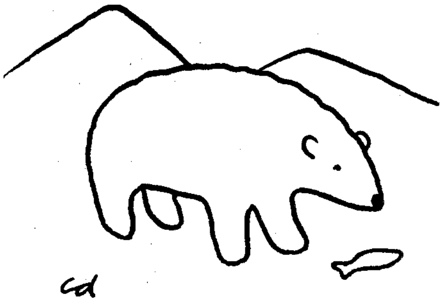
Voltaire this homuncular age is apt to achieve.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED, edited by Bruce Bliven (Lippincott). A backward look at fifty years of American civilization, and a good enough book, as far as it goes. Mr. Bliven has assembled sixteen contributors—some of them, like Philip Murray and Edward U. Condon, experts in their fields, and some of them journalistic specialists—who trace the advances since 1900 in their respective branches of human activity and also essay peeks into the future. The choice of subjects is somewhat arbitrary (there is no article dealing with the law, for example, and none concerned solely with religion, race relations, sports, journalism, or the military arts), and the chapters are short and tend to be thin and oversimplified. There are, however, some ably written and thoughtful pieces, among which Malcolm Cowley's "How the Writer Lives" and Elmer Davis's "What Hope for World Government?" stand out.

THE INNOCENTS FROM INDIANA, by Emily Kimbrough (Harper). Chronicles of the Kimbroughs, beginning with the family's move from the small-town atmosphere of Muncie, Indiana, to the bewildering but fascinating anonymity of Chicago, and ending with sixteen-year-old Emily's graduation from Miss Faulkner's School. Miss Kimbrough has a deft way with this minor literary genre, which is getting to be more and more popular with a nation that has taken to hankering after its past, or the more pleasant aspects thereof. The drawings, by Alice Harvey, are right in the spirit of the thing.

HOLLYWOOD THE DREAM FACTORY, by Hortense Powdermaker (Little, Brown). Dr. Powdermaker, an anthropologist who knows her Maoris and Melanesians, here casts a cold, reflective eye upon the tribal customs of the West Coast Shadowland, and finds that the resident primitives are inefficient in business, frustrated in



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THE
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COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

INTO EACH LIFE A Little Rain Must Fall: I'm starting a one-man revolt against guest books. Surely you've visited somebody's home, lake or shore retreat or perhaps cruised on a friend's boat only to have a glorious day or maybe a week-end marred by a hostess who rushes up to you with a mad gleam in her eye and bubbles, "My dear, you SIMPLY HAVE TO sign our guest book!" If you had any gumption about you, right there is where you'd place your two hands around the base of her neck, shake her a little and say, "I'm not signing ANYBODY'S guest book!" Instead, we capitulate and a moment later find ourselves seated with a guest book sprawled across our lap, and, with brow furrowed, start searching for a catch phrase. If guest books are to remain a part of the American scene, there should be a law against that portion of the guest book devoted to "remarks." I object in no way to the name and address feature of anybody's guest book, but I hate those last two or three inches on the line where you're expected to jot down some giggle-provoking, earth-shaking comment . . .

★

IF A HOSTESS expects brilliance from her guests in the remarks section, she should set the stage for a writing performance. She might approach her guests alphabetically throughout the evening to inform them individually that they may withdraw for 30 minutes to the privacy of an upstairs room to think out an appropriate guest book remark. Guests who fail to slip into a writing mood could be furnished slips of paper identical in size to the remarks section of the guest book. Those slips could be filled in later and mailed back to the hostess. On several occasions I've had my whole concept of a person changed by the remarks that individuals left behind in somebody's guest book . . .

★

I'M THINKING OF a completely captivating young woman. Twice I've found her name in guest books. In the remarks section of one she'd written, "A Perfect Evening!!!" The second one said, "Delightful Hosts!!!" Such lack of originality makes me hate the dame.

★

I HAVE SCATTERED evidence that hostesses pay no attention whatever to what guests say in guest books. Not long ago in the remarks section of one book, I very carefully printed, "Your dining room draperies are lousy." Several weeks have gone by and nothing has come of it. In another book I slyly remarked, "No tissue in the downstairs bath." The shortage has probably been taken care of, but I have never been thanked. It becomes apparent then that the only readers of guest books are the signers. If we're to expose our writing technique to this vast group of scanners, I'm going to insist on at least 45 minutes of solitude for my composition or ask for the privilege of mailing back my remarks. Better than that, I think I shall begin my revolt earlier and say to the hostess, "You can take that blankety-blank guest book of yours and put it back on the library shelf." Do I hear a second?

★

I DO HAVE A SECOND for the nomination of the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune's Peach sports section as one of the best (if not THE best) in the nation. Here's what Frank Leahy, Notre Dame coach, says about the Peach: "You started right in where you left off last fall in supplying Midwest sports fans with the most complete football coverage possible." We find that folks here in the Upper Midwest agree with the experts like Frank Leahy and to prove that point I've got some new, all-time-high circulation figures to report for the best-read, best-liked newspapers in this part of the U.S.—**The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune now has more than 610,000 circulation, the Minneapolis Star and Tribune (morning and evening combined) more than 480,000 circulation.**

human relations, and, by and large, as incapable of bringing forth a work of art as the Indians doing business at whistle stops along the Santa Fe. Her study is widespread, including every gallery of movie society, from the $187.50-a-week writers, whose meagre incomes are to directors like the sound of a leper's bell, to the "men who play God"—the producers, who are frequently kinder to their horses than they are to their help. Dr. Powdermaker maintains a nice dispassionate, scientific air, even in the face of procedures that might raise the eyebrow of a Malinowski, and now and then seems hopeful that some good will come out of it all. Her seriousness of purpose is evident throughout this book, but she is seldom pedantic, often wryly witty, and always perceptive. Her work should be of interest not only to those who are themselves entangled with celluloid but to anyone who is curious about American mores.

THE YOUNG SHELLEY, by Kenneth Neill Cameron (Macmillan). The first installment of a two-volume study of Shelley's life, poetic work, and thought. In this book, the more or less well-known biographical details are scrupulously recorded, but it is the poet's political and social radicalism, as well as his philosophy of sex and his atheism, that engages most of the author's attention, and the poetic work is evaluated from the point of view of the propaganda it contains for these subjects. The book ends in 1813, after the publication of "Queen Mab"—one of the clarion calls of nineteenth-century working-class radicalism and, Mr. Cameron contends, "the most revolutionary document of the age in England." As can be readily seen, this is nothing like those sentimental biographies that present Ariel flitting among the flowers and singing sweet lyrics to his loves. When completed, the work will probably do much to display Shelley in his true light as a creative, if erratic, thinker of considerable power and influence.

THE LASCAUX CAVE PAINTINGS, by Fernand Windels (Viking). The prehistoric cave paintings, found mostly in southern France and northern Spain, have long been one of the most absorbing mysteries of art and archeology, for, despite the fact that they were executed not later than two hundred centuries ago, toward the end of the Ice Age, the skill and finesse with which they were

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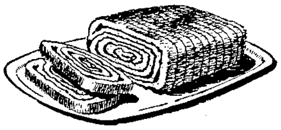

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done point to an artistic sophistication that is hardly compatible with anything else that is known about the men of that ancient and almost incredible era. This book has to do with one of the most recently discovered of these caves, and though it doesn't add much that is new to the general knowledge of the subject, it does give a survey of both the paintings and their setting that is remarkably vivid and interesting. The photographs, of which there are a hundred and sixty in all, eight in full color, are particularly impressive, for they manage to convey a substantial feeling of what the place is actually like.

A Natural History of Trees of Eastern and Central North America, by Donald Culross Peattie (Houghton Mifflin). A large and forceful reference book, complete with glossary, keys to genera and species, and indexes of the botanical and common names of the more than a hundred and fifty trees native to this area. The author, in a gallant but variably successful attempt at popularization, includes lots of lore (wild-cherry wood is widely sought for electrotype backs, toothache-tree berries have an anesthetic property that dulls toothaches, and so on), but the scientific facts are necessarily very much present. All in all, as the jacket states, a volume for a lifetime. Drawings.

Game Fish of the World, edited by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald and Francesca LaMonte (Harper). An unusually handsome example of the bookmaker's art that concerns itself with the fish of every continent except Antarctica. The editors have persuaded twenty-one experts to contribute articles describing the habits and habitat of such specimens as the Indian mahseer, the South American arapaima, and the African tiger fish, along with scores of other kinds of fresh- or salt-water quarry, and approved techniques for catching them. Eighty full-page color plates.

The Talisman Italian Cook Book, by Ada Boni (Crown). Lovers of Italian food who hold out for something better than the tomato-smothered dishes that have given Italian cooking so undeserved a bad name in this country will undoubtedly welcome this book. They may, it is true, be disappointed by the absence of the grander specialties of the famous Roman and Milanese restaurants, but for good family cooking this excellent collection of recipes,

"and our bones ache"

Despina is a six-year-old war orphan. Her father contracted tuberculosis in the Greek Army. He was released and sent back to his village and family. There, the disease was communicated to the mother, while she was nursing her husband. They both died this past winter. The child writes this in a letter to her American Foster Parents.

"You are my only hope in life, as I am a complete orphan. I live with my Granny, who is very old, and my little sister. When our mother and father died last winter, Granny burned the mattresses and the covers they had on their beds. And now we sleep on the very hard boards . . . and our bones ache."

This child is but one of thousands needing help. Many have been maimed and disfigured by war. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes and prosthetic limbs.

You, alone, or a group can help the thousands of war children now in desperate need overseas, by becoming a Foster Parent. You will receive a case history and photograph of your child. Correspondence through our office is encouraged.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England and China. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all . . . for peace. The Foster Parents' Plan does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, the child will live in the homelike atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood.

Edna Blue, *International Chairman*

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Nancy Craig, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Joan Bennett, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry LeSueur, Ned Calmer.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. LOngacre 4-6647 (NY-11)
55 West 42nd Street, New York 18, New York In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex .... I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payments will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $....................

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $....................

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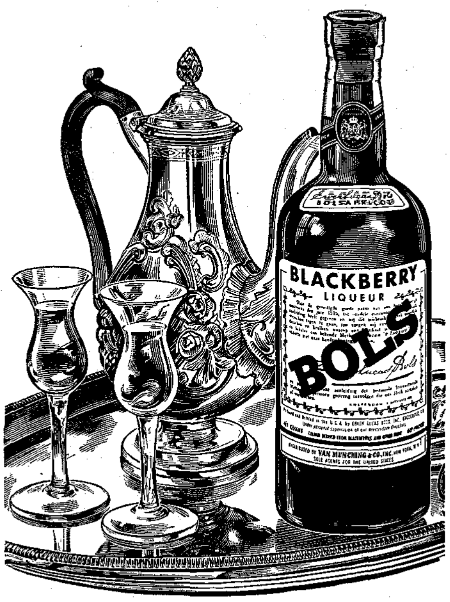
Address ....

City ....State....................Date....................

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax



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which has long been a standard work in Italian homes, is an invaluable guide.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CANDY KID, by Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Jose Aragon sees no harm in smuggling a package across the Mexican border, especially since it contains nothing more lethal than rose perfume and cactus candy. This package, however, precipitates three murders and is an important part of a Communist plot; there's talk, too, that it may have some connection with the atomic plant in Los Alamos. Miss Hughes spins this improbable tale with charm and humor.

THE GREEN ACE, by Stuart Palmer (Morrow). A convicted murderer with only nine days to live makes a will leaving his money to Inspector Piper, of the Homicide Bureau, to be used to clear the condemned man's name, and this is enough to convince Miss Hildegarde Withers, that intrepid amateur, of his innocence. The victim, a blond beauty-contest winner strangled with a necklace, had lovers in varied professions—a trumpet player, a dancing teacher, and an elderly gentleman known as the Pastry King—but, in spite of her daring attempts to trap them, Miss Withers gets nowhere until she's been practically strangled with the same necklace. Miss Withers is an engaging sleuth, but the odds are against her in this far-fetched story.

•

FOR SALE—Several hundred boxes, barrels, and crates; also one hundred dogs and pups, $6.00 up. Fred Walden, Chester. Telephone 691, Deep River.—*Guilford (Conn.) Shore Line Times.*

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•

Larry Parks' real wife, Betty Garrett, and his screen wife of *Jolson Sings Again,* Barbara Hale, both expect their new babies at the same time—between February 25 and March 1. They're both going to the same hospital, too.—*Sydney (Australia) Sun.*

It's a small world, eh, Parks?

•

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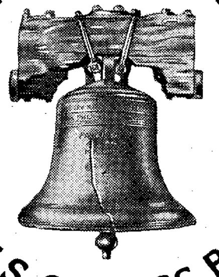

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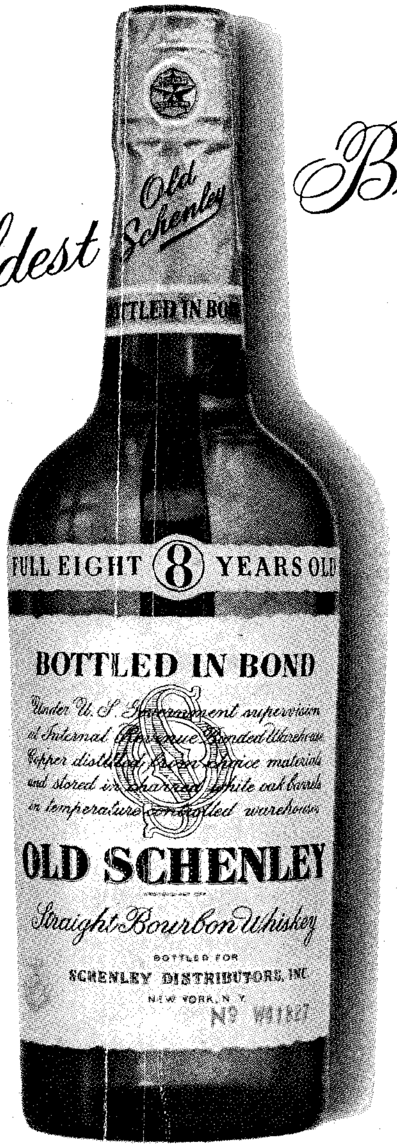
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